

CONVERSATIONS
UPON
Several Subjects.

Written in FRENCH

By

Mademoiselle de SCUDERY.

And done into ENGLISH,

By

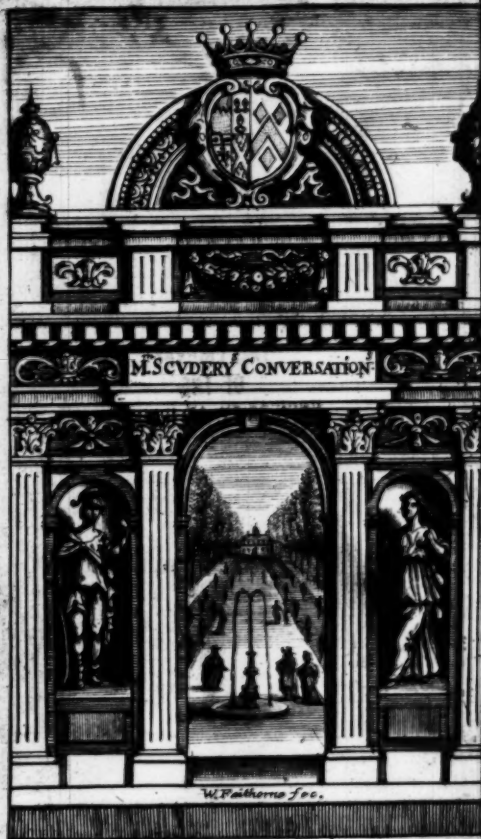
Mr. FERRAND SPENCE.

IN TWO TOMES.



L O N D O N:

Printed for H. Rhodes next door to the Bear
Tavern near Bride-lane in Fleet-street. 1683.



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LS 74 TO THE

English

RIGHT HONOURABLE

A N N

Countess

OF

OSSORY.

MADAM,

THE Allarums and Apprehensions
which attend Ambition were wholly
strangers unto me, before I was in-
flamed with the Passion of aspiring
to lay something at your Ladyships Feet, as might
be worthy of your acceptance. But when I medi-
tate the many Illustrious Qualities that conspire
to the composing your Ladyships Character; When
I meditate all the Glories of your Birth and Alli-
ance, tho I am lost in the dazzling Contempla-
tion,

566835

Engl.

The Epistle

tion, yet I straight grow sensible, there can be no Sacrifice worthy of the honour of your allowance. Nevertheless being hurried away by the rapid stream of the English Affections, I cannot forbear shewing my zeal in this Encounter, nor hold from falling in with the universal acclamations. For since the happy Union of two such great Familys, the whole Kingdom is fallen in Love with you, and with the highest respect adores those Charms that could be the occasion of so grateful and mighty a work, as to make the Oimonds and Hides as near in Blood, as they were before in Greatness and Loyalty! All persons look upon you with joy, and promise themselves and their Posterity, a sure and continued happiness, when they think that by this Marriage, there will never an Ossory be wanting in this Land to defend its Quiet, advance its Glory, and establish it too upon lasting Foundations. And some in the Extasies that are caused by these reflections, cry out, that it must needs please the Ghost, and if with Reverence to Heaven it may be safely said, add to the joys of that great Hero, whose loss we all mourn and regret, when he looks down and assures himself, that from so beautiful a Body, adorn'd with a Mind so rich in Goodness, there must spring up a Noble Progeny, who will imitate the unparallel'd Vertues of their Ancestors, and propagate their Fame and Honour to Ever.

Dedicatory.

Eternity. All those who have been bless'd with your Ladyships sight and converse, do acknowledge that you possess in a sovereign degree, all Accomplishments of Beauty and Vertue. You are the object of all Peoples admiration, and when they look up to you, they presently conclude, that Nature laid aside the care of the rest of your Sex, while she was employed in framing so many excellencies which she intended as her Masterpiece, and has not fail'd of her design. Every stroke she drew was with her most exact Skill, and when she had finish'd every Line and every Feature, she prided her self in her own Workmanship, and in a Transport, if I may say it, pronounced, That all was good, in the words of her own Creatour. And yet, as if Beauty was to be the least of your Ladyships Perfections, You, Madam, are no less admired for your Wit and for your Vertue, than for your outward advantages. So as that when we consider the Root from whence you spring; and reflect upon all those Great and Good Actions of Your Family, with the many instances your Ladyship has already given of a benign and generous disposition, we may for a while, think that it was impossible for you to be otherwise, and that all your Perfections were owing to your Extraction, and that you had only the Blessing of an Hereditary Goodness; but when we see that as you come up to a riper Age,

The Epistle

So you continue to despise and subdue all the Temptations which do constantly besiege Greatness, when we see that the nearer your Wit and Reason, as well as Beauty, approach to consummation, you redouble your Triumphs over the Vanities of Youth, and even in the blossom of Youth it self, put to despair all emulation of those who are far advanc'd in Years, we readily yield, that it is in Your Ladyship, as well an act of Choice and Judgment, as an Inclination to be Vertuous. Goodness it self is obliged to you, Madam; for you must endear it to all by so Charming an Example, and be a means of promoting its Empire in the World, when it is seen to have so Illustrious a Votary. But how large soever a Dominion this vast Scene of Beauty and Merit may gain you in the Hearts of Mankind, there are many whom the reflection of all these adorable Qualities does put into a kind of Consternation. The Beauties of the Age, Madam, who are in possession of the Vogue; and dispute with one another the Sovereignty, are alarmed, and find they must all submit to your Ladyships Prerogative, and their Empire decay according as you grow up. The Painters who are so ready to flatter even the best Faces, despair of ever being able to do you Justice. The Panegyrists too, who so abound in Incense, find they have none worthy to be offered to such a Shrine, and that it is impossible for

Dedicatory.

for them to express the mighty Ideas which so glorious a speculation does create. But notwithstanding the defeat of the one, and want of Art and Capacity in the other, they all joyn in wishing you due Eulogies, and that all those great Genius's of Antiquity, who exhausted their Fancys in Fabulous Descriptions, were now revived and re-assembled for the making an inimitable piece, by only Copying and imitating Nature exactly in your Ladyship. But, Madam, amongst the general acclamations of the whole Kingdom, a Foreign Lady, the Darling and Delight of the French Court begs admittance, amongst the rest of your Votaries, to pay her Duty to your Ladyship, and implores your gracious acceptance of her Homage. Tho she appears not in her Native Dress, she is a Person of that Quality, so well bred, so Famous throughout all Europe for Chastity of Stile, innocence of Conversation, cleanness of Fancy, and solidity of Judgment, in her several Elegant Writings, that for many Years she has been the Envy of the greatest Wits of the Age, and in one Composure carried the Garland from all the French Academy. Wherefore I hope, Madam, that so entertaining a Companion may obtain the honour of your Ladyships Protection and Acquaintance; and that being endued with such advantageous Talents, she may sometimes contribute to your Diversion, and
be

The Epistle, &c.

*be a means of procuring Pardon for my taking
this Occasion to declare the most profound Res-
pect, with which I am*

Madam,

Your Ladyships

Most Humble and

Most obedient

Servant

F. SPENCE.

THE

THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

I Do not design in this Address, either to Commend, or Apologize for my Book. For as no doubt, but Fame has oftentimes fill'd your Ears with the Wonders of Mademoiselle de Scudery's Pen, being without contradiction, one of the best of the Age. So I think her Name alone, is an Encomium great enough, and a sufficient Pass-port for Wit in any Country. For I have heard very Able Persons say, that Mademoiselle de Scudery never writ any thing but what was admirable; and that nevertheless these Conversations are her Master-piece. So that if some Extravagancies should be spied out in this Work by the quick-eyed Critick, yet he knows, that Great Wits are never without them; and I fancy, you pay so in-

The Bookseller to the Reader.

intire a Devotion to the Fair Sex, as easily to excuse such, if any can be found : Especially, when you consider, that even in the Best Faces you ever see something, which you wish were otherwise. However, this I am desir'd to say, that such kind of Unaccountable Surprizes may be intended to keep the Reader awake : And if the Lady should dress up a Socrates in a Coat of Mail, its well known, this is not the first time a Philosopher has prov'd a Souldier; and therefore no unreasonable supposition in a Composure of this kind.

So much for the Lady that wrote this Piece : But for the Gentleman, who rendred it into English, I am to tell you, that he being out of Town part of the time, this Work was in the Press, it may happen to have some mistakes, and un-polish'd Places, which he would have rectified and refined, had it pass'd his review, and which in a Book of this Nature, I hope your Goodness will Pardon; since, bating them, you will find every where in it so much Satisfaction, as that if the Old Proverb be True, That Knowledge makes one laugh, and Money makes one dance, we both may like the Company of these Conversations very well, but with this Difference, that you will be desirous to stay therein, till its Broke up, and I forced to part from it with the soonest, according to my present Occasions.

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O F

CONVERSATION.

AS Conversation is the bond of all humane Society, the greatest pleasure of well-bred People ; and the most ordinary means of introducing into the World, not only Politeness, but also the purest Morals, and the love of Glory and Vertue : Methinks, the Company cannot entertain themselves more profitably, nor more agreeably, said *Cilenia*, than in examining what it is People call Conversation. For when Men only speak strictly according to the exigency of their Affairs, it cannot be so termed. The truth is, said *Amilcar*, a Lawyer pleading a Cause at the Barr ; a Merchant negotiating with another ; a General of an Army giving Orders ; a King speaking of Affairs of State in His Council : all this is not what ought to be stiled Conversation. All those People may discourse well of their Interests, and

B Affairs:

Affairs : and yet not have that agreeable talent of Conversation, which is the sweetest charm of Life, and perhaps more rare than is believed. For my part I do not doubt of it at all, replied *Cilena*, but methinks, before it can be well defined, wherein principally consists the Charm and Beauty of Conversation, 'tis requisite that all the persons who compose this company, should remember the tedious Conversations which have most troubled them. You are in the right, said *Cerinta*, for by remarking all that is tiresome, we may the better know what is diverting : and to shew you an example of it, added she, I gave Yesterday a Family-Visit, which made me do such Pennance, that it almost wearyed me to death. Do but imagine me in the midst of ten or twelve Women, who spoke of nothing else than of all their little Domestic cares, of the faults of their servants, of the good Qualities or Vices of their Children ; and there was one Woman amongst the rest who spent above an hour in relating from syllable to syllable the first tatlings of a Son of hers, but of three years old. You may now judge if I did not spend my time after a lamentable manner. I assure you, replied *Nicanor*, that I spent mine little better than your self, since I happened to be engaged against my will among a
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company of Women you may easily guess at, who spent the whole day only in speaking well or ill of their Cloths, and in lying continually as to the price, they cost them. For some out of vanity, said much more than was right, as I was informed by the least silly of themall; and others, to be thought cunning and skilful, said much less. Informuch that I spent the whole day in hearing such dull and pitiful impertinencies, that it makes me still something out of humour. As for my part, said the lovely *Athys*, I happened fifteen days ago to be with some Ladies, who though they have Wit enough, did strangely importune me. For in short, to speak the truth, it was with those Women who are professedly gallant, have but one intrigue, and an intrigue that so possesses them, that they think of nothing else. So that when you are not a Confident of their Amours, and happen into their Company, you are uneasy your self, and render them so likewise. And indeed, so long as I was with those I speak of, I heard them always talking without understanding what they said. For there was one on my right hand, telling another who sat by her, that she knew from very good hands, that such a Spark was broke off with such a Lady, and was re-engaged with such an

other. And another on my left, who, speaking passionately to a Lady, a friend of hers, entertain'd her with the silliest insipid things you ever heard. After all, said she, in a fret, the Lady, you know, ought not to boast that she has depriv'd me of a Gallant, since her Conquest consists only in a person I had discarded. But if the fancy takes me to recall him, I will do it so effectually she shall never have him again while she lives. On another side, I heard some giving an account of a Collation they were treated at ; affecting to say with as much earnestness, that it was mean and sordid : as if they thought to have diminished the Beauty of the Lady on whom it was bestowed, by saying that her Lover was not magnificent enough. In short, I must confess, that in my life I never had so much impatience as I had that day. For my part, replied *Cilenia*, if I had been in your place, I would have found the invention of diverting my self at the expence of those who would have made me done Pennance ; but I could not hinder being uneasie three days ago, with a Man and a Woman, whose Conversations are always upon two sorts of things ; that is to say, of the entire Genealogies of the Families of *Mytelene* ; and all the circumstances of their Estates. For in a word, without it be on certain particular occasions,

Casions, what divertisement is it to hear for a whole day together, *Xenocrates* was the Son of *Tryphon*, *Clidemus* was the Offspring of *Zenophanes*; *Zenophanes* was the Issue of *Tyrtaeus*, and so of the rest? and what divertisement is there likewise to hear that such a House wherein you have no interest, wherein you never was, and whether you'll never go as long as you live, was built by this Man, bought by that, exchanged by another, and that it is at present in the possession of a Man you never knew? This is not very agreeable, without doubt, replied *Alcaeus*, but neither is it so mortifying, as to meet with those People who are engaged in some troublesome business, and can speak of nothing else. And in truth, I found a while ago a Sea-Captain, who pretends *Pittacus* ought to recompence him for a Ship. He held me three hours, not only in relating the reasons he pretended to have for the being re-imburfed; but likewise what might be answered him, and what he could reply. And to make me the better apprehend his losses, he fell to telling me the particulars of what his Ship cost him. For that purpose, he told me the names of those who built it, and specify'd to me all the parts of his Ship, one after the other, without any necessity, for the making me understand it was one of the

the best and dearest, and he had a great deal of injustice done him. I must allow, said *Amitbone*, it is a great persecution to meet with thole sort of People, but to tell you the truth, those grave and serious Conversations wherein no mirth is allowed of, have something so pestering and heavy, that I never happen into them without being taken with the Head-ach; for the discourse is always upon the same note; they never laugh, and all is as precise and formal, as if you were at Church. I agree with you in what you say, said *Atbis*, but I must say, to the shame of our Sex, that the Men have a great advantage over us, as to Conversation; and to prove it, I need only tell the Company, that going to *Lycidices* House, I found her in her Mothers Chamber, where was so great a number of Women, there was hardly room for me, but there was not one Man. I cannot tell you after what manner all those Ladies had their Wits turned that day, though some of them were very ingenious. But I am constrained to avow, that the Conversation was not very diverting: for in short, the discourse was only of nauseous trifles; and I may say, that in my life I never heard so many words, and so little sense. But happening to be near *Lycidice*, I could easily perceive how highly she resented it. I must confess, I observed

served it with delight, since it made her say a hundred pleasant things. As she was very much wearied with this tumultuous Conversation, which so much grated upon her humour, there came in a Gentleman a Kinsman of hers. And this is remarkable, that though this Man is none of those elevated Wits that are so rare to be found, and that he was but of the order of common well-bred People, the Conversation changed on a sudden, and became more regular, more ingenious, and more agreeable, though there was no other change in the company, than the coming in of a Man, who contributed but very little to the discourse. But in short, without being able to tell you the true reason, they fell to talk of other things; they talked much better; and those very persons who tyred me as well as *Lycidice*, diverted me extreamly. However the Company being gone, I stayed alone with *Lycidice*. She no sooner saw herself at liberty, than making her Melancholly give way to Joy; Well *Athis*, said she to me, will you still condemn me for preferring the Conversation of Men before that of Women? and are you not constrained to allow, that who should write what fifteen or twenty Women say together, would make the worst Book that ever was. I confess, said I to her, laughing, that if all was written in

order that I have heard spoke to day, it would be a fantastical discourse. For my part, said she, there are some days that I am so incensed against my Sex that I am grieved to the very heart I am a Woman, principally when I happen into one of those Conversations composed all of Dresses, Moveables, Jewels, and such like things. Not that, said she, I am against their being made a subject of discourse; for in short, I am sometimes well enough dress'd to be glad to have it told I am so: and my Cloths are sometimes fine enough, and well enough made, to take delight in hearing 'em commended; but I would not have the Discourse dwell upon these kind of things, but that they be spoken of galantly, and as by the by, without transports and application; and not as some Women do of my acquaintance, who spend all their life in such like talk, and think of nothing else, and whose thoughts of those things are likewise so full of irresolutions, that I am of opinion, that at the end of their days they will not have determined in their minds, whether Carnation becomes them better than Blew, or if Yellow is more advantageous to them than Green. I must confess that *Lycidices* discourse made me laugh; and I found it so much the more pleasant, in that 'tis true, that there is a Lady of my acquaintance, who employs

employs all her Wit only in such things; never talks of any thing else, and makes her greatest glory consist in what surrounds her only; that is to say, in the gilding of her Palace, in the Magnificence of her Furniture, in the beauty of her Cloths, and in the richness of her Jewels. After having laughed at what *Lycidice* said, I would have defended Women in general; and told her, I was perswaded there are as many Men as Ladies, whose Conversation is disagreeable. There are many of 'em without doubt, replied she, whose company is insupportable; but with this advantage, that we can easier get rid of 'em, and we are not obliged to treat them with so exact a Civility. But *Athis*, this is not the thing in dispute, for what I tell you is, that the most amiable Women in the World, when they are a great number together, do hardly say any thing that is to be valued, and are more tired than if they were alone. But as for such Men as are civil and well bred, 'tis not the same with them, their Conversation is not, without doubt, attended with so much mirth when there are no Ladies, as when there are. But commonly, though it be more serious, yet it is more rational; and in short, they can easier be without us, than we without them. In the mean while this vexes me more than I can tell you. For my

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part,

part, replied I, methinks I could live without thinking the time tedious, though I should never see any but my Female friends, provided they were all of the same stamp with *Lycidice*. I'll tell you, if you please, replied she, in answer to your civility, I should think the time as little tedious as your self, if all mine were like my dear *Arbis*; but it is requisite at least to add, provided I might see them but one, two, or three at the most together; for to see twelve of 'em at a time, I should rather choose to see no body. Yes, pursued she, with the most pleasing disdain imaginable, though there were twelve *Arbises* in the World, I would not see them daily all together, unless they were accompanied with two or three Men. For though you never say any thing but what is to the purpose, I am certain if there were twelve of you, you would lash out into extravagancies; or at least, like the rest, you would talk of such kind of things which signifie nothing, and make the Conversation so tedious, and languishing. In fine, said she, what would you have me say more than that, unless you are a great Hypocrite, you will be constrained to allow, there is I know not what, which I am not capable of expressing, that makes a well-bred Man rejoice and divert a company of Ladies more than the loveliest Woman
upon

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Of Conversation.

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upon Earth can do? Nay, I'll say more, added she, for I maintain that when there are but two Women together, if they are not in friendship with one another, they will divert themselves less, than if each of 'em talk'd with a Man of Sense, though they had never seen him before. Judge you now if I have not reason to murmur against my Sex in general. Those Conversations are without doubt very vexatious, replied *Amilear*, but there are of another stamp which do likewise strangely importune me. For I happened to be one day at *Syracuse*, with five or six Women, and two or three Men, who have got a fancy that for the rendring the Conversation agreeable, 'tis requisite to laugh eternally. Insomuch that as long as those persons are together, they do nothing but laugh at all they say to one another, though it be not so over pleasant. And they make so great a noise, that they are no longer able to understand what is spoken in the company: and then they only laugh because the rest laugh, without knowing any other reason. However, they do it as heartily, as if they knew the occasion, and there had been some great jest. But this is strange, that their laughing is really sometimes so contagious, one cannot hinder the being taken with their Malady: and happening to be one day
with

with those perpetual laughers, I was so excessively inspired with their laughter, that I laughed almost till I cry'd, without knowing why I did so. But to speak the truth, I was so much ashamed of it within a Quarter of an Hour after, that it turn'd in a moment all my joy into vexation. Though there is a great deal of folly in laughing without reason, said *Valeria*, yet I should not be so uneasy in the company of such sort of People, as to be with those persons, all whose Conversation consists in long sad, and lamentable stories, extremely tedious. For in a word, I am acquainted with a Woman who knows all the tragical adventures, whose daily discourse is a Book of Martyrs, and who spends all her time in deploring the misfortunes of life, and in relating lamentable things with a sad and doleful voice, as if she was paid for the bewailing all the Calamities of the World. Let us not pass over so quickly, said *Plotina*, the fault of too long relations, since in my Opinion, care ought to be taken not to accuse some ones self to a perpetual telling of Stories, as I know some who never speak but of what is past; and are always telling what they have seen, without saying any thing of what they see. The truth is, said *Amilcar*, that sometimes those eternal story-tellers, are very much to be dreaded: some of them are
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confused, others too long, some are so pettish that they will never be interrupted; others, on the contrary, interrupt 'em selves, and at the end, neither know what they have said, nor what they would say. But those who tell things that are indifferent to the Company, and which of themselves are not very agreeable, are the most troublesome of all the tale-telling tribe. I know likewise a Family, replied *Cerinta*, where the Conversation is very importunate; for you never meet with any there, but the little Occurrences of the Neighborhood, which the Courtiers that come thither by chance, have nothing to do with, and which they neither understand, nor are affected withal; and I remember very well, I heard them there talk of a hundred little intrigues, which did not touch me at all, and the noise whereof extended no farther than the Street where they happened; and which besides were so little diverting, that I thought 'em very tedious. It is also a great Mortification, said *Nicanor*, to fall into a great Company where every one has a secret, principally when you have none, and you have nothing more to do than to listen to the murmur which those make who discourse and whisper in one anothers ear; and yet, if they were real secrets, added she, I should have patience; but it very often happens, that

that those things which are said with so much mystery, are things of no account. I know likewise other People, added *Alceus*, who, in my mind, have something very troublesome, though they have likewise something very agreeable. For in short, they have got such a fancy in their head to great transactions, that they never speak without it be of giving Battels, or of some Siege of a considerable Town, or of some other great Revolution in the World ; and you would say to hear them, that the Gods only change the face of the Universe to furnish matter to their Conversation ; for unless it be of such great and important Occurrences, they never speak, and cannot bear with any thing of another kind. Insomuch as without knowing at least, to sift Policy to the bottom, and without being well vers'd in History, a person is not to argue with them upon any subject whatsoever. The truth is, replied *Nicator*, that what you say is not always agreeable. But those other People who without caring for the general affairs of the World, will only listen to particular News, have likewise something very troublesome ; for you see them always as busie as if they had a thousand Cares, though they have none of any other nature, than that of knowing all those of others, to go repeat them from House to House, as Publick

lick Spies, who are no more this than that Man's, according as an occasion is offer'd, without having any prospect of advantage from all this bustle. Thus they do not so aim at knowing things for the knowing them, as for the rehearsing them to others. 'Tis also a great imperfection for one, said *Cerinta*, to affect to show all his Wit, and I know a Man who in the very first visits he makes in places where he would render himself acceptable, passes continually from one subject to another, without examining any to the bottom; and I may affirm without exaggeration, that in an hours time I have heard him speak of all the things that fall under Discourse, since he told not only all that passed at Court, but likewise all that passed in the City. Then he told all that he had done that day; he also related what was said in the places where he had that day been, and asked *Arpasia* what she had done. Afterward he rallied *Melinta* for her silence, and then fell to talk of Musick and Painting. He made several proposals of going abroad, and said so many different things, that a Man in the company taking notice of this great diversity, made others likewise observe it with intention to commend him, for in short, said he, after having caus'd it to be remark'd, there is nothing more tiresome than

than to fall into Converse with those sort of People who apply themselves to the first thing that is started, and do so canvass it, that in a whole Afternoon they never change discourse. For as Conversation ought to be free and natural, and that all those who compose the Company have equally right to change it as they think fit, it is an unfortunate thing to meet with those opiniative People, who leave nothing to be said upon a subject, and who are ever harping upon it, what care soever is taken to interrupt 'em. For my part, said *Cilena*, I am very much concerned to hear you all talk at the rate you do, for in short, if it is not fitting to be always like *Damophilus*, talking of Sciences; if it be tedious to discourse of all the little cares of a Family; if it be not convenient to speak often of Cloths; if it is a want of judgment to discourse only of intrigues of Gallantry; if there is but little diversion in speaking of Genealogies; if it is too mean to discourse of Lands sold or exchange'd; if it be likewise forbidden to speak too much of our own Affairs; if too great a gravity is not diverting in Conversation; if there is folly in laughing too often, and in laughing without reason; if the relations of fatal and extraordinary Accidents are not acceptable; if the little Transactions of the Neighborhood are tedious to those

those who live not thereabouts ; if those Conversations of little things that are whispered in the ear, are importunate ; if those People are to blame who only discourse of Great Occurrences ; if those eternal seekers of Cabinet Counsels are not in the right, what must we then talk of ? and of what must the Conversation be compos'd to render it both rational and pleasing ? It must be of all that we have found fault with, *Valeria* reply'd, agreeably and smiling ; in short, though all those People we have mentioned, are incommodious, I however boldly maintain, that we cannot speak but of what they do ; and that the same subjects may furnish matter agreeably to discourse on, notwithstanding they prove so mortifying in those Peoples management. I easily apprehend what *Valeria* says is true, reply'd *Amilcar*, though it did not seem so to me at first ; for I am so perswaded, all sort of things are proper for Conversation, that I do not except any. And indeed, added *Valeria*, it is not in any wise to be imagined, that there are things that are not fit for Discourse ; for 'tis true that there are certain Encounters wherein such things might be very properly spoken, that would be ridiculous on any other Occasion. For my part, said *Amitbone*, I confess, I could wish there were rules for Conversation, as there are
for.

for many other things. The principal rule, replied *Valeria*, is never to say any thing that contradicts the Judgment. But still, added *Nicanor*, I would willingly know more precisely, how you conceive the Conversation ought to be. I conceive, replied she, that to speak in general, it ought oftner to be of common and gallant things, than of great Transactions; but however, I conceive that nothing is forbidden; that it ought to be free and diversified, according to the times, places and persons with whom we are, and that the secret is of speaking always nobly of mean things, very plainly of high things; and very gallantly of gallant things, without transport and affectation. Thus though the Conversation ought ever to be equally natural and rational; yet I must say, that on some occasions, the Sciences themselves may be brought in with a good grace, and that agreeable follies may likewise have their place, provided they be ingenious, modest and gallant. Inasmuch as to speak with reason, we may for certain affirm, that there is nothing but may be said in Conversation, in case it be managed with Wit and Judgment, and the Party considers well where he is, to whom he speaks, and who he is himself. Notwithstanding though Judgment be absolutely necessary for the never saying any thing but what

what is to the purpose; yet, the Conversation must appear so free, as to make it seem we don't reject any of our thoughts, and all is said, that comes into the fancy, without any affected design of speaking rather of one thing than of another. For there is no thing more ridiculous than those People, who have subjects on which they talk Wonders; and except in such cases, can say nothing but impertinencies. So I would never have it known, what it is we are to say, and yet that we always know well what it is we say. For if this course be taken, Women will not impertinently pretend to be knowing, nor be ignorant to excess, and every one will say what he ought to say for the rendring the Conversation agreeable. But what is most necessary to make it soft and diverting is, that it must be influenced, with a certain spirit of Politeness, which absolutely banishes all bitter Raileries, as well as all those, which may in any wise offend Modesty; and in short, 'tis likewise requisite to know the art of turning things so handsomely, that a Gallantry may be told to the severest Woman in the world; that a little Foppery may be related to grave and serious People; that you may speak properly of the Sciences to the ignorant, if you be forced to it, and in sum, that you may change your wit accord-

according to the things that are spoken of, and according to the People you discourse with. But besides all I have now said, I would have it likewise governed with a certain spirit of joy, which without having the least taint of those eternal laughers who make so great a noise for so small a matter ; do however inspire a disposition into the hearts of all the company, to make every thing contribute to their diversion, and to weary themselves with nothing ; I, and I would have both mean and lofty things said, in case they be spoke well and to the purpose, and yet without being under any constraint of never having any thing spoken but what is necessary to be said. In short, added *Amilcar*, without giving you the trouble of speaking any more upon Conversation, or to make Laws for it, there needs no more than to admire yours, and to do as you do, to merit the admiration of all the earth, for I assure you, that no body will reprehend me though I should affirm, that I never heard you say any thing but what was agreeable, gentle and judicious ; and never any body had to that perfection as you have, the Art of pleasing, charming and diverting. I could wish, reply'd she, blushing, all you say was true, and I might believe you sooner than my self. But to shew you I cannot give you credit, and that I know

know I am often in the wrong, I declare ingenuously, that I am very sensible I have now said too much, and instead of speaking of all that I conceive of Conversation, I ought to have contented my self with telling all the Company what you have newly said of me.

After this all there present opposing each in his turn the modesty of *Valeria*, We gave her so many Praises, that we had like to have put her out of Humour; and afterwards we made so gallant and so chearful a Conversation, that it almost lasted until Evening, when this charming Company withdrew to their several Apartments.

OF

O F

PLEASURES.

BEing the Season when Orange-Trees have most Flowers, the Alleys were so strowed with 'em, that it was impossible not to have a desire to stay in so odoriferous a place, and where there were such delightful circumstances for reposing. And indeed the Company having seated themselves there, the Conversation fell at first upon things very far from those it ended withal; since it was by the choice of the Sents of flowers, in examining what rank was to be given to the odour of Violets, to that of Roses, of Pincks, of Jasmin, and to that of the Flowers of Oranges with which they were encompass'd. But after this agreeable contestation, the matter of which was so nice and subtle, had lasted some time, *Parthenia* said, the only defects of Perfumes, either compos'd or natural, was, that People are

too

too soon accustom'd to 'em ; for in short, said she, by possessing them we do not possess them in a little while ; and if we would have the pleasure of them, we must deprive our selves of them for some time, since otherwise, if we always carry 'em about us, we carry them for others, and not for our selves ; and it is certain, continued she, that this Rule is almost universal ; for seeing there are People who grow even accustom'd to wear shackles, and there are Slaves who do not feel the heaviness of their Chains, I ought not to think it strange that Pleasure ceases to be sensible through habit ; in as much grief it self ceases to be grief when it has lasted a long time. This Rule which you think so general, replied *Theander*, is not however so much, but that it has exceptions ; for I am perswaded, there are Evils and Pleasures which we can never so accustom our selves to, as not to have any sense of 'em. All the World talks of Pleasure, said *Orontes*, but I question if it be precisely known what it is, for every one makes his own fancy the standard of it. As I remember, said *Clarice*, smiling, I have somewhere read that some say it is a motion of the soul, and others a repose. But for my part, without defining Pleasure in it self, I am content with knowing what it is People call Pleasures ; that is to say, continued

tinued *Artemira*, what it is they call the Divertisements of the World. For my part, said *Parthenia*, I am satisfied that what are vulgarly called Pleasures, are not the real ones. For my part, said *Artemira*, I have had a very great one for these two days, in reading a Fable perfectly well invented. And I, said *Clarice*, have entertained my self with another; for I have had an extream delight in reading a true History, wherein I have seen admirably well painted the vices and vertues of People of this Age. And you may say what you please, continued she, there is certainly more Pleasure in hearing a thing which we know to be true, than one we know never happen'd in this World. There are true things, answered *Artemira*, which are so little agreeable, and so far from all likelihood; and there are others that are invented, so diverting, and so probable, that we may say, sometimes fiction is more agreeable than truth, and resembles truth better than truth it self. As every one has his fancy, said *Clarice*, I do not undertake to dispute ever any thing by reason; for that I am perswaded every Man has his own particular reason, to maintain what touches his inclination. What you say is perfectly well said, replied *Orontes*, And therefore we ought never to condemn the Pleasures of any Person whatsoever,

whatsoever, and my humour will not suffer me to find fault with any thing in other People. But neither can I endure, that others should find fault with what I do. For my part, added he, I confess, I sometimes see diverse things that do not please me; but the natural indifference I have for all such as do not afford me a very great delight, makes me not condemn them, but pass 'em over in silence. And it is my humour ever to condemn those who condemn others. We ought unquestionably to be very reserved in speaking our Sentiments of other Peoples Pleasures, added *Orontes*. It is however a thing which very few do, said *Theander*; for there is nothing more subject to censure than Pleasures. What you say is true, replied *Parthenia*, but it must be likewise confessed, there is nothing which makes even the very hearts of People better known, and thus it is not without reason, 'tis grown a Custom to observe 'em. For in a word, in solid and serious Affairs, the minds of Mankind are concerted, and are not to be known and sifted in such occasions. But in Pleasures, we abandon our Hearts and our Wits; we lay ourselves all open; and they are the true tests of the manners and inclinations of People. 'Tis commonly without doubt, by little things, said *Clarice*, we come to know such as are great.

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sure, said *Orontes*, those People would be very much mistaken, who should judge of me by my Pleasures; for I entertain my self in so different kinds and manners, that when Fortune makes me fall into such a place and juncture, as in all appearance can afford me none: I extract Pleasure out of the very troubles it brings upon me, rather than have none. For in two words, we cannot live without Pleasure; and those who think they have none, and who are naturally gloomy and peevish, do find a sort of Pleasure in their very Melancholy. You do not then amuse your self with choosing 'em, said *Clarice*, since you meet with them in all Encounters. For my particular, said *Theander*, when I am in such Company as this, I ever hold all pleasures are well chosen, and I easily range my self to that which is propos'd to me. And I, said *Clarice* to him, do out of indifference, what you do out of an obliging complaisance to your friends. And for what concerns me, said *Artemira*, I have sooner done in desiring nothing, than in examining if I desire one thing rather than another; for I have hardly perswaded my self that I have chosen, than that I blame my choice, and no longer care for what I had a mind to. But may be then, said *Parthenia*, you no longer care to be here. All the Company laugh'd at what that lovely

ly Person said. Ah! Madam, reply'd *Artemira* agreeably, 'Tis my mind that is wavering, but as for my heart that is perfectly constant; and as there are persons here whom I have a very tender love for, I am overjoyed to be amongst 'em, and I know no irresolution in such a juncture. I am perswaded, said *Theander*, that we ought necessarily to conclude upon all sorts of things, and to make a choice even of Pleasures. Ah! as for Pleasures, cry'd *Parthenia*, you are in the greatest error imaginable, if you think 'tis possible to choose Pleasures which we will not change; for from the time we begin to speak, until we expire, Pleasures change and ought to change. We play, while Infants; love divertisements, and eagerly seek 'em in Youth; allow and enjoy them without seeking 'em in the Age which follows that; and then in fine, frame to our selves others in the rest of our lives. I am moreover of Opinion, added she, that in one and the same time, in the very same day, one and the same thing may both divert and tire us. Long Pleasures cease being so, neither Plays nor Consorts of Musick ought to be too long. Balls, when we have danced too much, are no longer diverting. Long Raileries are nauseous. And it is properly in Pleasures, variety and intervals are requisite, and the Heart and Mind have need

of rest. To speak in general, we see that Men can be capable of contenting themselves with one only Occupation. A Souldier is contented with his Profession ; a Magistrate with his ; a Student the same ; a great Painter paints all his life-time without growing weary ; and an Engraver is ever making Statues, and is never out of humour, but when he has no occasion so to do. But never any Man had one only pleasure. For that reason it is we commonly in [our] Tongue talk of Pleasures, and not of Pleasure, when we mean, amusements and divertisements we now discourse of, and not of that inward motion of joy and satisfaction which they may produce in us ; every one supposing secretly, that one only thing cannot produce it always, and that Change, Variety and Novelty do make the principal part of it. If any one would then choose a Pleasure for all his life, I fancy he would quickly come to that pass of having none at all. I am altogether of a contrary Opinion, said *Artemira*, and you do not take notice, that each of those Pleasures you speak of, has almost an infinite variety and extent, which discovers it self every day more to those who apply themselves entirely to it, and renders it always new, though always the same. If it be so, reply'd *Theander*, we must then choose those to which we
would

would stick fast. I assure you, added *Clarice*, this word of Choice is too serious for that purpose ; and in my Opinion, we ought to follow them according to our inclination. For I suppose that the Pleasures we speak of, are properly such as are innocent. So that there being no deliberating, whether they are just or unjust, I conclude we must take them at hazard, as they are offered to us, and according as they suit with our humour. For in short, there is nothing to be decided in this case. Notwithstanding my incertainty, said *Artemira*, I know that the fair *Parthenia* reasons on her side. Not but that, added she, if any Man should propose to one of my friends, to go a hunting in bad Weather, as resolute Hunters do, he would rather choose to go to a Play. We do not tell you, said *Clarice*, you are obliged to accept all the Pleasures which are proposed to you ; for my part I love Fishing as little as you do Hunting, and I never could understand that there was any great Pleasure in seeing a great number of Fish struggling in the Nets, troubling the Water, suffering themselves to be taken without being able to make any resistance. Knowing that you dance perfectly well, added she, I imagine you prefer Balls before all other Pleasures. Balls are certainly very agreeable entertainments, replied *Artemira*, but as Ladies dance only with a

good grace in the World for a certain number of Years, I am already thinking what other Pleasure I shall pursue two or three Years hence. Musick is one which may last all our Lives, said *Theander*. That I believe, reply'd *Artemira*. But methinks, when a Woman who has had the reputation of being pretty, no longer hears the Songs that were compos'd in her Praise, and meets with none but new tunes that are made for blooming Beauties, they then afford her but little Pleasure; and I am perswaded that those who no longer have any share in them, and who judge they never shall, have not then so much kindness for Musick. But as to Plays at least, said *Theander*, you must grant, that it is a Pleasure for all Ages, all Seasons and all Humours. For there are serious Poems; and others more Comical. 'Tis a Picture of all the Passions, the beauties of History and of Fable are there often joyned together upon the Stage, you see Vice punished, and Vertue recompenced, and every one may there find what is acceptable to his Palate. And principally, interrupted *Artemira* smiling, those People whose hearts are filled with Ambition, since it is in a Play-House you see all the great events of History. But for my share, I confess sincerely, that though I love to see all well-writ Plays, especially when they are new, I would not have

have it my only Pleasure, and it would not afford me delight if I had not some other. I may affirm, said *Parthenia*, I take 'em, as chance offers me them, without troubling my thoughts any further; I neither seek 'em nor do I fly them. I believe we may seek Fortune and find it. But methinks, that Pleasures fly from those, who pursue them with so much eagerness; and that the pains they take for that purpose, makes them too dear a Purchase. You are in the right, lovely *Parthenia*, said *Theander* to her. It often happens, that great premeditated Pleasures grow loathsome at the length, and it has been my Fortune several times in my life to divert and tire my self by turns in one of those long Feasts where all divertisements are in a Crowd. And indeed, they are made rather to shew the magnificence of great Princes, who give them, than for the Pleasures of those who are there present. As I am accused of never contradicting my friends, said *Artemira*, I find my self to day in a very great perplexity, seeing so many persons that I esteem, have such different Sentiments; and I have almost a desire not to speak a word more, that I may not be unworthy of the name of complaisant, that is sometimes bestowed upon me. And to merit that of Opinionative, said *Theander*, by which I am called

without too much reason, I maintain, we ought to choose in all things ;and to consider once in our lives, what all Pleasures have of good or evil. But tell me, interrupted *Artemira*, if you reckon Gaming in general among the Pleasures. No, replied he laughing, I reckon it among the Passions. And all the Company finding he had reason to do so no longer examined that point. And indeed, said *Clarice*, we should expose our selves to displease too many People, if we should happen to find fault with Gaming. Believe me, said *Artemira*, let us not amuse our selves with blaming any of the Pleasures ; there cannot be too many. Let us leave Hunting to the Hunters ; Musick to tender souls ; Comedy to those who love a Play-House ; Dancing to them that dance well ; Walking and Conversation to persons ingenious in Discourse ; Splendid Feasts to those who are able to give Great Entertainments ; *Carrousels*, running at the Ring, and other great Pleasures, to mighty Princes : And let us not condemn even those, who are able to divert themselves with playing at Marbles. Methinks, said *Parthenia*, we pass over Pleasures very quickly, and if we consider them better, we should find they are an inexhaustible Subject. That is so much the more true, said *Orontes*, as according to the Maxims of certain Philosophers,

sophers, which *Theander* does not approve of, the end of all Humane Actions is Pleasure. I must confess, answered *Theander*, I am of a quite contrary Opinion; being certain, that the motive of all great actions is not Pleasure in the least; and 'tis sufficient to look upon it as an infallible effect of a good action; for I do maintain, that Pleasure is inseparable from Vertue. And indeed, interrupted *Parthenia*, I easily comprehend, there cannot be any great action done without Pleasure; and it is not impossible for us to be in the midst of Pleasures, without having any. I am of the same Opinion, said *Clarice*, and nothing is more tedious than a multitude of ill prepar'd Pleasures, whereof there are so many in the World. But they are not properly the Pleasures you speak of, said *Parthenia*, that I desire should be the subject of our Discourse, since true Pleasure does not consist in divertisement, the Gods have laid the source of it in the heart of Man. Now as for those kind of Pleasures, which always depend as much or more on others than of our selves, they have no solidity. They even want taking pains to render 'em the more provocative; there must at least be intervals in Pleasure, if we would not be fatigued. But the Pleasures which proceed from the heart and reason joyned together, are ever all pure; and

properly speaking, true Pleasures have their chief Source in the hearts of those who feel them. For in general, there cannot be any true delight in Criminal Pleasures. They are ever accompanied or followed with vexation, disquiet, remorse and repentance. But are there not, interrupted *Clarice*, rational persons in all other things, who entertain themselves with very fantastic Pleasures even against reasons. That I grant you, said *Parthenia*, and I likewise conceive Pleasure may sometime follows capriciousness; for this being only against Reason, which it has prepossessed, this error of Pleasure may last. But it is not the same with what is against Vertue; for of necessity the pleasure of an ill action must sooner or later change into grief. But as for Vertue, now I repeat it once again, it cannot be without Pleasure. Certain it is, that true Vertue does not aspire to Pleasure, and that the Pleasure it causes proceeds naturally from it self, as light proceeds from the Sun. All that *Parthenia* says, rejoyned *Theander*, is worthy of the nobleness of her heart, and the generosity of her Sentiments. I commend her as well as you, said *Orontes*, but you must at least confess, that the Vengeance which is said to be reserved to the Gods, is however a very sweet and sensible Pleasure; and even

even in some sort an Heroical Pleasure; since faint-hearted People do not revenge themselves; or if they do, it is by base and criminal ways which deprive them of the calm Pleasure of Revenge. I take what you say to be a very dangerous Maxim, said *Parthenia*, and indeed, tho I have heard it pretty often said, Revenge is sweet, I must confess, I was never yet able perfectly to imagine a Revenge just and altogether innocent; and this without doubt did establish the Maxim, *That Vengeance ought to be reserved to the Gods*, by reason that as soon as a Man is his own judge, he carries his Revenge too far and renders it Criminal. And I cannot comprehend any innocent Revenges, but that of a Prince in the Head of an Army, who gains a Battel over unjust Enemies, that had broken their words with him, and furnished him with just reasons to make War. Now as for the Revenges of particular persons, they are all faulty and violent. They believe themselves more offended than they are, and by consequence think their Vengeance much short of the offence. They do not choose the means, they make use of to be revenged. And in short, I find a much greater and more solid delight in pardoning and not revenging, through vertue, when it is in our power, than to take revenge very often, as much against

against our selves, as against our Enemies. You are so very wise to day, said *Clarice*, that I blush I am not so too. But methinks, there are a considerable number of little Revenges, that are pretty sweet. On the contrary, reply'd *Parthenia*, little Revenges are of no account, and none properly but the great were capable of giving Pleasure, if Justice and true Reason did not oppose them. But can you find so vast a number of Pleasures, reply'd *Clarice*, that may not be termed diversifements? Do not in the least doubt of it, replied *Parthenia*; the pleasure of vanquishing in War; that of speaking in Publick with success; that of giving delight to those we love and oblige; that of serving our friends, especially in a great misfortune. Ah! as for that pleasure, said *Orontes*, few persons are capable of it; for People commonly fly from ill luck, and follow good fortune. I am not of that Humour, said *Parthenia*; for I take delight in grieving with my afflicted friends; and I have also two or three times in my life taken pleasure in despising pleasures, and in distinguishing my self thereby from those Women who always run after Pleasures without choosing 'em. For my part, said *Artemira*, I hate all noisy Pleasures, and all those that People so much court. I would have 'em surprise me, and come without my think.

thinking of 'em. I have always heard say, interrupted *Parthenia*, that the Pleasure of the Gods and that of Kings is to do good : and I must confess 'tis the only Pleasure I envy. And for my part, said *Orontes*, I love Mystery in Pleasures ; and to entertain my self with such as the World knows not of. I know one of that kind, said *Parthenia*, smiling, which I am very sorry I am not capable of; for in short, the greatest Pleasure in the world in my Opinion is, what People draw from their own Perfection. Ah ! as for that, said *Clarice*, I have no pretences to't. But willingly would I know, which of all Pleasures is the most universal. I assure you, replied *Theander*, there is no Pleasure can be so call'd; The diversity of Temperaments makes the variety of Pleasures. They are likewise different according to ages ; and nothing is determin'd in this case, except it be that commonly different passions are the rule of Pleasures. Yet we may conclude in general, that we neither can nor ought to live without Pleasures, and that Wisdom consists in regulating them. For after all, those that are termed diversifements, are necessary to the wisest men, and to them of the greatest business, to recreate the mind, fortifie the Soul, and support it in difficult Employes. For my part, said *Clarice*, having nothing to do but to spend my life
without

without trouble, I will have no other rule therein than innocence; and all Pleasures of that kind will ever be good to me. *Parthenia* maintained to her, that how innocent soever Pleasures are, the multitude of 'em is a defect. *Clarice* defended her self with a great deal of Wit. But they all were of *Parthenia's* Opinion. Yet at length, added *Clarice*, you must confess, that grief destroys health, and joy supports and re-establishes it. And to prove it to you, added she, smiling, you need but call to mind the following Stanza:

*Health the sweet Mother of true Joy,
 Wer't not for Pleasures, wou'd soon cloy,
 And that, which it creates, destroy.
 All those Ambitious Desires,
 And Gyant-Thoughts, whose height aspires
 Beyond the Common Stature, all
 Like Pelion and Ossa fall,
 And bruise not only one another,
 But Crush the Heavers, if not Smother:
 In this they shew their Love and Hate,
 They make our Lives of shorter Date,
 Whilst they make Them Unfortunate.*

All the Company then remembred that those Verses were written by a friend of *Parthenia's*, and seem'd to yield to *Clarice*, who maintain'd Pleasures so agreeably both in Prose and Verse.

Of

OF THE
KNOWLEDGE
OF
OTHERS,
AND OF
OUR SELVES.

NEver was so charming a Company
seen in a more delicious place;
and though there were several
persons who had little acquaintance,
and some that had none at all; that
Spirit of the World which so well knows
how to introduce a certain familiar civility,
which at first sight renders Society commodious
and agreeable, united all that fair
Troop; there being besides several sorts of
things, which further this liberty, that renders,

40 *Of the knowledge of others,*

ders Conversation agreeable. And indeed, when People have travelled two days together, they are more free than if they had daily met for three Moneths together elsewhere; and those who have been partakers in a great Feast, likewise converse with more pleasure than if they had only seen one another in a Visit. Inſomuch that all the Perſons who compos'd this ingenious Company, coming from ſeeing together the famous *Nemean Games*, had already acquired that liberty which renders Society more ſweet, by baniſhing all ſerious Ceremony, which is ever attended with uneaſineſs. I will not enlarge in the deſcription of the Houſe, where this company was, nor in ſaying that it had all that renders a Houſe beautiful, and commodious: marvellous Avenues; a ſingular and magnificent Outward Court: Motes full of running Water admirably fine; Apartments not only great and well contrived, but where in every one might find, what his own houſe could furniſh were he never ſo rich: And truly, that place abounded in all that is delightful in the Country, Fountains, Canals, Proſpects, Rivers, Meadows, Woods, regular Walkes, Wilderneſſes; and all, in ſhort, that Art can add to Nature without ſpoiling it. But what is principally in that place, and is not to be met with elſewhere; is,

is, that the admirable person who imbellished it, has made use of all things for the rendring it the more pleasant : and that in all the parts of that magnificent Park, where Nature has not ranged the Trees near enough one another, or else in places where they have had some irregularities, she has made 'em enchanted places for People to repose in ; some are like a kind of little Amphitheatres ; others are made into Halls and Closets ; either Square, Oval or Triangular. On one side you see Grass-Plotts all beset with Flowers ; on another thick shades which inspire pensiveness without inspiring Melancholly ; and in short, you find in that charming abode, the beauty of Forests, of Allies, of Arbours, of Meadows, of Gardens, and of diversity in all, which makes the eyes are never wearyed, but always diverted. But that you may be the more secure from the accidents of the Weather, there are little Lodges at the end of the Park, whither you may go when you please. It was in one of those little round Cabinets, open however on three sides, set round with Seats, adorned with Pictures and Books, and garnished with all that is necessary for writing, when one has a desire so to do, that *Telefila*, *Clorelisa*, *Cepbisa*, *Philinta*, *Aratus*, *Aristippus*, *Lyfiades*, the wise *Timocrates* and my self went to repose our selves. At first the Con-

ver-

versation was upon the beauty of the place then we fell to talk of the *Nemean* Games which we came from seeing, of the joy of the Conquerors, and the concern of the Vanquished ; and some maintain'd that those sort of Victories might be sometimes attended or followed with vexations. They would have talked of the dexterity of *Aratus* in bearing away all the Prizes, both in the *Olympick* and *Nemean* Games. But his modesty did oppose it ; and he said very gallantly, looking upon the Ladies in general, not daring out of respect, to fix his eyes upon *Tersites* in particular, for fear of displeasing her, that it would be very unhandsome to spend time in speaking of the Crown he had gain'd before Beauties, who knew how to vanquish those that had conquer'd, and whose Victories, by consequence, were greater and more noble. I assure you, reply'd *Lyfiades*, that those Beauties you speak of, do as well vanquish the vanquished as the Vanquishers. I am willing to believe it, reply'd *Cloreliza* laughing. But you must notwithstanding grant, that it is more glorious to conquer those who were never conquered, than them who are used to be so. No, no, resum'd *Aratus* modestly, you must not do so much honour to Victory in these sort of things ; such an one may be overcome, who deserv'd to conquer,
and

and such an one may be a Conqueror, who may find elsewhere so many things to be desired in him, that his Victory would not give him so much pleasure as might be imagined. For my part, said the lovely *Cephisa*, judging pretty often of things, by the event, I always rejoice at what seems to be for my advantage. For the right course of passing our days with delight, is to proceed no further than the superficies of things, by reason that as soon as you penetrate a little further, even in Pleasures, you meet with some bitterness; as in some fruits which are hardly to be tasted to find 'em good. What the fair *Cephisa* affirms, said the wise *Timoerates*, has more sense than it may seem to have. That I grant, said *Telefila*, yet with this exception, that I do not think we ought hardly ever to judge of any thing by the event. But as for that superficies of things, which *Cephisa* says we must content our selves with, if we would spend our days in delight. It may well be, she has reason for it. I believe, in point of love, said *Aratus*, this to be very convenient; for a little love diverts extreamly, and a great Passion incommodes. I did not well explain myself, reply'd *Cephisa*; for I do not mean we ought only to have the superficies of things, I say that in others we ought to look no further than that, if we would not bring upon
our

44 *Of the knowledge of others;*

our selves a thousand vexations. Thus if we are fond of seeing Lovers, we must believe that all we see in them is Love. If we would have friends, we must content our selves with the testimonies of friendship which they give us, without going to examine if they are sincere. For if once you get a fancy of knowing them well, those Lovers and those Friends will very often disappear, and you will only find indiscreet or unconstant Lovers, and faint, ungrateful or perfidious Friends. In a word, we our selves must never destroy our Pleasure ; and we must peaceably enjoy what we find sweet and innocent in life. But if that be so, said *Telefila*, we shall be eternally exposed to be deceived, or else we shall have no friendship without it be a superficial amity, as is that which has produced it. For how is it possible to love that which we do not know. Ah ! my dear *Telefila*, replied *Cephisa*, do not tell me we can't love what we do not know. For I'll prove that all the World love themselves, yet none know themselves. All the Company laugh'd at what *Cephisa* said. Certain it is, said then the wise *Timocrates*, that it is more difficult to know our selves well, than to know others, tho it be also full as necessary. I grant, said *Lyfiades*, that it is very necessary to know our selves well. But I do not
imagine

imagine it to be so difficult as to know others. For I do not hide my self from my self, as others use the disguise. We must divine to know the hearts of others, and need only observe our own to discover its most secret motions. Ah! *Lyfiades*, rejoyn'd *Telesila*, the difficulty of what the wise *Timocrates* says, consists in having the will to know our selves, and in doing what is requisite that we may not be deceived in that design, and to get rid of I know not what secret Charm which inclines us to explain favourably all that we do, even to the being prone to give good motives to ingratitude. For in short, all People have a great Magazine of excuses for their own faults and imperfections. And commonly the wisest too, take greatest pains to seek for what may palliate. For most part of the World never call themselves to any account; they do what is pleasing, or what is useful, without making any other reflection. The Ladies carefully consult their Glass for the making themselves fine. They would hide even the least Freckle that is seen in their Complexion. An hair out of order, offends 'em, and puts them out of humour; and a thousand secret envies which their hearts are full of, which make them speak ill of all other Beauties, and render 'em sometimes unjust even

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to their best friends, do not offend 'em in the least. The truth is, said *Timocrates*, the greatest part of the World make no reflection, upon themselves. Yet People boldly affirm reply'd *Cephisa*, they will love nothing without knowing what they love. They blame those who do it, and yet as I have already said, they love themselves more than all the rest of the World; and tho they do not know themselves, they esteem and commend themselves without knowing why; and they seek to deceive others, and to deceive 'em-selves likewise. It seems without doubt, very strange, said the wise *Timocrates*, that the most part of Men and Ladies, particularly those, who live in the tumult of the World, spend all their lives without admiring the Sun, Moon or Stars, tho there is nothing so fine in all nature. Nor do they treat better all the other Wonders of the Universe; and look upon all these things as made for their use and pleasure without any other reflection. They likewise say, when you speak to them thereof, that the reason which hinders them from admiring so many marvellous things, is that they still see, and have daily seen them from the moment they were born. But this reason ceases in their own regard. For they have seen themselves from the time they were able to see; and see 'em-selves still every day,

day; yet they admire themselves without ceasing. 'Tis without question, for that they do not know themselves, said *Aratus*. True admiration, answered *Timocrates*, does not proceed from what we do not comprehend. Those sort of things cause astonishment and not admiration. Nay, for to admire with reason, it is requisite to know a great part of the good Qualities of the things we admire. But there must however still remain somewhat to discover, that may be conceived as a thing very extraordinary; and this is properly what causes that excessive esteem which turns into admiration. I am very glad, said the charming *Clorelisa*, I have learnt how I must admire with reason. For I perceive I have hitherto been something prodigal of my admiration. For my part, said *Telefila*, it would please me more, if *Timocrates* would teach me how to know my self; for if it is that self-love which blinds and hinders us from knowing our selves well; from whence comes it, that the kindness we have for our friends, makes us sometimes see more clearly their imperfections, tho we excuse them? Inasmuch that loving our selves, yet more than we love them, we ought to see our selves more clearly, if it be true that amity gives an insight, as I fancy it does. What you say, reply'd *Timocrates*, is true in some persons.

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persons. Friendship either opens Peoples eyes, or shuts them ; and generally speaking, it extenuates the imperfections of those we love. But what makes us know others better than we do our selves, is, that the familiarity we have with our own inclinations, does disguise them to us. Nothing is new to us in our own persons, and all is new to us in others. And as Odours are better smelt by those, who are not used to them, than by those who have 'em perpetually about them : so likewise do we perceive in our friends a hundred little things which wound us ; and we are not at all offended at what we carry in our own hearts. There passes, as I may say, a kind of Habit between our reason and our imperfections, which makes them subsist together without being at any dissention: But 'tis not so with the defects our reason discovers, it examines 'em, condemns 'em, pursues 'em, and leaves a thousand disorders in its own Empire for it to repara. What *Timocrates* asserts, is very agreeably said, interrupted *Aratus*. I will only add, that it is strange to see, how People disquiet themselves in things where they have no interest, wherewith they have no right to find fault, and which even cannot be corrected ; and how they abandon their own Interest and Glory. But in short, said *Clorelisa*, What
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is requisite to be done for the knowing our selves well? 'Tis necessary, said *Timocrates*, to begin with the Will to know our selves without flattering our selves; and to that purpose, we are principally to examine our selves as to four things: *Whether we are just; Whether we are sincere; Whether we are capable of a true friendship; and whether we have Courage.* These four things are of so great a consequence, that almost all the actions of life turn upon those Hinges. I do not bring into the account, that profound Veneration we owe to the Gods. For this is presupposed amongst People who have Reason: But for Justice, Sincerity, Friendship and Courage: I maintain that these four Qualities are the foundation of the Morals of honest People, and the source of all illustrious actions. We cannot have true Vertue without being just. We are almost capable of all manner of evil as soon as we want sincerity. We are good for nothing if we are incapable of friendship: and without Courage all Vertues are dead, and friendship is weak and wavering, and by consequence useless and imperfect. All this is very fine, said *Cephisa*, but what is requisite to be done for the knowing, if we have those four Qualities? For my part, interrupted *Aristippus*, laughing, I have a desire to go walk with *Cleodea*; for I

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am as much afraid of learning to know my self well, as the rest of the company seem desirous of that knowledge. For first of all, as for Justice, I declare that I have none; and that tho I know very well, I have not so much merit as some others, I would not suffer patiently, that they should be preferred before me. Sometimes there are certain things, said *Clorelisa*, which we must endure against our Wills, tho we are not very glad of 'em; and I believe, it is ever some kind of Justice to know, that we are not just. For my part, said *Cephisa*, I think my self pretty just. I likewise think my self sincere; and am perswaded, that I have enough of that Courage, which makes Generosity in Women and Valour in Men. But as for Friendship, I know not if I have so much of it as you say is requisite; for I confess in good earnest, I have many friends I do not love. They all laugh'd at what the fair *Cephisa* said, and at first understood it as a Railery. I affirm, said *Aristippus*, that I have had formerly several Mistresses I never lov'd; but I am much chang'd since that time. All the world knows what you say to be true, resum'd I. But as for what *Cephisa* started, 'tis not easie to comprehend, that a Person can have many Friends he does not love; and I do not think she spoke seriously when she urged that
I assure.

I assure you, resumed she, that I said what I think, and what I am sensible of; and if all the Company would examine themselves well, they will find that each has a Friend of that stamp. For in fine, when we are exposed to the World, and know the way of living in't, we have a certain Universal Civility, which all those we converse with, make what use of they think convenient, and which each interprets as he pleases: So that there are many People who receive it as a beginning of friendship. This being so, is it not true, that there would be a brutality in undeceiving them? We continue to see 'em, we receive offices from them, and render 'em the like; we find 'em able in certain things, endued with probity and secrecie; we trust them with business; we esteem 'em sufficiently in several things; and it may also happen, they love us. But after all, not finding in 'em, I know not what Charm, which renders the heart sensible, which engages it, and makes it love; nor merit sufficient for the forcing of it to give it self in good earnest; we in some sort esteem those People, we converse with 'em, serve them; yet we do not love 'em. When we lose 'em we regret 'em, as things useful, or convenient, but not as real friends: We call our reason to afflict us;

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whereas in true afflictions we have need of it to comfort us. You speak your thoughts so agreeably, said *Telefila*, that it almost perswades me you are in the right: But I believe however, you are out in one thing; which is, you call People Friends, who ought not to be term'd so. Yet I allow the word *Knowledge* is too unbounded, and too general, to fit that sort of People you speak of; and a word should be invented to signify that. But after all, 'tis not over necessary to take that pains. For I am perswaded, those friends we converse with, whom we in some measure esteem, and whom we serve without loving, are People of a very ordinary merit. And indeed friendship not being fantastical and capricious as love is, it would be next to an impossibility to converse; to esteem, and be served by a friend, who is perfectly an honest Man, without loving him reciprocally; and if it were so, 'twould be ingratitude. But *Cephisa* answered, are People masters of their own Sentiments? do they love whom they please? and provided they render one good turn for another, are they ungrateful? They are not voluntarily so, said *Aratus*, but yet they are so: and there must certainly be a great stock of ingratitude in a heart, that resists a great Merit and a great Amity. For my part, said *Cloreliza*, I know a Gentleman
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who has a thousand Friends, of all conditions, and for whom, to speak the truth, nobody has a tender love. They can easily be without his Company, unless they have business with him. He would not be much lamented if he should die. He seems to hold some place where soever he is; and yet finds no room in any bodys heart. I assure you, resum'd *Cephisa*, still many other Characters of friends remain, besides those we have spoke of; for there are those whom People make no scruple to ridicule at the same time, they tell and write to 'em obliging things. There are some from whom we are willing to receive good offices, and yet have no mind to return 'em the like; others whom we converse withal, tho they tire us. Others whom we find diverting, and yet we do not esteem 'em; and others to whom we impart forged secrets, that we may draw from them such as are true. In a word, if we make a strict search, I am certain we shall find a great Troop of friends, amidst whom it would be difficult to make a good choice. All the company confessed that the Novelty of the expression which *Cephisa* had made use of, was more proper than they at first imagin'd, when she said, that she had many friends she did not love. But after all, said *Telefila*, let us return to the art of knowing

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ones self well, and desire *Timocrates* to continue the instructing us in it something more at large. Methinks Madam, said *Ara-tus*, very gallantly, 'tis mighty dangerous for all your friends, that you should be well acquainted with your self. For if *Timocrates* can bring it to pass, that you should know exactly what you are, you will have so great a contempt for all the rest of the World, you will not be able to endure it. I should be very cautious, rejoyn'd *Timocrates* of teaching her so necessary an Art, if I thought she could make an ill use of it. For my meaning is, that a rational person by learning to know his own imperfections, ought to learn at the same time to support those of others. As for the rest, this Art varies according to persons. Such a Man may know himself better by the report of others, than by himself. But it is sufficient, as I have said, to have the will of knowing without flattering our selves; and to set upon observing our selves mainly in things which our inclinations are most prone to, and calling our selves to an account of what we have done, that we may discover precisely the true motives thereto. For there are such sudden Sentiments in our mind, that tho they succeed one another, yet we know only the last that sets us on acting. However to judge well of an action, 'tis necessary

cessary to know 'em all. This little study has its delights, when we are accustom'd to it. Sometimes you'll find, that we hate some People, because we love others, and that all the Passions disguise themselves. We must therefore seek out the source of them, if we have a mind to know 'em thoroughly. People may even follow Vertue by motives unworthy of it. Ill Causes may in some Encounters have good effects; but the good can very rarely have such as are bad. Wherefore we must always, if possible, have good intentions in all things. Love, which seems to be of all Passions the most easie to discover, has very obscure causes as well as the rest. Men sometimes accuse fair eyes, whose weakness is often in the heart they have wounded. There are Loves of temperament, inclination, habit, acknowledgment, caprice, interest, vanity, and of a hundred other kinds. So that when we would subdue this Passion, necessary it is to know its true source. But amongst all the Passions, that which is least known by those it does possess, is Avarice. None of a covetuous humour think they are so. They only fancy themselves good Husbands, prudent and able. They have sometimes the confidence to tell themselves, to conceal the sordidness of their Sentiments, that they are only the Depositarics of the benefits which

God has bestowed upon them. They call those Prodigal, who are Liberal. They think all is lost that is given; and know no other felicity than that of having useless Treasures. The truth is, said *Aratus*, I know covetous People who fancy they merit infinite praises for those very things for which they are condemned by all the World. You do well, said *Clorelisa* agreeably, to say, that you know *Covetous People*: For you your self are not acquainted with Avarice. You, I say, who have given away considerable Treasures which the King of *Egypt* bestowed upon you. I assure you, replied *Aratus*, I am less to be commended than you imagine; and I can say what *Cyrus* once answered to one of his Ministers, who represented to him, that he gave all he had to his Courtiers. I do not give it them, said he, I only leave it 'em to keep. If I should have occasion for it at any time, they will restore it me with Usury; and I shall gain their hearts at a cheap rate. All the World knows what we are to believe in this point, said *Telefila*; but I am very desirous *Timocrates* would tell us how we may know Envy; for I believe it very difficult to discover. You have reason to say so, Madam, replied he, and very often an envious person thinks he loves Vertue and hates Vice; when he speaks ill of those, whom he bears
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an envy to, and in whom he seeks for imperfections, which he would be very sorry not to find. The Source of Envy, pursu'd *Timocrates*, is properly an ill grounded Pride; which is the reason, that those persons who are capable of it, instead of seeking to become more perfect, seek to Tarnish the good Qualities of those they esteem more than themselves, tho they do not know it: and this secret Malignity diffuses it self from their Heart, not only into their imagination but into their Senses. They neither see nor understand things any more as they are; and their own Reason being seduced by the false representations of the Senses, it makes them afterwards commit a thousand injustices. My Opinion is, said *Cephisa*; that we may see things otherwise than they really are. Not that, added she, I am very envious; on the contrary, I love very much to praise, but I am very easie to be offended. When I am in anger I know no more what I see; and if *Telefila* had displeas'd me, all perfect as she is, I should have found her very different from what you see her. I should find her pale, instead of finding her fair; I should think her too witty; I should call her Modesty coldness and indifference; in short, I should figure to my self a *Telefila* that would not be at all like her. For my part, said *Ara-*

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thus, I am not of your disposition. For if I imagin'd, I had any reason to complain of the beautiful *Telefila*, I should think she had some concealed reason to use me ill. I should examine my own imperfections, and should rather accuse my self than accuse her. I am not at all of that humour, said *Aristippus*, I always accuse my self the last, and I rather blame Fortune than my self. In love, replied *Lyfiades*, I rather tax my Rival than my Mistress. But in friendship, I take time to deliberate before I accuse my Friends: but when I am once perswaded, they have been really faulty, I hate 'em as much as I lov'd them before, and can never be prevail'd with to grant 'em my pardon. This Sentiment, said *Telefila*, does not in the least become you, *Lyfiades*; and in my Opinion, People may cease loving, nay they may hate, but we are never to be irreconcilable in friendship; and it is only in love that an eternal contempt is just, when the Party has broke off with a just cause. I say an eternal contempt, pursued she, and not an eternal hatred. For it would be to do too much honour to a Faithless Lover, for a Mistress to hate him all her life. In case the Conversation continues but a little longer, said *Cephisa*, we shall not only know our selves, but we shall know one another better than we did. For insensibly,

sensibly, and without thinking of it, we speak all we think. Yet I fancy, reply'd *Aratus*, there are more persons than one in the company, who say not all they think. For my part, said *Aristippus*, I am perswaded if all Men took as much pains to know themselves as *Timocrates* would have them; and afterwards, for the better regulating their conduct, they would endeavour to know others too, all Sciences would be banished; for their Lives would not be long enough. And, as an excellent Man of my acquaintance has said very well,

*He that would learn t'enjoy a wealthy Store,
Of Golden Years, must live Two full Lives o're.*

This is not so difficult, as you may imagine, said *Timocrates*, and the Sciences are not obstacles to this knowledge. But if any of 'em were necessarily to be banished for the retaining of this, I should rather banish Physick, though so necessary; for it only teaches to cure the Maladys of the Body, whereas the knowledge of ones self tends to the curing the Diseales of the Soul. Astrology gives us a Thousand ingenious Opinions, for Truths and Predictions, uncertain and useless, which tend only to the railing disquiet. For my part, said *Aristippus*, let who

who will or can know himself, I will have none of that knowledge. I am not like you, said *Telefila*; for there is nothing I so much desire, as to know exactly if I am not deceived in the Opinion I have of my self: and I have a great mind to confide my self so far in the wise *Timocrates*, as to tell him all my thoughts in that case; that he may undeceive me if I am in an error. For as he has known me from my Infancy, he will quickly see if I am in an error. What you say, has more vanity than you imagine, said *Cephisa* smiling. But since you are as desirous to know your self, as I am to know others; let us not so suddenly abandon this subject. Let's see, if this knowledge is possible; and then we will try, if it be as useful as the wise *Timocrates* affirms. Do not doubt it, replied he, and to say yet more, I boldly assert, that the great succession of Victories which our Prince has gained, is not the effect of a certain happiness, which has made it often said, even to the becoming a Proverb, that *Success in War is unconstant*; There is nothing therein, but Conduct and good Concert, with an exquisite judgment, and a perfect knowledge of our advantages, and of those of our Enemies, of the Troops and Generals of both Parties, of Places, Seasons, and of that number of circumstances.

circumstances weighed and balanced together ;
 Wherein the greatest ability of great Cap-
 tains and great Kings does consist. I appre-
 hend as well as you, said *Cephisa*, that it is
 really that profound knowledge both of others
 and ones self, which makes up the chief act-
 ive Ingredient in most part of great things.
 But the one seems to me much more difficult
 than the other. For we know, and are very
 sensible, how far we our selves are able to pro-
 ceed ; but are usually ignorant how far others
 are able to go. I am not of your Opinion,
 answered *Telefila*, and yet fancy I am in the
 right. If you please, continued she, we will exa-
 mine whether you or I be of reason's side. And
 to pry further into this business, we will exa-
 mine whether it be more useful to know our
 selves than to know others. I am content,
 replied *Cephisa*. But for the keeping some
 Order, said *Timocrates* with a smile, 'tis ne-
 cessary that *Telefila* and *Cephisa* be the only
 persons who maintain this cause ; and that
 the Company should be the spectators of this
 Dispute, as they have been of the Combats of
 the *Nemean* Games. Since *Cephisa* finds, I
 have not sufficiently explain'd what I have
 said, resum'd *Timocrates*, it is requisite to
 examine which is the most difficult. *Telefila*
 out of Modesty would not engage her self in
 this Dispute. But the Company gave sen-
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tence she should ; and *Cephisa*, according to her facetious humour, made no difficulty at all. But then, for the prescribing some Order, as I have said, resum'd *Timocrates*, we must first examine which is the most difficult, to know our selves, or to know others, and then we will see afterwards which is the most useful. As for my part, said *Cephisa*, without giving us leisure to speak : I see so much difficulty in knowing others ; and methinks, I know my self so well, that I do not ponder one moment to decide this Question. There are a thousand difficulties, pursued she, to penetrate into the hearts of others. After ten Years Acquaintance and Friendship, we discover imperfections that we had not yet perceiv'd. What you say, does often happen, answered *Timocrates* : But often likewise 'tis not, but that we knew those friends, when we believed we knew 'em : the reason is, they changed thro some unusual cause, and having ceased observing 'em with the same care that was had in the beginning, because we believed they would be still the same, we did not take notice of an imperceptible change, which augmenting every day, does at length make it self remarkable. Wherefore I maintain, that commonly those defects, which we perceive, are now, and not newly discovered : and I am perswaded, that when we apply

ply our selves strongly to know any one, we succeed in our design. And I, said *Cephisa*, maintain, that we hardly ever perfectly know any body. The knowledge of People with whom we oftneft converse, is but an act of conjecture, wherein we are easily mistaken. Words, actions, the greatest services, all may be deceitful. A thousand reasons make some frequently mask themselves to their best friends. Vertuous they seem, and are not; they speak of sincerity without having any. They are sometimes franc and open, but not so always. They think they are beloved, and love without reserve; and in the sequel, Fortune overturns all this, without either the one or the others knowing from whence this subversion proceeds. They no longer know those People, they fancied they knew so well, and all is to begin again. All you say is true, replied *Telefila*: Besides what makes the impossibility of knowing others perfectly, is that we do not look into our selves sufficiently, and we all most ever see our selves disguised. See a Courtier before his Master, a Lover before his Mistress, a friend with his friend; is he the same Man that he is really in himself? Is it possible to discern what he is, from what he appears? We cannot know the heart but by words and actions. Yet as we know but imperfectly the true.

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true motives of 'em, we may say, 'tis possible for us to know what those People do we are acquainted with, and to make the History of their Lives ; but never truly to know the History of their Hearts. One and the same action may be reputed good or bad, according as we consider it. A friend exactly sincere in giving Counsels, sometimes appears a less agreeable friend than a dexterous flatterer. 'Tis almost requisite to become the continual spy of ones best friends to know 'em well. 'Tis requisite to know perfectly that great Art of Conjecturing, whereof we have already spoken : and when you shall have known it, and imagine, that you know those so well, whom you shall have so carefully observed ; who has told you, as has been justly remarked, that you will know 'em always ? Absence, Good Fortune, the Court, Interest, Love, Ambition, all do or may change them. And the Judgment finding still a new accusation, grows weary, desponds, and ceases to pursue knowing what it thought it knew at once for ever. After this do not you conceive there is a great deal of boldness in those, who boast they know perfectly the People they converse withal ; who fancy, they can penetrate the Vails of Dissimulation ; discern an Hypocrite from a truly honest Man ; a dexterous Cheat from a prudent Man ; a
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wise from a cunning Woman? Ah! As for cunning, resum'd *Cephisa*, methinks, 'tis easie to be discerned. But after all, I agree, it is not easie to know others, either in Love, Friendship or Probity, and in general, the heart of Man is impenetrable. You must at the same time allow, rejoyn'd *Telefila*, 'tis almost more difficult to know ones self well. But is it possible, said *Cephisa*, you can assert so unlikely a thing? Do not I see into my own heart? Not at all, replied she, 'tis it seduces you, and makes you often not know your self. First of all, added *Telefila*, you must necessarily grant, that much more care is taken to know others than our selves. All the World out of Interest, Curiosity, or a good Opinion of their own Wit, would dive into the hearts of others without making any reflection upon their own. They think they know themselves, and so are at rest. They esteem and sometimes admire 'em-selves with some injustice; and as it were sleeping upon that esteem, they are always hot in the pursuit of the knowledge of others, and profoundly ignorant as to what they are themselves. What you say is very true, said *Timocrates*, and we may likewise add, that this false knowledge we have of our selves, makes us often judge of 'em by our own Sentiments. For unquestionably,
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we are not to make our selves the Standard whereby we may know others well. Be it as it will, said *Cephisa*, I know perfectly I am no *Coquette*, nor am I given to detracting. I agree to what you say, resum'd *Telefila*, we may know the ill Qualities we have not, because they are strangers to us. But we are often ignorant of those, we have, because they are natural to us. For in short, there is a certain self-love concealed in our hearts, which makes continual illusions in our minds, without our perceiving 'em, tho others deceive us, when we would know 'em, but we deceive our selves sometimes without thinking of it; and sometimes out of a premeditated design. We as it were fly our selves, when we would not find we are in the wrong. We diminish our imperfections, magnifie our good Qualities, flatter and disguise our selves. In a word, we love our selves almost more than we love others, and we represent our selves so as is most pleasing, and not as we really are. And tho we are even convinced of our own defects, and can no longer doubt of 'em, yet we deny them still; we seek and torment our selves, till we have found out some expedient for the attributing of 'em at least to a good cause. The falsest praises have the power of giving a real pleasure; we know they are groundless, yet

yet by hearing 'em often, we come to be insensibly perswaded they are true. But is it possible, interrupted *Cephisa*, you do not think you know your self? I think, reply'd *Telestia*, sincerely, that I know my self better than the most part of the World know 'emselves. But in general, I believe, we always deceive our selves in some things, when we would judge of our selves. Thus I do not answer but I have more imperfections than I think I have. There is but one thing, wherein I am sure I do not deceive my self; which is, that my friendship is more tender, more disinterested, more faithful, and more incapable of Change than any others. I believe what you say, reply'd *Cephisa*, but I believe also, I know most accurately what I am. There is however some appearance, interrupted *Timocrates*, looking upon *Cephisa*, that you do not know all your merit. For you would be as much Vain, as you are Modest. Remember *Timocrates*, reply'd she smiling, you formerly imposed upon us this Law, *That we should always speak sincerely*. Thus let not me be the subject of our discourse, for fear sincerity should not prove to my advantage; and let us only agree of the impossibility of knowing others perfectly, and of knowing 'em always. For in my Opinion, I have not strongly enough evinc'd, how
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fond it is to think, we can entirely know those with whom we live. One Wit alone cannot equally well know sundry Wits at a time. So that we must be contented with an imperfect knowledge, we may have of those with whom we converse; which sometimes is of some service in the Commerce of the World; and which is likewise injurious when we rely upon it too much. Therefore, I find, we ought never in important occasions, blindly to lean upon our imaginary knowledge; and I am perswaded those who have said, for the first time that we must love so, as that we may one day hate and hate as that we may love, were of my Opinion. But if you ever doubt of all, said *Timocrates* to *Cephisia*, you could have no friendship with any one. Ah! *Timocrates*, reply she, we are not so wise in all things that are agreeable or necessary. 'Tis well known thro all the World, that the Sea is inconsistent and dangerous, and that Shipwracks are frequent there. Yet the desire of growing rich or travelling makes People embark and go seek for Gold in the *Indies*. And as it is much more necessary, and also more agreeable, to live with People of the World, with the same confidence as if we knew 'em well; we embark with them in to all manner of Affairs, at the hazard of be-

now long at the h of some ce of ous here rtan gina hof we hate m d T and ply tha ow con rack row bark And also the we a in f be ing
ng deceived in some one. But as for the knowing of my self, I do not see I can be therein deceived. I know what I think, what love, what I hate, what I have a mind to, and what not. True, reply'd *Telefila*, you think you know 'em. But you do not think you have against you your own Sences, your pleasures, your Inclinations, your own Constitution, and that Self-love which cannot be so much talk'd of, which disguises it self so well, that tho it possesses our whole heart, and mind, insinuates it self into all our sentiments, yet we do not perceive it, we know it not, nor are willing to know it. And indeed, of a Million of Persons, who seek to know others out of reasons of Interest or Curiosity; there are not perhaps a hundred who seek to know 'emselfes well out of an interest of Vertue. And you your self, lovely *Cephisa*, if you are sincere, will confess, you have not employed much time in knowing your self well. That I grant, reply'd she, But the reason is, I see my self with the same easiness as I see the Sun, when I look upon it. But I beseech you, *Cephisa*, reply'd *Telefila*, take notice, that in the first moment we see the Sun (to make use of the comparison) we see it bright and dazzling. But we must look upon it a long time with application, before we can observe the spots that

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that People discover in it. Thus when we examine our selves for an instant, we know our selves but imperfectly. 'Tis necessary to have seen ones self on very difficult occasions to judge well of ones self. When Fortune smiles upon us, we ought to forecast what we would do when it frowns. We must sound our own hearts for the hindring of hate to prepossess us; for the opposing of anger, and a disguised Envy, which seems in some persons only a love of perfect Vertue, which is hardly any where to be found and makes us murmur against others, when we think they have more happiness than they deserve. It is necessary to observe whether we love out of choice or out of blindness. 'Tis necessary to distrust ones own heart to know it well; and to distrust it often to make an exact review of it. For it may change as well as that of others, and when any one becomes more happy than he was, he must examine if he be the same to his friends. On the contrary, if he becomes miserable, I would have him observe, if he be not prepossessed against his Enemies, if he still see what they have good in 'em thro all the reasons he has to hate them. He must likewise take notice, if his firmness in misfortunes is calm and sedate, and not rather a disguised Pride than a true Constancy. In

a word, he must examine himself in all particulars ; not excuse himself upon other Peoples imperfections. Flatter himself in nothing ; not be dazzled at his own Vertue, which perhaps may hide from you some defects, which you will discover in time, when occasions of shewing 'em shall come. I confess to you in good earnest, said *Cephisa*, I do nothing of all this you would have done, and by consequence, reply'd *Telefila*, you cannot know your self. And to prove it to you, pursued she, from whence comes it that you told me formerly a thousand fine things of a friend of yours, whom I never hear you mention now ? she is as beautiful as ever ; has as much Wit ; all the World courts her company as well now as they did then, and yet you do not see her with the same Eyes ; you find her chang'd in all things ; and all this because you have had a little dispute together, which prejudices you against her. Nevertheless I own, it is more easie to prove, that we do not know others well, than to demonstrate clearly that we know our selves well. And this proceeds from the difficulty which our own Passions bring to this knowledge. Is there one Usurer in the World who confesses he is covetous ? He calls it Oeconomy, good Husbandry, a desire of providing well for his Children. The Prodigal, do not they conceal

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ceal their Vice under a very Royal Vertue? Women also that are *Coquettes*, boast of their having no Intrigue, and think themselves very vertuous. Those who have but one gallantry, boast likewise of their good conduct. The indifferent commend themselves for loving nothing, as if honest friendship were a Crime. In a word, those who think they know themselves best, know themselves but very imperfectly. I am of your Opinion in both points, resum'd *Timocrates*, that perfect knowledge is very difficult to acquire both of others and our selves. But convenient perhaps it would be, as we have already said, to consider which of those two knowledges is the most advantageous. I do not see, said *Cephisa*, there is any occasion to doubt of 'em. For of what Quality soever a person be, the knowledge of others is absolutely necessary in the Affairs of the World; and whether in Love, Ambition, Friendship, Business, and for the upshot in all manner of things, if we do not in some measure know those with whom we are to deal, we can never be successful. A Courtier, who to the bottom has searched the mind of his Master, and the minds of those about him, may almost be assured of making his Fortune. A Lover who perfectly knows his Mistress, will quickly gain her heart.

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A friend who knows his friend well, will never be deceived by him. In sum, this perfect knowledge if it might be had, would be a wonderful advantage ; and this does not enter into comparison of the knowledge of ourselves. The other has a thousand Pleasures, and this has none, or very few. How do I pity you, *Cephisa*, said *Telefila*, interrupting her, for being in an error unworthy of so great a Wit as you. For briefly, what knowledge soever you may have of others, it is never a certain knowledge, and besides your knowing the imperfections of your friends, does not correct 'em. I agree in general, that for the advancing ones fortune, the knowledge of others is most necessary. But to advance in Vertue, the knowledge of ones self is a thousand times more advantageous. As soon as we know our own imperfections, I suppose we think of correcting them, or at least of concealing 'em. From thence it likewise comes, that we act more surely, and more to the purpose on all occasions. If every person knew well what he is proper for, we should not see so many things taken by the wrong byas, as we daily see. Every one would content himself with his own Talent, would succeed therein, and would not usurp an others Province. If those who make ill Books knew it by themselves,

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they would make none at-all. If Detractors knew well the horreur of Revilings, and that a Calumny does blacken 'em for ever; they would never more speak ill of their Neighbours. If the pleasant Satyrists by profession, knew truly, how unbecoming that Trade is to a Gentile Wit; to what danger they expose 'emselves; and how little sensible the honest People they bespatter, are of their injurious language, and how much they slight and despise 'em; they would spend their time more innocently, and not incur the hatred of all vertuous persons. In fine, if we saw our selves well, I suppose we should do, what you do, most amiable *Cephisa*, when passing before a Looking-Glass, you see your Hair out of order, and something is wanting to your Dress. You would not be willing People should see you neglected; you repair that little disorder; you accept of help; and you mend all you imagine does not sit well. You speak this so pleasantly, said *Cephisa*, that I will not oppose it. But take my word, what is found out of order in a heart, is not so easie to be rectified as my Hair. When I should find any thing in mine, which I am unwilling should be there, I should be very much perplexed: and it might well happen, that the knowledge I should have thereof would afflict me, and not correct me.

I do not at all believe what you say, reply'd *Telefila*, for I cannot suppose, your will could be subdued by the force of an ill inclination : and I still maintain, that provided we will struggle with our inclinations, we may easily surmount 'em. If you say this in general, said *Timocrates*, I am not of your mind. For the will all alone cannot with success oppose a great Passion. You do not well understand what I mean, reply'd *Telefila*, since I only speak of the natural defects of the Mind, Heart and Soul, if those three things are to be distinguished. For when a great Passion is predominant, 'tis not easie to vanquish it tho you know it. But if we want sincerity, if we accustom our selves to lying, if we are subject to speak ill of others, if we bear an envy to the glory or good Fortune of our friends, if we are unequal, cholerick, capricious, inconstant ; we may certainly change and take advantage of our own knowledge. I also boldly maintain, that those People, who are not acquainted with 'emselves, are only vertuous by peradventure ; and that this knowledge is useful and necessary to all manner of persons. You said this too generally, said *Cephisa*, and I should believe this study of ones self is only very useful and necessary to Great Ministers of States, to Princes and Kings, to whom any body dares hardly ever

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Speak the truth; especially in what concerns 'emselfes: and I willingly agree, 'tis very fit that those Personages set so high above others should make some review of their own hearts, and endeavour to discern, if the praises that are given them, are really their due, or if they are only Homages, paid to their Quality. In short, I protest to you sincerely, That if I was a Queen, I would ever be in a self distrust, until I had observed my self with care. But being only what I am, and no body having any interest to flatter me, I sufficiently learn what I am by the manner of Peoples conversing with me. You have reason, resum'd *Timocrates*, to say this knowledge of a mans self is yet more necessary to Ministers, to Princes and Kings. For they are not only not told the truth, but are sed with lyes, and flattery sometimes proceeds so far, that their natural imperfections are imitated, as was formerly seen in the Court of *Alexander*, and in several others. Sure I am, said I, that Kings are to be pitied, since they are to defend 'emselfes against all those who would please them. Particular persons, pursued *Timocrates*, have still an advantage of knowing 'emselfes well, which Kings are deprived of, because the liberty of Conversation introduces into the World an innocent Railery, which causes sometimes a sweet and inge-

ingenious War between the best friends, which makes 'em perceive their defects without displeasing 'em, and does both Amend and Divert. But as to those who command over others, they have no helps to know 'em selves, and they are alone to judge of themselves. To be short, of what Quality soever a man is, he may correct himself, when he has narrowly sifted himself. I do not say 'tis impossible, replied *Cephisa*, but if you please to give me leave to tell you the truth, an imperfection which I can think that others know not of, does not importune me much. However I must avow, that nothing corrects me so much as when I hear the ill Qualities blamed in others, which I think my self guilty of. You see then, resum'd *Telefila*, that it is for your advantage to know your self. Perhaps so answered *Cephisa*; but considering the manner you mention'd at first, of the knowledge of ones self, I fram'd in my mind the *Idea* of a lazy contemplative person, continually observing his own dispositions, tiring himself very much, and giving little diversion to others. That is not the business, reply'd *Timocrates*. For this knowledge of ones self is acquired in the Crowd of the World, and upon the Throne it self. 'Tis a Study without anguish, which needs no watchings, performed in all places,

and without trouble, and tho a perfect knowledge is hardly ever gotten, either of others, or of ones self; we must not be discouraged from endeavouring to acquire 'em. The Eyes are never weary of seeing; the mind ought never to be weary of knowing. You are in the right, said *Telefila*. But I know not if I may dare to start a thing which comes into my mind, resum'd *Timocrates*, and which you perhaps will think too new. Which is, that 'tis more easie to acquire certain general knowledges, than to know any one Man in particular. For example, the Court is better known in general than a Courtier; the Genius of Nations, than any one Man of each Country. People even think of Ages and Reigns with differences, that distinguish 'em easily. Yet those general notices are commonly more certain than particular knowledges. And indeed it is the *Encomium* that I gave the Prince of whom we spoke in the beginning of our converse, to have known his Enemies and his own Forces well. This knowledge, added *Timocrates*, is the foundation of great Events. But for the being capable of it 'tis requisite, without doubt, to have a Wit of the first rate, and to penetrate the future by the knowledge of what is past and present; however this does not occasion ones being the more Melancholy. See but
our

our Prince in the Magnificent Feasts he makes in the reviews he sometimes has of the best and finest Troops in the World, which are those of his House, he seems to give himself up entirely to the things he does; and to employ himself only in what he sees. Yet there 'tis he frames the greatest designs of his Conquests. 'Tis there he conceals 'em from the most sharp-sighted of his Courtiers, and 'tis in short, by the knowledge he has of all things, that he has rendred himself the greatest of all Kings. You have found the Art of not being contradicted, reply'd *Telefila*; for I am perswaded, that *Cephisa* will allow, as well as I, of all you say to the Glory of the King. That I do, resum'd she, and I also think a thousand times more than *Timocrates* says upon that point. But this conformity of Sentiments, which I bear to you, in what concerns the King, does not hinder me however, from sticking to my own, in what relates to our Contest. 'Tis credible, reply'd *Telefila*, laughing, you will give me the same liberty you take, and I may, without displeasing you, continue in my Opinion, as well as you in yours. For my part, added *Timocrates*, who have not absolutely declared my self, I believe you will both agree, that the greatest difficulty of knowing ones self, proceeds from the same cause which makes, that

In sensible objects, we see but confusedly those which are far distant, and do not well discern those that are too near the sight. For we may in like manner say, that others are too far from us, and we see our selves too near, to know perfectly either what others, or what we our selves are. *Timocrates* had no sooner spoke these words, than that all the Company fell to commending both *Telefila* and *Cephisa*. As for my part, said the latter, laughing, Methinks *Telefila* and I, by speaking almost alone in the midst of so great a Company, may be compared to certain Heroes in *Romances*, who fight alone between two Armies: and who come from the fight without being either Conquerors, or Conquered. Now as for *Timocrates*, I look upon him as a Judge of the Field. If it be so, resum'd he, I give the prize to *Telefila*, as having well maintain'd the better side; and yet I give many praises to *Cephisa*, for having so ingeniously defended an ill Cause. All the Company fell again to commending those two beautiful Persons. After which the generous mistress of that delicate Wilderness, led them back into the Magnificent Palace from whence they had come to take the Air.

Against

*Against those, who do not
speak seriously of Reli-
gion.*

A *Gathirfis* having said something, which seem'd disrespectful of the Religion of his Country: *Noromata* interrupted him, without permitting him to continue his Discourse: For Heavens sake, *Agathirfis*, said she to him, Never say any thing to me contrary to the Veneration we owe the Gods; and rid your self, if possible, of that ill Custom of always employing the Name of some one of our Deities, only to assure some trifling piece of News. For if you think our Gods are what we believe 'em, you commit a terrible profanation; and if you are not of that Opinion, I do not see it does much warrant and confirm a thing, to swear by their Name that it is true. I should rather choose to swear by *Agathirfis*, and by *Eliorante*, [she went

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on] than by *Mars* and *Hercules*, if I was of the Opinion of the greatest part of our young Courtiers, who hardly believe they were so much as Men, very far from believing they be Gods. By what I perceive, resum'd *Agathirsis*, smiling in his turn, you take me for an obstinate Libertine. Not at all, replied she; for if I thought so you should not be my friend; but I accuse you with reason for suffering your self to be led away by the ill Custom of those who do not always speak seriously nor respectfully of Religious Matters; and who for that it clashes with their reason, cannot subject 'emselves to the general Opinion, and will make to themselves a particular way. It is however, in my sence, an ill way of reasoning, to say, we must not believe what we cannot comprehend; since 'tis true, there are a thousand things in Nature which really are, and which we do not comprehend. And yet those very People who will not believe an invisible Divinity, will believe every day, upon the word of some Travellers, very subject to relate incredible things, what they tell us of that marvellous Stone called, I think, *Heliotropium*, which *Cressus* has in his Treasure, and which they pretend has the quality of rendring one invisible. They also cannot but believe, that the terrible Wind which roots up the greatest
Trees,

Trees, is something real, tho invisible it be, since they themselves are sometimes thrown down by it ; Yet they know but very imperfectly what it is, no more than what makes Snow white, & Hail hard. Nevertheless 'tis true, these People, who believe several things they do not know, yet insolently pretend to penetrate into the secrets of Eternity ; reform the best established Religions, and over turn thro their caprices, all the Temples and Altars in the World. And all this, because as soon as they do not believe there are Gods, they believe that whatever pleases is permitted 'em. But for your part *Agathyrfis*, added *Noromate*, whose Principles are innocent and vertuous, and who have no need of perswading your self, that the Gods neither punish nor reward, for your living with more repose and liberty, I advise you, as your friend, not to suffer your self to be hurried away by the ill Custom of the World. Your Zeal is so eloquent, resum'd *Agathyrfis*, that I cannot resist it ; and I promise you, I will endeavour now to do all I can, to believe that *Mars* is jealous ; *Vulcan* lame, and *Venus* did equally jilt 'em both : or if I cannot, I will not mention 'em at all. Your speaking as you do, reply'd *Noromata*, is not the way to perswade me you will be reform'd ; for in promising not to rally any more, you rally both wittily and

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and most maliciously at the same time, without being willing to remember what our Priests often tell us, that those sort of things have concealed senses, which our curiosity cannot penetrate: seeing Man is not capable of comprehending all their Mysteries. For my part, interrupted a *Persian* called *Chrysantes*, who had a great deal of Wit, and much Vertue; I infinitely esteem the beautiful *Noromata*, for opposing the Licentiousness of those who are called the Galants of the Age. Fortho I am of a very different Religion from that of your Country; since the true *Persians* adore nothing but the Sun, and acknowledge but one Divinity which is the Universal Soul of the World, I think it much more excusable to be of a bad Religion than to have none at all. For generally most part of Men follow the Sentiments that are given to 'em at their Birth. But when we are endued with true reason, as soon as we begin to have any understanding, we ought to know, there is something Unknown, Great and Supernatural that governs the Universe. Those whom the beautiful *Noromata* calls the Libertines of the Court, resum'd *Agathixsis*, cannot deny but there is something Eternal, which has been without beginning, and which by consequence ought to be without end: But the difficulty

difficulty is to know what is eternal. Since you allow of this, answer'd *Chrysanter*, it is sufficient. For is it not more easie to imagine an eternal understanding Being (pardon me these great words, Madam, added *Chrysanter* looking upon *Noromata*) than to conceive a Material Body, which without any understanding should always subsist, or should always have subsisted? As ignorant as I am, replied *Noromata*, methinks I understand perfectly well, what the wise *Chrysanter* says. And so natural it is for Men to adore something, that Great Nations are seen to worship Beasts, rather than adore nothing, as is reported by those who have travelled into *Egypt*. And indeed, said *Chrysanter*, no more natural it is to desire Life, and fear Death, than to believe there is a Deity; the Structure of the World is so great, so beautiful, so regular, that it is worthy of all our admiration. The Sun, Stars, and Heaven in general, do so far surpass our knowledge, notwithstanding all the discourses upon 'em, that we are constrained to acknowledge there is an infinite space between what we may know and what we do not know; and from the highest Heavens, unto the very Center of the Earth, humane Reason finds a Hundred Abysses wherein it loses its self. Why do you think, added *Chrysanter*, that Men are inclin'd

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clin'd to adore Beasts, and sometimes Stones rather than adore nothing? 'Tis only because they are naturally inclin'd to believe a Godhead. But People of good sense agree, that visible and terrestrial Objects cannot be truly the Objects of Worship. Their Contests and their Diversities upon all these Objects, shew that not one of all those Objects we see, is truly and only adorable, because if it was once shewn clearly and visibly, it would certainly invite the Adoration of all the Earth. And when I have told you, the true *Persians* only adore the Sun; I have told you at the same time we look upon it as the Soul of the World which is sensible to us, and perswades us by all the Wonders wherewith it is filled. This being so, it must be allow'd there is a great deal of boldness and even folly, to deny a Divinity; since there's no danger in believing there is one, and a great deal in not believing there is. The sole excellency of the Wit of Man, proceeded *Chrysantes*, ought to perswade him, there is an Eternal Spirit, superiour to his own. For in short, if there be no Rays but what depart from a Star, and from a great Star; there must needs be a Source from whence all humane reason does flow: and the more that Source is unknown to us, the more ought we to adore it. Besides, have not we in ourselves a proof of the Divinity?

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We know for certain that we think, that we reason. But we know not very precisely, what we do to think and to reason? The Memory which is a Treasury of infinite Images which it keeps for us, and restores to us when we have occasion for 'em, is likewise one of those truths, the cause whereof is very secret; whatsoever the Science of Conjectures may say thereof. Let us then avow, there are true things which we know but by halves, and it is to be worse than brute Breasts, not to consider once in ones life, what we are to believe and not believe, and not to take the surest course. But tho a Man should have understood all this, said *Agathyrsis*, would he apprehend very clearly, that the God-ship you speak of, concerns it self in the things here below, and that after Death there are Punishments or Rewards? Assoon as we agree, reply'd *Chrysantes*, there is an Almighty Divinity, we ought to agree in all the rest. For what appearance is there, that this order so exactly kept in the construction of the World in general, which can only be the effect of a Deity, should be abandoned in the parts of its composition? And what likelihood would there be too, that the Universal Opinion of a second Life, which is established amongst all People, had no real foundation. For in short, there are some particular Men
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who do not believe, what we ought to believe, yet no whole Nation : and so 'tis no rule, nor has any force against what I say. It must likewise be granted, that this intelligent Being which governs the World, and takes care thereof, ought to be at the same time just, and not permit those Profligate Wretches, who despise him, and think only of doing mischief to Men, should always be more happy than the good People who adore him, and think only of doing good to others. Therefore methinks, 'tis pretty easie to conclude a future life, wherein Vice is punished, and Vertue rewarded. I also imagine, said *Eliorante*, whose Wit has much Solidity, that we may boldly say, there is no Opinion so universal for great things, as that of a Divinity. Now, for example, For the Government of People, the Sentiments are very different. There are Nations who elect Kings ; Others will have their Monarchy Hereditary ; Others will have no Kings at all, and cannot resolve to obey one Man. Those who are for Re-publicks, differ in the Model of 'em ; some are desirous the Multitude should have the Sovereign Power ; Others, to have a Counsel compos'd of the Wisest to rule 'em ; but as for a Deity, all People are for it, and acknowledge by this universal desire, that there is really such a Being : for 'tis not natural to all Men to desire

desire and believe a thing impossible; otherwise Reason would be Folly. No, no, interrupted *Noromata*, it is not to be doubted but that there is a Divinity; and be it what it will it governs the World; and by a consequence which seems to me infallible, there is a Second Life, wherein Vice is punished, and Vertue recompensed. You have so much interest it should be so, lovely *Noromata*, resum'd *Agathirsis*, that you ought to fear you are not prejudic'd, But as for me, whom you take for an *Epicurean*, I ought not to have the same Confidence. On the contrary, reply'd *Noromata*, I have told you from the beginning, that your manners being so innocent as they are, you ought not to take your repose in Sensuality. Ah! Madam, reply'd *Chrysantes*, that is not the Course to find it. The *Libertines* are not at ease, but when their thoughts only glance upon what they are, and what they may be; and it is absolutely impossible to be long in a sedate belief, that there is no Divinity, nor Second Life. The most dissolute *Libertines* not tell all their doubts and disquiets. The Passions and Disorders of their Lives do blind and hurry 'em away. But notwithstanding all this; there are some Moments wherein they see into the truth: and as soon as they are in doubt, they are miserable, and know

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no more to whom to have recourse. For my part, said *Noromata*, I am so much an Enemy to Nothing ; that this Antipathy I have to it, is a kind of proof I shall never fall into it. Is there any thing more just, added she, than to adore that Deity, tho never so unknown to us ? if there was no Religion, among Men, there would be no Vertue in the World ; and the most savage and cruel Beasts would be less so than Men. And indeed, added *Noromata*, an impious person sometimes corrupts a whole great Court, or City. Judge then what it would be, if all this great Nation was in such a Dissolution. But Heaven has not permitted it to be so ; and will never suffer it ; and in all the extent of Ages, Religion, under different forms, will be the Bond of all Nations, and the Source of all Vertues. I am of your Opinion, Madam, added *Chryfantes* ; and I do not despair, but that all People will one day re-unite all the Divinities they adore, in one alone, as we, who only adore the Sun ; whom we look upon as the Soul of the World, and the Author of all good, incomprehensible in its self, inaccessible in its light. I likewise think I may say, that in all Religions, wherein they seem to acknowledge several Gods, they have already some propensity to what I assert. For almost every where, *Jupiter* is lookt upon as

the Master of the Gods. And indeed, they give to none but him the power of darting Thunder; and we may almost fancy, that all those other Gods are only Attributes of that Supreme Divinity. Ah! *Chryfantes*, said *Noromata*, I take a mighty satisfaction to see you so far from *Libertinage* as you are, having so much understanding as you have. But, Madam, said *Agathyrfis*, smiling, you only speak against the *Libertines*, and you say nothing against the Ladies. I say nothing of them, reply'd she, for I suppose, there are none so silly to be without Religion. For if there can be any difference between a Male and Female *Libertine*, since you force me to use that Term, I place the Ladies in the first degree of Madness. For in sum, the civil and modest ignorance which our Sex ought to make profession of, ought not to permit us to decide any thing rashly in such nice and important things; and we must ever stick to the surest and most universal side; since that certainly is the truest. 'Tis also certain, that nothing is so proper to inspire confidence into a Man, as when he sees the self, in love with a fair Lady, as when he sees she listens with delight to those who rally upon things of Religion: and nothing in short, does worse become a Woman than the character of not being well perswaded of what she ought to believe. Briefly, in my
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Opinion, the Sentiments of a Deity are an excellent preservative against all Vice, and especially against all the weakness of our Sex. I yield, Madam, I yield said *Agathyrfis*, but I do not yield as a true *Libertine*; for I never was such a Man. I have only some Friends who are so, or think they are so at least; and I sincerely agree to what the wise *Chrysantes* has asserted, that a Man cannot be long a *Libertine* in repose; and it is one of the reasons which has hindred me from becoming so. Your speaking as you do, said *Noromata*, affords me a mighty satisfaction; and you would still give me a very sensible delight, if you could rid your self of too great a complaisance to'rds your *Libertine* Friends. That I promise you to do, Madam, said *Agathyrfis*, rising; and I am going to use all your words to make 'em espouse your Sentiments, which are those that right reason ought to inspire.

Of Speaking too much, or too little. And how we ought Speak.

A *Milcar* seeing four Rivals at a time all round his Mistress, was not without employment. Yet he behaved himself much better than another could have done in so intricate a Juncture, which contributed to the rendring the Conversation much more pleasant than was usual. For one of *Plotina's* Lovers, *Acrisias* by name, was given more to talking, than ever any Man was. *Sicinius* hardly spoke at all. *Telanus* discours'd agreeably upon all Subjects, and *Damon* was much inclin'd to talk of his own Sect. Inso much that when *Amilcar* found all his Rivals with *Plotina*, there was not one of 'em but whose Conversation was diverting, at the rate *Amilcar* manag'd it: and when they were absent, yet he made 'em furnish Arguments for his

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his Diversion; sometimes by counterfeiting the silence of the one; otherwhile, by talking too much as the other; and sometimes by examining pleasantly the new Sect of *Pythagoras*. So that by this course he prejudic'd his Rivals, diverted his Mistress, and was never tired himself. One day amongst others, *Acrisias* spoke so much, and said so many impertinent things, and *Sicinius* spoke so little, that they were both importunate. For as they had been after one another at *Plotina's* House, she complain'd thereof agreeably to *Amilcar*, in a Visit he made her after they were gone. Let me make you this request said she to him, as soon as he came into her Room: You would promise me two things; the one is, you'll not talk so much, but that I may bring in a word, when I've a mind so to do; and the other, that I may not be obliged to speak all, but that you would sometimes interrupt my discourse. For I have seen two Men to day, one of whom would not let me say a word, and the other did not say four to me. I easily divine, replied *Amilcar*, that *Acrisias* and *Sicinius* have been to see you. But lovely *Plotina* added he, since you disapprove those two sorts of failures, tell me which is the most insupportable, that I may know which I ought most to avoid. I assure you, replied she,

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she, that they have importun'd me both extremely. For it is very troublesome to see the Conversation expiring every moment. For my part, added she laughing, I had rather have the care of looking to the Sacred Fire of the *Vestalls*, than to have discourse with those People, who furnish nothing to Conversation; whom you must always be telling News to; who are enemies of long Narratives; who hardly ever say any thing but Yes and No; and who, even sometimes to spare 'emselfes the trouble of uttering a Syllable, give a gracious Nod to shew they understand you. In good earnest, pursued *Plotina*, I know nothing more tedious than that kind of profound silence, which two persons fall into every moment, when one of them speaks too little. Silence on any other occasion has something grateful. But in this it is importunate; and there is no noise, how troublesome soever it be, but pleases me more. Seriously, reply'd *Amilcar*, the noise of those who talk too much is full as grating, as the silence of those who talk but little, is distasteful; and if you would take it into consideration, you would find it at least as incommodious. For in short, is there any greater mortification, than to hear that vast number of false and impertinent things, which all great talkers say? for I boldly presuppose,
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that those who talk much, tell Romances, and things that are to no purpose. And what is most incommodious is, that they who make long and unnecessary Relations; hinder others from saying things, which the Company would be glad to know. And indeed, added *Amilear*, *Acrifias*, *Sicinius*, *Telanus* and my self, were yesterday together, upon the Banks of the *Tiber*; and as *Telanus*, who is inquisitive, asked me precisely, in what place the Founders of *Rome*, had marked out the first Compass of their City; when I would have made him an answer, and began to speak, in saying *Romulus*--- *Acrifias* interrupted me, and seven times together, as the best Scholar in the World, I began again to speak, saying *Romulus*, without being able to finish my answer to *Telanus*, who could not forbear laughing at my patience and perseverance. But at length I was forced to yield to *Acrifias*, and resolve to listen to him, though he said a hundred impertinencies, and which one might be content never to hear. For besides as I have already said, those who speak too much are subject to tell Lies, or frivolous things, they likewise tell such as are disagreeable. And how is it possible to be otherwise, when they have not Judgement enough either to let the company speak or know, that Society ought to be free; that there ought

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to be no Tyranny in Conversation; that each one has his share therein, and a right to speak in his turn; and that in short, this can never be, unless by the attention of those who hear; that those who speak well, have a right to speak more than others. *Valeria* and *Cesonia* came in a moment after *Amilcar* had said these words, and were followed by *Æmilius*, *Horace* and *Zenocrates*. So that *Plotina* seeing so many persons capable of judging of the Subject of her Conversation with *Amilcar*, told them the Penance she had done, in having had the Company of *Acrisias*, who spoke too much, and *Sicinius* who spoke too little; desiring 'em thereupon to give their Opinions upon those two imperfections. For my part, being lazy, said *Valeria*, I fancy I should rather choose to speak too little than too much. You have reason, added *Cesonia*; for tho Women are accused in general, of loving to speak too much, I find a Woman, who talks much, is more importunate than a Man. And indeed, when Women speak too much, commonly their Conversation is only a torrent of impertinencies, and superfluous words, that tire out those who have any Wit or Reason. For my part, return'd *Amilcar*, smiling, I am not of your Opinion. For when a great Talkative Woman is young and beautiful, makes no grimaces in her Discourses, but

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on the contrary, shews her delicate white Teeth, and Cherry Lips; I listen to her with less pain, than to one of those great talking Men, whose audacious and insolent meen is as ungrateful to the eyes, as their Discourse is to the ears. For my share, said *Æmilius*, being no great Enemy to saying nothing, I confess I would not be a great Talker. But in others, I should better bear with a Man, who was always talking much, than with a Man to whom one must be always saying much. I assure you, said *Horace*, that tho all the World speak, yet few People know the Art of speaking. You are undoubtedly in the right, reply'd *Æmilius*, and I also maintain, that there is hardly any thing wherein all Men agree, unless it be that health is a blessing. Beauty it self is not without contest. Riches are sometimes look'd upon, as things injurious. The Sciences are placed by some in the rank of things doubtful. And Physick, the object whereof is only Health and Prolongation of Life, is however considered by some People, as a dangerous Art, which does more hurt than good. So certain is that great incertainty in the minds of Men. Some approve of what others condemn; and there is hardly any thing which is commended by one Man, without being blamed by another. Thus some believe speaking little is a defect;

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fect; others that speaking a great deal is a perfection; some, that speaking eloquently is saying great words; others, that speaking well, is speaking naturally and exact; some that Choice Words are requisite; others that we are to speak negligently to avoid affectation, without thinking that affected negligence is the worst of all. There are those likewise who are of Opinion, that to speak well we are to speak Bookishly; and there are those who to avoid this defect, which is without doubt, a very great one, speak as grossly as the *Mobile*, without considering that all Excess is equally bad; and that if it is dangerous to speak too well, 'tis likewise so to speak too ill. But in my Opinion, there is one thing in Language blamed by all the World, which is Impropriety and Obscurity; since it is true, that whosoever gives attention, is willing to understand what is told him, and that whosoever speaks is obliged to make himself understood. *Æmilius* has unquestionably reason on his side, said *Zenocrates*, when he says, that they whose Discourse is full of far-fetch'd, ill-digested, or ill-apply'd expressions are condemned by all the World. Indeed there are a great many of 'em, reply'd *Plotina*; but what does most amaze me, is, that I know several sorts of Persons, who are guilty of that Crime, some

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of whom I know also, cannot be said to be absolutely without Wit. 'Tis undoubtedly true, answered *Æmilius*, and the reason of it is, there are several sorts of Improproprieties. But can you tell me clearly, said *Plotina*, why People who have some sort of Wit, do not explain 'em selves neatly and without confusion? They are such People, without Question, reply'd *Æmilius*, who sometimes think pretty near, what is proper to be thought; but whose words so embroil their thoughts, that People cannot guess what they would have understood. Others there are, said *Zenocrates*, who only explain themselves ill, because they do not understand 'em selves; thus they seek not only for the words, they would say, but also for the things they would think. 'Tis therefore evident, reply'd *Æmilius*, that I have reason to maintain, there are Improproprieties of several kinds. And indeed, those People of whom I spoke first, are only obscure in their Discourses, because they did not choose the words well which might express their thoughts: and the second, of whom *Zenocrates* has now spoken, are so, for that their thoughts being confused, there are no expressions which suit with them, nor can make 'em well understood. There are several sorts of Men who speak obscure things, of whom some may be amended. And indeed,

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I know such persons, who to shew they have a quick and ready fancy, don't give them time, with whom they are in Discourse to finish what they have to say. So that undertaking impertinently to divine their meaning, they interrupt those that are speaking: and speaking 'emselfes hastily, we may say they answer before any thing has been propos'd to 'em. For, to speak rationally, a person who has not done speaking, has not yet said any thing, that a proper answer can be grounded upon; in regard, very often the last words of a Discourse do confute the beginning. Thus it almost ever happens, that they, who so inconsiderately interrupt others, and would unseasonably search into their meaning, say things without any sence, and make a strange medley of impertinency; tho otherwise they are well enough stock'd with Wit. For my part, said *Valeria*, I know speakers of obscure things, who are only guilty of that Crime, because their minds are diverted elsewhere; and not listning well to what is said to 'em, and yet out of Custom, making answer, they do it for the most part very improperly. Some persons moreover are guilty of improprieties, said *Horace*, out of a desire to be thought witty and knowing, imagining to gain that Reputation, they must never speak intelligibly. For

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my part, said *Amilcar*, I know there are Men and Women, who are sometimes heard to say nonsensical things, only because they would be the first to make use of those words that have newly got some vogue which Chance introduces, and the caprice of the World gives reception to, and which time and use do sometimes authorize. For these People not knowing their true signification, place 'em improperly, and very often say the contrary to what they mean. There are likewise others, said *Æmilius*, who know not what they say. For that being resolv'd to speak boldly of all, tho they know nothing, they venture with a very mean Wit, to speak of certain things, which can hardly ever be well discours'd on, unless by those who have study'd 'em. And yet there is much more shame in pretending to what we are not capable of, than to be judiciously silent, and in owning we know nothing of the things that are spoke of. For Heavens sake, said then *Plotina*, let us leave those impertinent talkers, unworthy of busying the Heads of so many persons who speak intelligibly; and let us only speak I beseech you, of those who talk too much or too little. Now I must confess, it is my Opinion, that the latter do so tire 'emselves in tiring others, that I should rather choose to speak too much, than too.

too little. Since at least importuning my friends, I should divert my self. Tho I do not think, reply'd *Æmilius*, one can be of a contrary Opinion to yours without being in the wrong: Yet I must once more say, that I should rather love to speak too little than too much; and yet sometimes should better love the Conversation of a great talker, than that of a Man who hardly speaks at all. And truly it may frequently happen that a Man who speaks but little has good sence; but it can hardly ever happen that a Man who speaks too much has Judgment. You are in the right, reply'd *Amilcar*, But does it not also often happen, that they who hardly speak at all, have a great deal of Wit; and it pretty often happens too, that those who speak too much, are very well stock'd. Now for my share, I am perswaded, that Wit is like fire, and that it must absolutely shew it self after some manner or other, when there is any of it. Yet Great Men have there been, reply'd *Horace*, who did not love to speak. You say true, return'd *Æmilius*. But they made their Wit appear by their Writings, or their Actions, tho they did not shew it by their words. For I am really perswaded, as well as *Amilcar*, Wit cannot be absolutely concealed, and must necessarily shew it self. Yet we may find great Princes, great Philosophers,

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great Poets, great Painters, and excellent Artificers who speak little. But their Actions or their Works will speak for 'em, and will demonstrate their silence is not an effect of Stupidity. 'Tis not so with those People whose Wit is only in Words, and never employ 'emselfes but in speaking: Since I am sure their actions commonly say nothing to their advantage. But, reply'd *Zenocrates*, all People of Judgment are not such great friends to silence. I do not say, answered *Æmilius*, that all who speak a great deal have no Judgment: For I should do injustice to too many ingenious persons; but only that they who speak too much cannot have any. Take my word, reply'd *Plotena*, that between speaking a great deal, and speaking too much, there is often little difference to be made. Liberality and Prodigality are in some sort very near Neighbours, answered *Æmilius*, yet 'tis very well distinguished, that the one is a Vice and the other a Vertue. Thus we may easily distinguish him, who speaks a great deal and well, from him who talks too much, and talks ill, or at least improperly. But resum'd *Valeria*, are there not some, who speak too much and yet speak well? There are such undoubtedly, answered *Amilcar*; and I know a Greek in *Sicily*, who spoke with all the *Attique* purity, and yet was very troublesome, in speaking
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more than he ought. For to define a Man who speaks too much, 'tis principally by the small number of things, and the great number of words he says, that he is to be known. 'Tis thro the little necessity there is of his speaking perpetually. 'Tis by his eagerness to tell his Opinion, on all occasions, interrupting all People, draining a Subject he speaks of, speaking always, without taking notice sometimes, whether the Company hearken to him, and of not being able to hold his peace, though he be with persons of greater Quality, and more capacity than himself. Not but that I believe, those, who speak a great deal, are sometimes expos'd tho they speak well, to be importunate to People, who love speaking as well as 'emselves. But as that does not always happen, we must not, for the conveniency of a small number of Persons, condemn People, who speak a great deal and well, and whose Conversation affords a thousand pleasures; because they never say any thing but what is necessary or agreeable. And indeed, when a Man loves to have all the discourse to himself, because that Nature has gifted him with an easiness of expression, a copious Wit, a quick Fancy, that his Memory is fill'd with a thousand choice and rational things, that his Judgment is Master of his Fancy; and that his Conver-

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sation has the true Air of a Courtier ; he may unquestionably speak a great deal without speaking too much ; and I am sure, if this Man be so as I describe him, he will know how to be silent as often as he thinks convenient ; will suffer all those to speak who are desirous so to do ; and will not do like a great talker I met with at my Arrival at *Syracuse*, to whom I would have begun to relate a great danger I had run at Sea by a Tempest that arose, and whereof he had desired me to tell him the particulars. For I had hardly begun to tell him that the Sea grew rough all of a sudden, than taking me up ; This puts me in mind, said he since that in a Voyage once at Sea, I was under the like circumstances. And do you imagine, added he, without remembring what he had requested of me, that after having embarked at *Tarentum*, in a very good Ship, whereof the Pilot belongs to *Cume*, and which was laden with several Merchandizes, because *Tarentum* is a rich and powerful City, where there is a great Commerce of all sorts of things : the Wind changing all on a sudden, the Ship was constrained to stay fifteen days longer in the Haven of *Tarentum*, where there happened to me a good pleasant Adventure. For you must know when I went on Board, I had taken my leave of a very pretty Woman, whom I had Court-
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ed for some time, and who in consideration of me, had banished from her House a Lover she had before she received my Vows. But she thought I was gone the Night before, so that when I Landed the next day, and went to her House to let her know I should have still the pleasure of seeing her for some days; I found her laughing very heartily with my old Rival, tho she took not her leave of me without tears in her Eyes. Inſomuch as falling into a fury, I quarrell'd both with my Rival and my Miſtreſs. My anger cured me of my Paſſion; and at my coming from that Viſit I made another, wherein I fell in Love with a very pretty young Lady, with whom I ingag'd in a Gallantry, and for whom I had ſo much love, that I let the Ship go, wherein I was embark'd with an intention to depart. But ſaid I to him, interrupting him in my turn, when you interrupted me, I thought it was to repreſent to me ſome Tempeſt, which reſembled that which you would have had me given you the deſcription of; and yet, tho you have been embark'd, I ſee you again on Land engag'd in making Love. Have patience ſaid he to me, we are not yet come to that. And indeed, I had great need of it. For thro that prodigious deſire he had of ſpeaking always, and of ſuffering no body to ſpeak, he related to me all had happened to him

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most remarkable in his new Amour; he shewed me his Mistresses Letters; he recited to me Songs, and made a Voyage without a Tempest, before he proceeded to tell me of that, wherein he had really like to have been cast away. So this Man, who had had a design to know, how I had like to have been cast away, knew nothing of it, and told me a thousand things that did not at all concern me. Yet he spoke well, and supposed it had been at that time proper to have acquainted me with all he did. One might have said that the Man spoke with an admirable deal of Wit. But as all he said to me was nothing then to the purpose, and I had yet but once or twice told the danger I had run; and as it is pretty natural for all People to love relating a Tempest they have newly escaped from: I suffered more than you can well imagine: and his Eloquence did so turmoile me, that if I had not taken the course of ridiculing him in secret, while he was speaking, his Discourse would have mortified me extreamly. You have told this Story so pleasantly, resum'd *Plotina* laughing, that I should have been sorry, there had never been Persons who had talked too much. And what I find good in it, added she, railing, is, that in counterfeiting a Man that speaks a great deal you do not constrain your self

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self so much as another. True it is, reply'd *Amilcar*, with a smile, that sometimes I am inclinable enough to talk. But to prove to all the Company, that I know how to be silent, when I have a mind; I need only tell 'em, that I have lov'd you above Eight days without making you an Amorous Declaration, tho I had every moment a desire to'r. Pray, said *Plotina*, let us not so soon change Discourse; nor amuse our selves in speaking impertinencies, which are as unnecessary to the Company, as your *Greek's* Recital of his Adventures was to you. For as I am no hater of speaking too much, and it is one of the things which is most commonly done in the World; I should not be sorry to learn, how 'tis necessary to speak, for to speak well. First of all, said *Amilcar*, smiling, a Person must be well stor'd with Wit, have a pretty good Memory, and a great deal of Judgement. Then he must speak the Language of the well-bred People of the Country he is in; and equally avoid that of the Common People and, that of the silly Wits; and that which certain Persons have, who holding a little of the Court, a little of the Mad Vulgar, something of the Past Age, something of the Present, and a great deal of the City, is the most fantastic of all. But still, said *Plotina*, I do not yet find this to be sufficient.

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cient. For you say well, how we are not to speak; but you do not say precisely, how we are to speak well. I assure you, reply'd *Horace*, there needs no more than to speak as you do, to speak exactly and agreeably. And indeed, added *Æmilius*, the charming *Plotina* speaks as becomes a rational Woman to speak, for the speaking agreeably; for all her expressions are Noble and Natural at the same time; she studys not for what she is to say; there is no constraint in her words; her Discourse is clear and easie; there is a gentile turn in her ways of speaking; no affectation in the the sound of her Voice; a great deal of freedom in her actions; and a wonderful coherence betwixt her eyes and her words, which contribute highly to the rendring Speech the more agreeable. But how can all you say be in me, reply'd *Plotina*, who hardly ever think of what I speak? If you thought of it more attentively, reply'd *Zenocrates*, you could not speak so agreeably as you do. For they, who think so much of what they are to say, never say any thing of any value. But, interrupted *Cassonia*, still would I fain know, what ought to be the difference, there must necessarily be between a Man that speaks well, and a Woman that speaks well. For tho I know for a certainty, that there ought to be a distinction, I know not accurately wherein it
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consists. They make use of the same words; they speak sometimes of the same things; and they have likewise pretty often thoughts in the same Livery. Yet, as I have already said, a civil Woman must not always speak like a civil Man; and there are certain expressions, which the one may properly make use of, yet would be very unbecoming in the other. And indeed, said *Plotina*, there are some things that are altogether fanciful in the Mouth of a Woman, which are not surprising in that of a Man. As for example, if I should Swear by the Sacred Fire, or by *Jupiter*, I should startle those I spoke too. If I should undertake to judge decisively of any difficult Question, I should pass for ridiculous. If I only affirmed what I say with too boyish and confident a tone, People would doubt, if I deserv'd the name of a Maid. If I spoke of War, like a Military Tribune, I should be laugh'd at by all my Friends. However, 'tis necessary to speak well; and 'tis likewise necessary to be cautious of falling into another defect, which is that of speaking with a certain affected simplicity, which favours of a Child, and is very unbecoming. Neither must we speak inconsiderately, and at random; much less listen to our own words, as certain Women do; who really listen to the sound of all the words they utter; as they would

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would do to that of a Harp, they would put in tune; and who with an affected tone of Gravity, speak often very insignificant things in very florid words. What the amiable *Plotina* says, reply'd *Amilcar*, is admirably well said. But to speak of a defect equally agreeing to Men and Women, is, that we must carefully keep from a certain Popular Accent, which renders the finest things disagreeable. For I'll maintain it is without comparison better, I have a little *African* Accent, in speaking the *Roman* Language, than if I had a fantastical Accent, which is particular to the vilest Artificers. And indeed, I hold there is no place in the World, where there is not a difference betwixt the Accent of well-bred Persons, and that of the Common People; and I must add, that a Stranger is not blameable for keeping that of his own Country; and a Man or Woman of Quality do ill, if they speak like their Slaves. And for my part, who am very nice in all things, I am sensibly toucht with the Sound of the Voice, a soft and pure Accent; and I know not what that's noble which I find in the Pronunciation of certain persons of my Acquaintance, and principally in that of the Charming *Plotina*. But pray you, said then *Cesonia*, tell me what those can do who do not speak like *Plotina*, for the acquiring of what she has that's good, and
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losing of what they have that's ill. Frequent the Company of well-bred People, reply'd *Æmilius*, and see few others. For after all, to Books it does not belong to teach speaking; and those who content 'emselves with reading, to be fit for Conversation, are strangely mistaken, and know not what reading is good for. 'Tis without doubt necessary to adorn the Mind, regulate Manners, and inform the Judgment. It may also serve to teach a Language; but for the sweetness of Language, Conversation alone is capable of affording it. And yet 'tis necessary, it be a Conversation of Gentry and well-bred People, and wherein the Women have the greatest share. Otherwise there would be something too elevated, too knowing, too insipid, rude or affected in those, who should regulate their ways of speaking by what they read. For as commonly Books do not speak, as People speak in Conversation, neither must we speak in Conversation like Books. In good earnest, said *Plotina*, I am amazed, that all the World don't learn to speak well, since, methinks, there is nothing more easie to be done, than to be always with well-bred People. But as for all others, 'tis not the like, when People have a mind to learn 'em. On the other side, 'tis sometimes troublesome enough to entertain them, who teach singing, paint-

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painting or dancing. But since to speak well, there needs no more than the frequenting the Company of Gentile People, and Persons who speak agreeably ; I make a Vow to learn all my life to speak, and never to see any others willingly. 'Tis rather for others to court your Company , reply'd *Zenocrates*, than for you to seek for that of others. You say right, said *Amilcar* ; but there is another sort of things which the lovely *Plotina* has need to learn, which is to listen a little more favourably to what I sometimes say to her. As for that, reply'd she, that is but too soon learnt. But there is another, which I would willingly have those learn, who know it not ; which is to think of what is said to 'em, and not fall unseasonably a dreaming in Company. As for a short diversion of thoughts, added she, I pardon it. But as to that succession of continual Dreamings, which certain People have, that are never, where they are seen, and that are not indeed any where, I think 'tis best to correct 'emselves. And when we have so many things to consider, which are more worth than what we hear spoken, we ought to stay in our Closets, and keep our selves company ; since without question, 'tis an incivility not to hearken to what is said where we are, and to slight all the rest of the Company we are engaged

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in. For my part, I am perswaded, that nothing but the murmur of a River, and the noise of a Fountain, we can civilly listen to in thinking. Notwithstanding all you can say; reply'd *Amilcar*, the liberty of thinking is a sweet thing, and if you would take notice of it, there are every where certain Houses, that are found much more agreeable than others, for this only, that those who are Masters of 'em, don't constrain any Body there. And indeed, one may there be pensive, speak, laugh, sing, and Discourse with whom he has a mind to, may go in and out without saying a word; and enjoy there a freedom which has something so sweet, that they are prefer'd before many others. Be it as it will, said *Plotina*, I stick to what *Æmilius* has said. For without learning so many things, it would be much more commodious for me to converse only with well-bred persons. And really, I am resolved to see no other if possible. You did well, to add those last words, reply'd *Amilcar*, since considering the current of the words, 'tis pretty difficult to see only such People as merit to be so termed.

Against

Against those, who decry Government, be it what it will.

BUT as to the day I am now speaking of, Policy and Affairs of State were the subject of their Disputes. For as we had received News in the Morning, that since our departue from *Athens*, there had been some uproar, *Pisistratus* being then in his gloomy humour, and having a fancy to regulate the Commonwealth, fell to saying an hundred pleasant things against those, who had the Authority in our City. Inſomuch that *Cleoranta* who was of a very facetious humour, and would have been ſorry, if the whole day had been ſpent in making Politick Reflections; fell a contradicting him: and ſhe did it ſo much the rather, for that *Herophilus* being buſied in his Cloſet with writing to *Megacles*, there was none but *Cephisa*, *Pisistratus* and my ſelf to

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to keep her Company. Thus, after she had for above half an hour endured *Pisistratus* complaining with exaggeration of the disorders of the Republick, she interrupted him on a sudden, and taking him upshort; but is it possible *Pisistratus*, said she to him, you should not apprehend, that since Power or Laws have set a distinction between Man and Man, there has almost ever been those who have ill commanded, or ill obeyed; and that thus, it is losing time to no purpose, to amuse ones self in continual complaints, which are of no use? How! said he, would not you let me complain, tho I see so many things done contrary to all reason; tho I see, that the *Athenians*, who think 'emselfes a Free People, because they have no King, are however the Slaves of a hundred Tyrants, who have the Authority in their hands, and make use of it only to enrich 'emselfes, and impoverish others. How, added he, can you suffer, without saying a word, a thousand injustices that are daily committed; and that *Athens*, the most famous City of all *Greece*, should be in a state of being ruined; seeing those who govern it, govern it ill? I assure you, said she to him, that rather than torment my self with 'em as you do, I would do any thing: For in short, if you can govern it, govern it better, and that will be a good Act. But if it

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it does not please Fortune to give you the Conduct of Affairs; take my word *Pisistratus*, e'en let them take their own course, and be strongly perswaded, that as you are not pleas'd with what others do; so what you should do would not please others if you were in their place. If it did not please 'em, he return'd, I wou'd order matters so, as they ought to be pleas'd: since I am sure, I should do nothing that's unjust. Tho you should do nothing that's unjust, reply'd *Cleoranta*, yet still they would complain of you; since 'tis certain, whether it be in a Kingdom, or a Republick, People will ever be complaining: Wherefore, as generally speaking, those sort of Complaints, ought rather to be made by the Common People than Persons of Quality, I would complain the least I could. I assure you, reply'd *Cephisa*, *Pisistratus* is not the only person of his condition, who complains; and there are many more of his Tribe. If he was the only person, said *Cleorante*, I should not blame him so much for his Complaints. For as he is very much my friend, I would impose silence on him; or I should desire him not to come and see me when he is in his Politick Humour. But all People of his Form have lately got so great a Habit of Speaking eternally of the Publick Good, and Affairs of State; that they are become insup-

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portable. And indeed you see some of 'em who are hardly got from under the lash of their Masters, and such as still learn to dance, who nevertheless pretend to be Reformers of the Commonwealth: and there are Women, who have hardly the Art to dress 'emselfes well, that speak their Sentiments as boldly upon the most ticklish Affairs of State, as if they had the Wisdom and Experience of *Solon*. However, it would be less strange to see all the Seven Wise Men of *Greece* buisie in choos- ing Ribbons; than to see so many young Persons of both Sexes, buisying 'emselfes with regulating and settling the State. True it is said *Cephisa*, laughing, as well as *Pisistratus* and my self, that Policy is a troublesome thing, when 'tis the Subject of a whole Af- ternoons Conversation. For my part, added I, I must confesse, I am of the Opinion of these Ladies, and I seldom speak of Politicks in Womens Company, unless I am forced to it. And for my share, reply'd *Pisistratus* in a Huff, I always speak of Affairs of State in their Company when I have a mind to't. For I am a declared Enemy to all manner of In- justice; and very zealous for the Publick Good. But to what purpose are all the Complaints you and others make, reply'd *Cleorante*, nay tho they were just: since when you have employ'd a whole day in speaking, nothing

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nothing will be done of all you shall have said? You will often too have reasoned upon false grounds, added she; because you will pretend to know things without knowing the Motives to 'em. Thus, you will have foreseen inconveniencies, which it would not please Fortune to bring to pass. You will have proposed an hundred Expedients which would not be followed, and which never could, tho those who have the management of Affairs were inclin'd to put 'em in Execution. Judge then, after this, if it be not well employing a Man's time, to spend all his Life in speaking of evils, which he cannot Remedy. Besides, proceeded she, tho it were possible to find any remedies for them, by changing the whole Form of Government; yet I have heard much abler persons than my self say, that 'tis much better to live in a settled disorder than to shake all the parts of a State to regulate it. Wherefore *Pisistratus*, if you would take my advice, let us do nothing more than pray to the Gods, they would place Able Persons in the Government of Affairs. But tho it should please 'em to appoint such as are not so fit for that Province, let us see their faults without committing any our selves; and let us not spend our whole Lives in speaking of Politicks, and in complainning to no purpose; without
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it be, added she, laughing, you have some secret design, which you do not tell us of; and by decrying the Government, you would cause an Insurrection of the People, and make your self Tyrant of *Athens*. As I could not do it without being yours, replied he in a heat, I have almost a desire to endeavour the bringing it to pass. For to have such a Subject as you, I am perswaded the name of Tyrant ought not to be odious. And indeed, said he, I do not perceive you have so fervent a Zeal for the Liberty of your Country, that you would hate me very much, tho I should deprive it of its Freedom. The truth is, said she, laughing, provided in four and twenty hours space, you re-established tranquility in *Athens*, and there was no Civil nor Foreign War; and you made an Edict to forbid all Persons to speak of Affairs of State, that were not concerned in 'em, and particularly all Gallants and Ladies: I fancy I should not be much troubled at such a Revolution; for that I am really perswaded, there is more repose, and fewer Cabals under a Monarchy, than in a Republick. If I liv'd under a Monarchy, interrupted *Pisistratus*, I should not speak as I do: and if I was King of *Athens*, I would not suffer People to speak of me, as I speak of those who govern us. But living in a Commonwealth, I have my share in the State, I

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may

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may be what they are : 'Tis not so in another Government ; for in a true Monarchy, the Subjects can never be Kings, and the People must obey those whoe'r it pleases the Gods to set over 'em, without plunging themselves into Trouble and Division. Be it as it will, said *Cleorante*, do you keep your self in repose, I conjure you ; and if you would follow my advice, let us rather talk of Balls, Musick, Verses and Painting, than of Policy. As you will not talk of what I would, answered *Pisistratus*, I will not talk to day of what you would : But will ask which you had rather I should be, the Tyrant of *Athens*, or yours ; either as your Lover or your Husband ? *Cleorante* is so generous, retorted *Cephisa*, that I already guess at the answer she is going to make. For my part, rejoyn'd I, I don't so easily divine at it. That's strange, replied she, for methinks, 'tis no hard matter to imagine, I should rather choose, that all the *Athenians* were Subjects of *Pisistratus*, than I to be his Slave. But *Cleorante*, said *Cephisa* to her, what would become of the love of my own repose ? No, no, added she, let us not deceive our selves therein ; our own particular Concerns, do always take place of the General Interest ; and all those Zealots for their Country, are often only so for their own good. So I declare, I should choose a thousand and a thousand times,

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times rather that *Pisistratus* were the Tyrant of *Athens* than mine. I am so far from being so, replied he, looking upon her after a passionate manner, that I am perswaded there is nothing more impossible. If you have not a care, said then *Cephisa* smiling, and turning towards *Cleorante*, by forbidding *Pisistratus* to talk of Politicks, you will perhaps oblige him to entertain you with love. Tho I am not very fond of such entertainments, replied *Cleorante*, I think if one talk'd of love to me after a gallant manner, and that but little and seldom, I should better comply with it, than be obliged to hear Affairs of State thrumn'd for a whole day together; principally by certain People there are in the World. And yet we daily see such Persons, whom it does not concern who governs, being they have no interest in the State, torment 'emselves about it; just as if they had as much right to pretend to all as *Pisistratus*. But is there any one, interrupted he, who has no interest in the Government; and the very Slaves can they be happy, when their Masters are not so? I know not truly, said she to him, in the most agreeable fret imaginable, whether they can be so or not. But I know very well, there is no great happiness in seeing you, when you have got your Politick Humour in your Head. If you please, said he to her then, you shall

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never hear more of it as long as I live. If your forbearance would not be mortal to you, replied she smiling, I should take it for a very great favour. But, added he, I engage my self only upon this Condition, that I shall say of you and my self, all I shall think fitting. *Pisistratus* had no sooner said those words, than that *Cephisa* and I pass'd Sentence upon her to accept of *Pisistratus* his offer. However she excused her self for some time very agreeably; for after all, said she, what can he tell me of himself and me? If he tells me of my imperfections, he will put me out of humour; and if he praises me, it will be as little to my Diversion; for I do not love Praises that are given me in my presence. Moreover, if he commends himself, I shall esteem him the less for it: and if he blames himself, I shall still think 'tis a disguised Pride. So as not foreseeing what pleasure I can have in admitting him to talk often of himself and me; it must be concluded, I am a great Enemy to Politicks, if I accept the Proposition he makes me. But in short, Madam, this pleasant Treaty was concluded. *Pisistratus* engaged to speak no more of Affairs of State to *Cleorante*, and *Cleorante* promis'd likewise to *Pisistratus*, to allow him to say of her and himself, all that he thought convenient: Yet giving him this liberty only, when he should be in one of his Politic Humours.

Of

*Of the Passions which Men
have invented.*

AFTER the Princess was departed, the Company fell a talking of the multitude of Passions which Men have invented. And truly, said *Celanira*, the Passion of Gaming in proper Terms, is not a natural Passion, but was invented and produc'd by the Wit and Industry of Men. This Passion, replied *Alceus*, has nevertheless its Source, as well as all others, in the Heart of Man: and what makes up the Passion of Gaming in particular, is the Passion of Pleasure in general, which varies according to our divers *genius's*, and several Constitutions. All Men have a secret Passion for Diversion, which attracts 'em to what does suit with their humour: Some love Gaming; others Hunting: Some the Sciences; others the Arts; and some all these things together: and that secret Passion which inclines to Pleasure, serves as much to make a Learned Man

love Study, as to make a Beautiful Person love Dancing. Glory all dazzling as it is, is attended, and the most difficult Vertues are followed by it. *Alcans* is in the right, said *Philocrita*; and many People would dispence 'emselfes from their duty, if they found no pleasure in doing it. But do we not see many People, said I, who shun Pleasure, and make, as I may say, a kind of Passion of that pettish humour, which possesses 'em all their lives? they condemn the Pleasures of others; they cannot agree 'emselfes in what they have a mind to; they murmur against the Custom of their Country, and their Age; they complain of the Prince and Government; they equally blame Covetousness and Liberality; and find no thing but what they judge worthy of their censure. Those People, said *Celanira*, have certainly no Passion; they have only a peevish disposition, which makes them judge wrong of all things in the World. I should have Curiosity enough, said *Philocrita*, to know of all those, who are here present, which is their strongest Passion. I except Love, added she; for the Men here are Courtiers enough to choose that, speaking in the presence of Ladies. So that my meaning is, every one should say, which is the ruling Passion of his heart, with exception to that. As for mine, said *Celanira*, it is constant Friendship.

ship. My Darling, said *Philocrita*, is an innocent joy wheresoever I find it. For my share, said *Alcinor*, 'tis I know not what that's glittering in all I do, which makes People every where distinguished; and all which is in order for it, does sensibly touch my heart. That Passion, said *Iphicrates*, is hard to be contented. Mine is not of so great a lustre; for it consists in complying with times, things, persons, and the pleasure of doing it with success. But that which you say, replied I, is Prudence, and no Passion. I call Passion, replied *Iphicrates*, what People love to do most, and which regulates almost all our actions. For my part, said I then, my most sensible Passion is the love of Truth. But as for *Cleander*, added I, 'tis unnecessary to ask him, which is his greatest Passion. What I said, perplex'd *Cleander* and *Celanira* for a while. But *Cleander* having made me explain my self, I told him, that his ruling Passion was the love he had for his Prince. And indeed, said I to him, I have not yet been able to distinguish, whether you have Ambition, because you love your Prince; or whether you love your Prince out of Ambition. And after having observed you carefully, I have concluded, you have a kind of Passion without name, wherewith you are more taken up and possessed, than all those who have one of another

ther sort can do. But this Passion, replied *Cleander*, is or ought to be in all rational Peoples minds, tho much stronger in some than in others, through the divers circumstances of their condition and life. And I add hereto, when it is as strong as it ought to be in a well-form'd heart, and for an accomplisht Prince : it contains somewhat of all the strongest Passions that can make us love. This is carrying the thing very far, said *Alcinor*. I am of the same Opinion, said *Philocrita*, and without pain, I give to Princes, Respect, Obedience, and if you will, Admiration, when they are worthy of their Station. But as to the tenderness of heart, I keep it for my friends. Very far from going from what I have asserted, replied *Cleander*, I maintain this sovereign Passion, if I may be allowed to use that Term, holds something of all we know most strong in the heart of Man ; I mean, the most ardent motions of Piety, Respect and Acknowledgment, which good-natur'd Children have for their Parents ; and generous Persons for their Benefactors ; of the Union of Interest and Heart, which is met withal in a happy Marriage ; of the greatest and most firm friendship ; and of the most solid Love. This is a very bold Assertion, said I. True it is, said *Celanira*, that we do not at first well apprehend, how this can be so. As for the first thing

thing, which *Cleander* asserted, interrupted *Alceus*, I easily comprehend it. And indeed, added he, a Man must be perfectly brutish and stupid, not to know by this great and beautiful prospect of Nature, that 'tis the work of a mighty and a sovereign power: He must likewise be little sensible of motions natural, to see so many Thousands of Men voluntarily obey one person, who sometimes has no other excellence than his Character; and not know that there must needs be in this, I know not what that's Divine, which lays the first foundation of our affection to our Princes. *Alceus* has exactly spoke my thoughts, replied *Cleander*. But I shall add, what I have considered a Hundred times with amazement; which is, that Men, who have established so many several sorts of Government, have never succeeded so well, as when they have seem'd to abandon their own Wisdom, to commit 'emselves to that of Heaven. Sometimes they thought fit, that every one should keep his Vote, his Suffrage, an equal power in the Republick, which also seem'd most consonant to Nature. Sometimes they were of Opinion, it was only for the wisest to govern; and by consequence for the oldest. Sometimes they have taken their Masters only out of the most Illustrious Familys. Sometimes they declared, Merit alone could attain

to that Station. Sometimes they have chosen 'em out of a very great number, sometimes out of a less, and sometimes out of a very small one. They also one while reduc'd 'emselves to one sole Prince, but Elective; another time to ways of Government, mixed of all these together. But they did never any thing so well, which contributed more to the Grandeur, Tranquility and Continuance of States; as when they resolved to take their Kings of one only Race, from Father to Son, such as it should please Heaven to bestow upon 'em: sometimes Warlike, sometimes Pacific, sometimes Excellent, sometimes Mean in Knowledge, with Vertues and Vices, which Humane Wisdom cou'd not foresee at such a distance. It is not to be imagined, that such a thing as that can be done by Chance. An Accident once casually happen'd, whereof all Ages will speak, that a Painter throwing his Spunge, finish'd a Picture incomparably better than all his Art was able to have done. But in the most important of worldly things, it would be madness to say, that Chance alone gave a better success to Hereditary Principalities, than to others; that by Chance there has been of 'em from the beginning of the World, not only more than of any other sort of States, but more than of all the others together; that by Chance in all Times, and
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in all Climates, so many different Nations in Temperament, *Genius*, Inclination, Manners and Language, have most commonly chosen a Form of Government which seem'd at first the furthest off from the relish and interest of each one in particular ; and this is without doubt what cannot be well imagined. That I grant, said *Alcæus*, the World must necessarily yield either to a certain Experience, which makes the good success to appear of that sort of Government ; or else it has followed, I know not what blind Instinct, which mov'd it thereunto : and it seems to be rather the latter ; for as much as we may see by Histories, the first Ages have had no less inclination than the latter, for that sort of Government. And indeed, added *Cleander*, there were towards the middle of Ages, as I may say, several Republicks ; but all weak, languishing, agitated with Civil Divisions ; and in fine, of a very short continuance, except the *Roman*, which began in Monarchy, and ended too in it. But in general, no Republick has lasted so long, by much, as several Monarchies, and especially the *French* Monarchy, which was never so formidable to all its Neighbours, as it is at present, after so many Ages ; and which is, in short, so flourishing, that there is reason to believe it Eternal ; it not being possible to conceive where it can
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be defective. So from this Instinct of Nations, for a Successive and Hereditary Government of one only Person, I believe we may justly gather somewhat Divine, which passes into the hearts of Men, and inspires into 'em a dutiful love, mixt with Religion. I assure you, said *Philocrita* laughing, I shall be henceforward a better Subject than I was. For tho the Prince in whose Dominions I was born, is such an one, as his People could wish, 'twas ever my Opinion, that if I had lived in the First Ages, and had a voice to deliberate in such like things, I should never have bethought my self of making Kings, nor of being a Queen. But after all, said *Celanira*, *Cleander* has reason to say, that there is something Divine, which ties the hearts of Subjects to their Princes. As for what *Cleander* has asserted, said *Alcinor*, that the Passion which one hath for his Prince, has something of the Veneration and Acknowledgement, which we have for a Father and Benefactor; this is easie to be understood in those, who owe all their Fortune to the Prince; but much less in those, of whom perhaps he never so much as thought. I grant, replied *Cleander*, 'tis much stronger in the first; but I maintain, that it is also in all the rest, if they are endued with Reason and Vertue. In the first place, pursued he, the Prince has no Subject, of whom he

he does not sometimes think, how unknown soever he may be to him, in thinking of all his Subjects, and of their general Good. There are none but owe to a good Prince, their Repose, Tanquility, and all the happiness of their lives. The true sign of an ungrateful heart, is to distinguish very subtilly between the Obligations and their Causes. By that means they banish all Obligation and Acknowledgment out of the World. I easily apprehend, said *Alceus*, that there are Occasions, wherein they are bound to make acknowledgment, tho there was no fixt design to serve us. Our Parents did not think of obliging us in giving us life; sometimes likewise they have brought us up very ill. Are we therefore dispensed from Gratitude towards 'em? no, not at all. But those who argue so bruitishly, as there are enough that do in the World, have never well considered the true Cause of Acknowledgment, which is difficult to explain, for this very reason; because it is too clear, and too well known, and 'tis rather found in the Heart than in the Reason. It is in a word, interrupted *Clander*, that all those who make use of the way and means for the sending us to Heaven, or for the doing us some great good, tho they know nothing of it 'emselves, become to us as Sacred; and besides, more natural it is not,
for

for Rivers to return to the Sea from whence they came, and for the Earth to send forth new Herbs, and new Flowers towards Heaven, after having receiv'd Dew from it, than for a Benefit received, to send forth another benefit towards the place from whence it came. And truly, Gratitude has been found established in all Ages, thro all the Earth, among Barbarous People, who seem not to have Reason, and amongst the very Beasts, whom Men will not allow to be endu'd with Reason. This is very well stated, said *Ipbicrates*. But I do not apprehend, what coherence there can be between a happy Marriage, and that Passion which unites Subjects to the Prince. There needs no more than to consider,, answer'd *Cleander*, that the most solid friendship, even betwixt the most rational minds, are sometimes broken thro the different Interests which arise; and the like often happens in Love, at all adventures, the Friend and the Lover may become, at least suspected, of another Interest. What makes the great Union in Marriage, is, that there can never be two opposite Interests, and therefore wise and rational Persons almost ever return from the disgusts which humane Weakness seems to be attended withal. The same Union of Interests, and the same indissoluble Bond, is found in the good Subject to the good Prince, especially

if he is more particularly engaged to his Person. The Glory of the one is that of the other; and for the knowledge of this Truth, there needs no more than see the joy of Courtiers when the Prince has newly done some great and brave action, Let us dive further into this business, said *Celanira*, I have a hundred times seen persons of my Sex, interest themselves so zealously in good or ill successes, that forgetting, they had no share in the State, they said, in relating some Illustrious Action, *We have beaten the Enemy, and taken their Canon and their Baggage.* That frequently happens, said *Philocrita*, but I never speak so. For my part, said I, then, I have wondred a hundred times, to see the Transports of People, when they have been obliged to make Bonfires for a Victory. For there are Millions of Men, who will make merry on those tumultuous occasions, and yet have not wherewithal to live on the next day. What you say is very well observed, said *Alcinor*. But in short, reassumed I, as to Love and Friendship; I must confess, I find it hard to understand, how the first can agree with the Subject now in hand: for Friendship, truly speaking, can only be very strong amongst Persons that are equal, it does not seem to be made for Kings. And for this time I ground my self upon Authority. For do not you remember,

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ber, added I, speaking to *Cleander*, those *Stanzas* of Morality, for the instruction of a young Prince, that are not yet Published, nor finished, which were sent you from Court by the Person that made 'em, and of which, as ignorant as I am, I have learnt the greatest part by heart, so jolly and pleasant did I think 'em, tho they may afford the most Learned Persons, what may be to their satisfaction. I remember 'em, said *Cleander*; but I know not what you can draw from 'em for your purpose. You shall see, said I to him, that you don't well remember 'em. For after having spoken, tho after no distastful manner, of all the Vertues and Passions; and particularly Love, whose good and evil he remarks in few words, he cries, speaking of that Passion:

*Love! thou fair Angel, or foul Devil,
Thy Force and Strength still subdues Ours;
Of thee I say nor Good nor Evil,
Tho Bothth' hast done me by both Powers.*

*In their Predestin'd minute all,
All must to Thee, Adoring fall.
They are but Hypocrites in Love,
Unless Ecstatical they prove.*

Ab!

*Ab! Why dost Rove so ev'ry where?
Sweet Friendship, which Resembles Thee,
Tho in some things You interfere,
To Love joyns Vertuous Purity.*

*Friendship (Repeat it once again!)
Candid, Sincere, and without Stain,
Under thy moderate Rule and Care
Is all as Charming, as 'tis Rare.*

Then he employs four *Stanzaes* in shewing the good and evil of Friendship, and in giving Precepts for it. But he concludes with these:

*Into your hands, it is, Great Kings
Fate has a Thousand Blessings put,
But giving us Friends 'mong other Things,
There Fate has the Use from You shut.*

*A Precious Good This, I must say,
Both as to th' one and th' other way.
But yet I Doubt, while Both are Blest,
Whether your Share or ours be Best.*

This is well applied, said *Cleander*; but you shall see, *Madam*, that your Memory tho never so good, deceives you this time, more than mine, for the two other *Stanzaes* which

which follow, but which I do not remember and begin

But yet I am, Alas ! deceiv'd.

destroy those two former, and shew, that a King who understands King-Craft, may be Amiable, tho he is Formidable ; and that if he blends Justice, Wisdom and Goodness in all his actions, he finds a Veneration and Tenderness for him in all hearts, and may boast of having as many Friends as Subjects. This it is, replied I, laughing, to be unseasonably a pretender to ingenuity ; I renounce citing any thing as long as I live. Be it as it will, said *Cleander*, Friendship has need of some equality, but 'tis rather an equality which it self makes, than an equality which it finds in it. Let us examine the most famous Friendships, we shall almost every where find two friends equal, and yet one friend superiour, and the other inferiour by much. There can hardly be imagined a real Friendship between *Alexander* and *Cesar*, between *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*, *Scipio* and *Hannibal* ; they are Rivals rather than Friends. But the Military Vertue of *Scipio* will comply with the Wisdom and Softness of *Laelius* ; *Cicero* the most able that ever was in the Art of Speaking, will find his satisfaction in the per-

person of *Atticus*, who was no less excellent in the Art of holding his Peace ; and *Alexander* will take delight in making another *Alexander* of *Ephestion*. We cannot doubt, interrupted I, but that some of those friends, you speak of, were superiour, and the other inferiour, by the same which still remains of the one, which the others have not. And indeed, not one of our Sex is ignorant of *Alexander*, *Scipio*, or of *Cicero* himself: But we hardly know, what is the meaning of *Hephestion*, *Laelius* and *Atticus* ; tho we have lately seen the life of the last in Print in our own Tongue.

For my part, added *Philocrita*, pleasantly, having not had the honour to know any of 'em ; I promise you to call them only henceforward, without troubling my self with their names, the three Friends of *Alexander*, *Scipio* and *Cicero*. But in short, said *Cleander*, I boldly maintain, that Friendship can never be firm and stedfast, unless it has been able to level, the great space there is between one friend and another ; and surmount that first difficulty which seem'd to hinder any reliance to be made upon it. A Prince in stooping to his Subjects, gives the greatest mark of goodness and friendship that can ever be shewn ; and a Subject is very miserable, if he does not recompence the Magnanimity of that Friendship, by the Ardency and Excess of

of his own. At the worst if you will needs have, that this acceptation of Friendship is improper, I agree to't. But 'tis certainly something that has all, which the most steady and most tender friendship can have, and that suffices me. I have been long expecting, resum'd *Philocrita*, you would say something of Love. 'Tis so ample a Subject, said *Alcinor*, that it would furnish us abundantly with matter to discourse upon. *Alcinor* is in the right, said *Iphicrates*. But in my Opinion, he is in the wrong, said *Celanira*. For I believe it the hardest thing in the World, to speak properly upon that Subject. Let us then see how *Cleander* will speak on't, as to the point we have before us. As I never seek to speak thereof, but only to speak what I think, replied *Cleander*. I say, without more ado, that the Essential Differences betwixt Love and Friendship, are fervency, disquiet, suspicion, obedience, submission, jealousy, injustice, vexation, discontents, reconciliations, change of an Opinion in an instant, and sometimes divers changes in one and the same hour. For in truth, Friendship has only the shadow of all those Motions; and moreover, that too is, when Friendship is so strong, as to resemble Love. But there is no Courtier wedded to the Prince, but feels all those Motions almost as violent as the most perfect

perfect Lover. Whatsoever Equality the Prince should make between 'em thro Friendship— Always Submission, Respect, and Obedience on their side, as from a Lover to a Mistress; their disquiet is extream; their diffidence eternal. Incessantly they are in fear of losing the favour of their Master, even when they are most assured of it. They all look upon one another as Rivals. They are only possessed with that Passion. Who could represent, how half a word, a smile, a look, penetrates and Charms 'em, to the very bottom of their Souls, were it not for what occurs in Lovers? Their injustice is beyond all comparison, and is the true mark of a violent Passion; for tho they understand well enough, the Prince owes his Caresses to all the World; one would say, he stole from 'em all the favours, he bestows upon others. If by Chance he casts not his Eyes upon them, it is sufficient to put 'em out of humour for a whole day together. One and the same hour sees 'em contented and discontented; charmed and dissatisfied with the Court; swearing to quit all, and ready to give their Lives for the Service of their Master. In a word, all that is capricious in Love, cannot be found, methinks, in any other Passion, than that of Courtiers for their Prince. You are in the right, said *Alceus*, and for my part, when I see People
who

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who are naturally of great understanding, and whom a long Experience has polished and rendred very able; sometimes suffer 'em- selves to be lur'd and decoy'd to the very end of their Lives, by the vain hopes of the Court; nay, though they are very sensible they delude 'em: Methinks, I see that Lover of the Ancient and Modern Theater, who says:

*Ingrate I find her, yet I love:
My Love and Death with equal steps do move.
I am resolv'd to Love and Die;
Since besides This, That has no Remedy.
Beating Death at's own Arms, I Fear,
Lest now the King of Terrours fail me here.
So much does Love my Heart possess,
That not to die, would be Unhappiness.*

But to hear you speak of Love, said *Philocrita* to *Cleander*, one would say, you are almost as much in Love as you're Ambitious. *Celanira* blush'd, and *Cleander* was in pain, how he should make answer, without discovering, what he was willing to conceal; and without *Celaniraes* accusing him likewise, of want of Love, and using too much dissimulation; but resolving at length: I was ever per-

perswaded, said he to *Philocrita*, that People ought hardly ever to explain themselves upon this Subject; by reason they are hardly believed, whether they say they are in Love, or say they are not. And as to my particular, if I had any Passion of that nature, I would love so as it should be rather judged by my Actions than by my words. You are in the right, said I to him; and Actions are more sincere than Words. But after all, *Cleander*, there is a great distinction to be made between sincere Courtiers, who love their Prince; and interested Courtiers, who only love their Fortune.

Of

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COMPLAISANCE.

AS *Adherbal* was speaking in this manner, *Valeria* and *Flavia* came into the Room, *Clearchus* came thither a moment after, and were presently followed by *Cesonia* and *Plotina*; whom *Amilcar* very seldom leaving, arrived before all the Company were seated; but as he seem'd more than usually out of Humour, *Clelia* ask'd him the reason of it. Tho 'tis not easie for me to refuse any thing to a Person of your Merit, yet am not over willing replied he, to give you the satisfaction you request. For you would laugh at me, if I should tell you what you ask. You are so seldom expos'd to such an Adventure, rejoyn'd *Plotina*, that tho it were out of Curiosity, I should advise you to run this Risque. Be assured, replied *Amilcar*, you will not believe me tho I tell you, what I complain of.

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As it will not be perhaps, the first time that Credit has not been given to your words, answer'd *Plotina* smiling, you need not be so much in fear of not being believed. Know then, said he, that in my Life I was never so much tired as I was to day, for three hours together, I was with a Man, whom I have discours'd withal upon a hundred several subjects. It must then be some Man of no great Sence, said the Prince of *Numidia*. That is not the business, Sir, reply'd *Amilcar*; and I do not complain of his Stupidity. It must then be one of those Men, who dispute upon all matters, said *Clearchus*, who must be opiniatively contested with; in regard they always contradict those they are withal. On the contrary, answered *Amilcar*, 'tis a Man who never disputes; is for all you will; says all you say; has no Opinion but that of his Company; never says *No* to any thing; *Yes* to all; recalls his words as often as you please; and out of a base, lukewarm, nauseous and insupportable Complaisance, makes the Conversation fall every moment, that there is no Diversion to be had in his Company, unless you make him an object of your Laughter. You exaggerate this so pleasantly, said *Clelia*, that I have Curiosity enough to know, who this so excessively Complaisant Man is, that has made an imperfection of a good Quality.

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'Tis

'Tis a Man, replied he, of a deadish look, soft nature, careless carriage, walks slowly, and is ever ready to say *Yes* to all. And indeed, being unhappily engaged in his Company, we at first began to speak of War : But as I quickly observed, he was a Man would say all that People pleas'd, I made him change his Sentiments a thousand times. I made him commend both *Brutus* and *Tarquin*; I made him say, that *Rome* could conquer, that *Rome* could be overcome ; that *Sixtus* was a fool, that *Sixtus* was wise ; that without Vertue a Man cannot be happy, that with Vertue People are ever miserable ; and in short, I made him contradict himself as often as I pleas'd. Then I propos'd to him to go into twenty different places, where I was sure he had nothing to do ; but he nevertheless, always told me, he had business wheresoever I propos'd to him to go ; and at length forc'd me to tell him, I was weary of his Company, and I'd leave him to come hither : where you will do me the greatest pleasure imaginable in contradicting me ; for I am so weary of Complaisance, that at present I look upon the pleasure of Disputing as the greatest pleasure in the World. 'Tis so easie a thing to give you that satisfaction, resum'd *Plotina*, that I offer my self in this very moment, to maintain, Complaisance is the best, the most agreeable, the most

most commodious, and the most necessary Quality, a Person can have. And indeed, do but compare that Man, who never says *No*, to another of my Acquaintance who never says *Yes*, is ever disputing, contradicting all the World ; ceases to desire what he had a mind to, as soon as another desires it as well as himself ; who abandons his own Sentiments as soon as he has attain'd the infusing them into any one, for fear of being of anothers Opinion ; and who in short, banishes from all the Conversations he is engag'd in, Peace and Pleasures, thro his positiveness to dispute against all those he meets ; and you will see if your Complaisant Person, who has made you do such Penance, is not more to be valued than the Person I speak of, since it cannot be denied but Complaisance is a good Quality. It is so, without Question, replied *Clearchus*, but it must certainly have its bounds, and be managed with Judgment ; for 'tis of such a Nature, that it is as serviceable to Vice as to Vertue. I should never have believ'd, said *Clelia*, that two the most Complaisant Men in the World could have spoken against Complaisance. For my particular, said *Clearchus*, I am not against it when it is rational. On the other side, I maintain, 'tis necessary to the Society of all Mankind ; it promotes all pleasures ; maintains Friend-

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ship;

ship; and without Complaisance we should be ever in a State of War, and out of Humour. But I maintain at the same time, that as Sincerity is of all Vertues that which is the most peculiar to Persons of Honour, Complaisance is of all Vertues that which the fordid, self-minded, the treacherous, flatterers, do most commonly abuse. In short, I hold it so dangerous, that I compare it to those subtle Poysons which are mix'd in Flowers and kill without Remedy. Yet, said *Cesonia*, when People would commend a Woman, they say she is Complaisant, is of a good Disposition. True, reply'd *Amilcar*, and I also confess a Woman must necessarily be so. But the difficulty is to know, what is requisite for the being so, and what are the true grounds, which Complaisance ought to have. For as Liberality, that Heroic Vertue, which makes Men more to resemble the Gods than all others, becomes Prodigality, when it is excessive and injudicious; so Complaisance which is a peaceable and an agreeable Vertue, very necessary to Society, and very worthy of being esteem'd, becomes a Vice, when it has no bounds: And truly speaking, it is not with this Vertue as with other. For there is but one sort of Justice, but one sort of Generosity and Wisdom, but there are a hundred sorts of Complaisance, whereof the greatest

greatest part are to be despised. As for a hundred, said *Plotina*, you speak too largely. On the contrary, reply'd *Clearchus*, if the fancy take me, I will say a Thousand, and yet tell no Lye. I fancy 'twould be very much to the Companies satisfaction, if you would be pleas'd thoroughly to acquaint us with a thing of this moment, replied *Clelia*. That I shall willingly do, said he, provided all the illustrious Persons here will first of all, confess to me, they have met with Complaisant People whom they have contemn'd. For my part, said *Adherbal*, I have known such in *Namidia*, whom I have refus'd all they ask'd of me, without any other reason, than their having a self-minded Complaisance, which I could not bear with. Right, Sir, reply'd *Clearchus*, for there is nothing more insupportable than those, who have a Complaisance that is Foreign to 'em; and who only approve of all you do, that you may comply with them in all they have a mind to. Yet, the World is full of those People, and they are to be met with in all Conditions and all Sexes. But not to lie, there are so great a number of Complaisances, that I don't believe 'tis possible to name 'em all. And indeed, there are self-interested Complaisances, habitual Complaisances, Complaisances of Love, of Esteem, of Friendship, of Ambition, sordid

Complaisances, counterfeit Complaisances, Complaisances of the Court, of the City, serious Complaisances, jocund ones, eloquent Complaisances, mute Complaisances, true and false ones, and a thousand other sorts. True it is, there are of all the kinds you have now mentioned, said *Plotina*; but I would willingly know the true use of Complaisance; whether with People above or below us; whether between Persons equal; or betwixt Friends of the two Sexes. I fancy, said *Clearchus*, it will take up less time to say, what we are not to do, than what we are. But in short, I shall say all I think requisite, without any Complaisance. 'Tis my Opinion, added he, to speak of Complaisance in general, that we ought never to have such as flatters Vice; betrays Vertue; disguises Truth; offends Religion; that our being Complaisant does not make us cease being faithful, just and sincere friends; that those who are about great People respect 'em; but I in no wise allow a Complaisance, which regards only the Quality of others, and their own interest; and which obliges 'em to commend, what they blame in their Hearts. For when a Prince of good sense takes notice of it, he contemns the Complaisant Person, and his Complaisance. It is undoubtedly requisite to be Complaisant in indifferent things; but
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we ought not to be so in things, which may either prejudice him, for whom we have Complaisance, or any other. I beg your pardon, said *Plotina* then, for interrupting you, I have such a desire to know what you mean by your saying a mute Complaisance, that I cannot forbear desiring you to tell it me. I understand by a mute Complaisance, answer'd *Clearchus*, those People, who for fear of saying any thing that should displease their friends, suffer 'em to commit a hundred silly actions, without giving them notice of 'em; and who know not that the greatest mark of Friendship is to give faithful advice? That I grant, replied *Clelia*, but sure I am, that those who give Advice, ought to do it mildly and ingeniously; for few persons love those who put 'em in mind of their imperfections. But to return to Complaisance, added she, I would willingly then know, when we are, and are not to use it. 'Tis always to be used, replied *Amilcar*, when it is agreeable to those, whom it is address'd to, and to him who is capable of it. You speak this too generally, replied *Clearchus*. For tho universally speaking, we ought to have it for all indifferent things, it is however good to introduce into Society an honest liberty for all those who compose it, which does not subject 'em to captivate 'emselves eternally; and never to

say any thing but what shall please you, to those who propose to 'em any divertisement. Now for real business, I am perswaded, there ought never to be any Complaisance in it ; and it only belongs to Reason to regulate it. And indeed, said *Amilcar* smiling, *Clearchus* speaks equitably. For in proper speech, we may say, that Complaisance is the Queen of Trifles, and then only is mainly pertinent, when the Question is to go rather in one place than another ; to Dance or not to Dance ; to sing or not to sing. At least, you must confess, said *Plotina*, that in Love, Complaisance cannot be excessive : And the more a Lover is Complaisant, the more amiable he is. That I allow, replied *Amilcar* ; but I know not if he will be as much belov'd, as he is amiable, if he be always excessively Complaisant ; and if in true Love-policy, 'tis not at least sometimes convenient to have it begg'd of him to be Complaisant. For my share, said *Clearchus*, I am not of your Opinion ; for I believe it is not so great a truth, that Jealousie is the inseparable Companion of Love ; as it is true, that there cannot be any real Love without Complaisance : since it is certain there are Lovers so sure of the fidelity of those they love, that they are not at all jealous of 'em ; and that there were never any but had Complaisance. As long as a Lover
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is not beloved, said *Plotina*, I willingly believe he is Complaisant. But in my Opinion, as soon as he is sure of the affection of his Mistress, he is sometimes as glad to follow his own will, as that of the Person he loves. Be it how it will, said *Clearchus*, if he is not Complaisant, he ought to be so: and I also maintain, he cannot forbear being Complaisant, if he be much in Love. But if Complaisance in Love ought to be sometimes blind, 'tis not so in Friendship; for it must ever be accompanied with Prudence and Sincerity. Complaisance is without doubt the Bond of Civil Society. But it ought never, as I have already said, either to betray or flatter: things absolutely indifferent are its truest Province; On all other occasions 'tis suspected of Treachery, Artifice, Baseness or Interest. Not but that we may have likewise Complaisance in things of moment; tho, as I have said, commonly it ought not to be so. But then the person, who has that Complaisance, hath the sole interest in the thing in hand; and that Generosity may supply the place of Reason in such an encounter, and make it act as such. But one of the most dangerous Complaisances of all, added *Clearchus*, is that which applauds Detraction; and which, very far from defending innocence, suffers it to be basely and unjustly

oppress'd. 'Tis certain, said *Clelia*, what you say, does daily happen; for the Person reviled being absent, and the Detra&four present; those who are professedly Complaisant, flatter those they see, and abandon those that are absent. But said *Cassonia*, I am still desirous to learn, what you meant by the Complaisances of the City, serious and joyful Complaisances. As for the others, the names you give 'em, do make 'em sufficiently known. As for the Complaisances of the Court, said *Amilcar*, it is easie to apprehend, that *Clearchus* meant those People, who always say, they'll do all you have a mind to, and yet ever do all they please 'emselves. But as for what he calls the Complaisance of the City, I do not so well understand it, and can only guess at it. What I call so, said *Clearchus*, is properly a certain strain'd and confused Complaisance, compos'd of Compliments, Ceremony, and unseasonable Praises, which is very unacceptable to the person it's address'd to. As for what I call serious Complaisance, that regards those cold, wise and prudent Creatures, who constrain their inclinations by a great effort of mind; and yield to their friends with as grave and cold an Air, as if they refus'd 'em, what they grant 'em. But as for what I call joyful, 'tis so peculiar to *Amilcar*, you need only see him

him to know it. For he appears so glad and gay, ready to do what is desir'd of him, that one would say he follows his own inclination, tho he says, he only follows that of his friends. And really I am perswaded, that when he seems the most Complaisant for others; it is then he is so most for himself. But still, said *Plotina*, what is, and is not necessary to be done? You must do all that Reason requires, reply'd *Clearchus*, that is to say, you must have Sweetness, Civility and Complaisance; but such a Complaisance as is not incompatible with freedom, which yields without weakness, commends without flattery, complys with judgment and innocence, to times, places and persons; and which without affectation and baseness, renders Society agreeable, and life more commodious and more diverting. It must likewise help the supporting the whimsies and inequalities of friends, and not take such strict notice of some light frowardnesses, in case they be not too frequent; sometimes submitting ones pleasure to that of others, and a thousand other little things, which without offending reason, and going against justice, serve effectually to meliorate Mankind. And indeed Complaisance can sometimes disarm Anger, appease Fury, and restore Tranquility to an irritated Spirit. But 'tis requisite to know for
what

what it is proper, and not abuse it, as is sometimes done by certain remedies, that are indifferently made use of in all manner of Diseases; for certainly silly Complaisance is insipid and nauseous, and does not so much as oblige those People it is address'd to. We must then, if possible, find out that I speak of. And to shew I do not talk of a thing that is impossible, we need only, added he, consider the Ladies here, who assuredly have all that Civil Complaisance, which pleases all, prejudices none, adorns Wit, renders Humour agreeable, augments friendship, redoubles love, and complying with Justice and Generosity, becomes the secret Charm of the Society of all Mankind.

Of

*Of the difference betwixt a
Flatterer, and one that is
Complaisant.*

2 **T**Was without doubt a lucky hit of Fortune this, the obliging me to speak of the difference there is between Civil Complaisance and Flattery. I have so great an aversion for all Flatterers in general, that this aversion will serve me instead of Wit, and make me the better discover the sordidness of Flattery. At least I am sure, I have not in me what most universally causes Flattery to be tolerated. Yet it is certain, that nothing is so easily pardoned as Flattery spoken with a good grace; and this proceeds undoubtedly, for that a Man is his own Primary Flatterer, and almost ever says more good of himself than another does or can say of him. Inasmuch as Flattery is much more nearly allied to what we think of our selves

selves than to Truth, and perpetually keeps a secret Correspondence in our hearts, which we ought to distrust. Those that love to be flattered, esteem 'emself too much. Flatterers commonly become so, in that being very sensible they have neither Vertue nor Merit sufficient, to please or acquire Credit, without the help of Flattery, and we may say, they have an ill Opinion, both of themselves and others. But before I distinguish rational Complaisance, from that which is not so, it will not be perhaps improper to make a light description of a Flatterer. His first Quality is to renounce Truth, without any scruple, and never to employ it; to be incapable of any Friendship; to love nothing but his Pleasure and Interest; never to speak but with relation to himself; to address himself only to Fortune. He has no particular Constitution. He becomes what his Interest requires him to be; serious with the Grave; merry with the Chearful; but never unhappy with those who are become so. For he abandons them as soon as he knows they are left by Fortune. And I am of the Opinion of one of my Friends, who has said, speaking of Flatterers:

Their

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*Their Malice is by others Miseries
Reviv'd, and Hatred, Pities place supplies.
The Man has a sure Title to their Hate,
That makes a shift to be unfortunate.
Blind Fortune is the Mistress of their heart ;
And whom she smiles upon, they take his part.
But those, that Broken are on Fortunes Wheel,
From their Reviling Tongues new torments feel :
And in these cursed Plagues of all Mankind
Their last unhappiness th' unhappy find.*

But to return where I left off, the Flatterer is never uniform in his Sentiments. He is capable of contradicting himself always ; of receiving all manner of impressions, none being particular to him, he is for all that People will ; and yet is for nothing but what is serviceable to his Design. He makes Virtues of all Vices when he pleases ; he is as insupportable to those who are below him, as submissive to those he has need of : for as he spends all his life in flattering them that are above his condition, he would also be flattered by those who are below it. Dissimulation is his constant Comrade. No Country he has, no Friends, no Relations, and often times no Religion. The true Flatterers do not content themselves with praising them who do not merit being praised : but to praise those

those likewise, whose Vices they change into Vertues; they change as much as they can, the Vertues of others into Vices: Detraction and Calumny are very often employ'd by a true Flatterer, for the pleasing those to whom he makes his Court. He never warns his friends of the faults they commit during their good fortune; but if they fall, he is the first to insult over their Calamities, that he may render himself grateful to those who succeed 'em. Finally, I freely maintain, a Flatterer is the basest of all Men. But of all Fawners, those who flutter about the Great, are the most mischievous, and the most to be feared; and we may say of Flattery hereabouts, that in fixing it self upon the Great, it acts sometimes like that creeping Weed, which covers the Walls it afterwards destroys. For certain it is, that Flattery, by deceiving the Great, both in respect of others and 'emselfes, renders 'em very often unjust, and afterwards unhappy. Flattery is not only dangerous in Courts; it is so in Friendship, in Love, and in all sorts of Conditions; for there are flattering Lovers, as well as flattering Friends and Courtiers; yet with this difference, the flattering Lovers do oftentimes believe part of the flatteries they cajole their Mistresses with; and the self-minded Flatterers do always speak against their Sentiments. And then

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then, to say truth, Flattery in Love is not so dangerous: For when Women are endued with Reason, they are upon their guard against all that Lovers tell 'em: And it is the most important point of the Ladies Morals, to doubt of all, that's told 'em by way of Galantry. But in short, whether in Court, Love or Friendship, it is the mark of a great and noble Soul, not to love Flattery, and to be incapable of flattering. We ought certainly to look upon Flattery, as a Slave that is ever low, cowering and depending on Fortune. There are Flatterers of all Conditions, and for all manner of Interests. Those who are by way of *Parasites* do the least mischief, seeing they are despised by those they divert. But the most dangerous of all are those, who counterfeit sincere Friendship, and frequently deceive very able Persons: So that we may say, serious Flattery is the most dangerous of all. I have a thousand times in my life made reflection, why we are oftner deceived in Friends than in other matters. I know People of great Sence, who have never been deceived in any Affair of Concern; so acute and able are they, and such care do they take to prevent being surprized. And indeed, when they take Menial Servants, they carefully enquire after the places, where they were employed. And those who seem so wise and able

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People, and who use so much precaution that they may not be deceived in small concerns, boldly take friends upon the first flatteries that are told 'em; and engage their hearts before they know, if those they give them to, are worthy of the Present. Yet I am perswaded, we ought to use a thousand times more care to know those well, whom we would make friends of, than those we take for our Domesticks. For we can at most but confide our Money with our Servants; and we trust our Secrets with our Friends. Wherefore it is requisite, before we give 'em that Rank, to examine well if they deserve it; and duly consider, if the Complaisance they have is such, as arises from Friendship, and which is managed by Reason: For it is not to be imagined, I would banish civil Complaisance out of the World. True Friends ought neither to be rash, nor morose, nor disagreeable. They ought to praise, and praise better than Flatterers; and so much the more, as for to acquire to themselves the right of reprehending their friends on some occasions, they must needs commend 'em in others, when they are worthy of praise; for the sincerest mark of Friendship that can be given, is to advertize our friends generously of the faults they commit, or are ready to commit. We must likewise courageously run the risque

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Flattery and Complaisancy. 163

of displeasing 'em in some sort, rather than expose 'em to do any action for which they would be blamed. When we have also done any thing, which we our selves know is not well; we must take notice, whether our friends put us in mind of it, or if at least they grant we have ground for our suspicions. For if it be not so, they are either weak or Flatterers. I know very well the beginnings of Flattery are difficult to be known. The Civility and Gallantry of the World does at first conceal it; Custom afterwards gives it admittance; and as soon as we are used to it, we are no longer capable of knowing it. Honest Complaisance, which is the pretext wherewith Flattery covers it self, does indeed render Friendship more sweet, serves Ambition and Love; and is, as I may say, the bond of Society. Without it the Opiniative, the Ambitious, the Cholerick, and in short, all People of violent and contrary Constitutions, could not live together. It unites, it sweetens, it binds Society; but it is after a free manner, that has nothing low, fustian or servile, and favours neither of eagerness, nor interest, nor dissimulation. But sordid Complaisance, or, to say rather, Flattery, disguises it self in all Encounters; it flatters Beauty, Age and Wit. It praises the Friends of those it would flatter, and blames their Enemies, be they who they will;

will ; and takes a great circuit for the besieging a heart it has a design to gain. True Friends extenuate the good Offices they render, and Flatterers exaggerate 'em. Sincere Friends cannot have more joy, than to see, that the People they love, are beloved by all the World. But Flatterers, on the contrary, are afraid, that others should please more than themselves ; and 'tis properly in their hearts, that Jealousie may be found without Affection. Yet we must be cautious, how in forbearing to fall into one fault, we fall not into another, of being uncivil and contradicting. The genteel, manly sort of Complaisance is easie to be discern'd when we take notice of it. It has never any particular interest ; it aims in general at the *Convenience* of the World. It is strictly, what we call the Art of Living. There can be no peculiar Rules for it. Judgment and Vertue must prescribe its Laws. We are not to be Complaisant ; either for the deceiving our Prince, if we are at Court ; or for the abusing our Friends. Neither dissimulation, nor lying nor any servile interest, must ever be mingled with it. We must not make a Trade of Flattery, which is certainly a more dangerous Poyson than is imagined ; for there are hardly any Flatterers in the World, but may have others. And if acute and understanding Princes carefully observe all that comes to their knowledge, they will often see Flattery in their
Courts

Flattery and Complaisancy. 165

Courts in a thousand different Figures. It is to be met with in Balls, in Revels, in Feasts and Masquerades : sometimes too, in the most Holy Places, where it should not dare to approach : and 'tis commonly more trim and gallant than sincere Complaisance, which trusts in its own Charms. Flattery, in short, has a language peculiar to it self : it never praises but by exclamations, and with a design to delude. I know there are Flatterers by Constitution, who think of nothing in particular, and who thro a general design of pleasing all the World, have a certain silly Complaisance. These People are not mischievous, but commonly have little Wit ; and being sensible they were not able to maintain their Opinion, tho they could have one, they yield to all the World and make a profession of being Complaisant. I pity these People, and content my self to shun them without hatred. But as for Flatterers, who would usurp the Esteem and Kindness of Persons of Honour, and Kings, and the Favourites of great Princes, by Artifices that ought to be punished. I hate them to that degree, and I know 'em so well, I think I may boast, they will never deceive me.

Of

Of Dissimulation and of Sincerity.

DOn Pedro, Lucinda, Padilla, Alphonso, Don Felix, Mathilda, and several others, being one day at Theodora's House, they fell insensibly to talk of Dissimulation, whereof Courtiers are more accused, than the rest of the World. For my part, said *Don Pedro*, I am perswaded, the cause of this is, they abound in Wit more than other People ; and to speak sincerely, perfect Dissimulation is the Master-piece of Prudence and Judgment. Ah ! Sir, replied *Mathilda*, is it possible you can speak in this manner ? and can you praise a thing directly opposite to Reason ; which makes up all the happiness in the life of a Gentleman ; and without which the Commerce of the World would be only a continual Cheat ? For my share, answer'd he, I have ever believ'd, that those who dissemble most dexterously are those, who have the most reputation

Of Dissimulation and Sincerity. 167

tion of being sincere. There is a great deal of difference, replied *Lucinda*, between seeming sincere, and being really so. It is certainly a thing, wherein we are very easie to be deceived, said *Theodora*. For my particular, added the subtle *Padilla*, who had not yet spoken, I would willingly know exactly what that sincerity is, which all the World brags of, without exception. The truth is, added *Lucinda*, 'tis a Vertue which People adorn 'emselfes with the most universally. The greatest part of other good Qualitys are not in use with all manner of Persons. Goodness, which is so precious a thing, finds some who would not even pass for good; and who almost place their happiness in being thought wicked. Many Men, whose profession is not to go to War, very frankly confess they are not brave. They refer 'emselfes to Generosity, tho I am perswaded the fearful are seldom generous. There are others would be offended if you call'd 'em learned. I know some, that ridicule affection, and think indifference is the true quality of Courtiers, that they may be always ready to embrace, what Party their interest demands. But as for Sincerity, all the World boasts of it, and will needs have it; and the greatest Hypocrites cloth 'emselfes at least with Sincerity: for without that their Dissimulation would be in-

ineffectual. True it is, said *Mathilda*, we hear nothing talk'd of but Sincerity; all Conversations are stufft with it; all Letters are full of it: People Crack of it in Love, in Friendship, in Affairs, in the Commerce of the World, in Compliments: and yet I maintain, that Sincerity which seems so general, is the scarcest thing in the World; and very often those, who speak of it the best, are those who have and practice it the least. For my part, said *Padilla*, I would know very exactly what Sincerity is; and whether there be any difference betwixt being true and being sincere. Do not doubt of it in the least, reply'd *Mathilda*; for tho' Truth be, as I may say, the Soul of Sincerity, there is however a distinction to be made between the one and the other. People can never be sincere, unless they be true: But one may on some occasions, not deserve to be called sincere. Tho' a Man is not a Lyar, he may be of a close temper and hate Lying. But Sincerity must of necessity carry along with it all the Beauty of Truth, all the Charms of Freedom, all the Sweetness of Confidence. It commonly produces a certain openness of heart, which appears in the Eyes, and renders the Physiognomy agreeable. Sincerity does not like Truth turn upon Words. All our Actions must also be sincere. It is ever an Enemy

And of Sincerity. 169

my to Artifice and all Dissimulation; excessive Prudence is not in use with it. In a word, it is a beauty without paint, which fears not to be seen in the truest light, nor to be nearly observed. On the contrary, 'tis for its advantage, that it be carefully examined, for fear of being taken for a false sincerity, which sometimes deceive those, who are not acquainted with the real one. Nevertheless there's a great difference between 'em: the one is ever contriving to seem what it is not; and the other does not so much as think of seeming what it is: false sincerity studys it self, views it self, and proportions it self to others; but the real, without reflecting upon others, or it self, is always the same. Yet if a Man was so excessively sincere, interrupted *Don Pedro*, would he not be sometimes either imprudent or troublesome. Not at all, replied *Mashilda*: For I do not mean, that People should have an uncivil and rude sincerity, which causes 'em to reproach the imperfections of the Person they converse with; nor that they should say all they know. I mean not, I say, that to appear sincere, they should lose their Judgment. 'Tis by it, that all Vertues may have a good use; and without it Justice and Clemency, which two are the greatest of all Heroick Vertues, would not always be in their place. There are two
I Ver-

Vertues, which can never cease being so. But this does not hinder, but there are occasions, wherein Justice is more necessary than Clemency: And others, wherein Clemency is more Noble than Justice. Sincerity it self ought to be attended with a just discretion, which sets bounds to it, and regulates its use. We ought never to be Hypocrites, nor cease being sincere. But when we meet with cunning and treacherous People, we are allowed not to open our hearts: and it is very convenient to reproach them with their imperfections by a quite contrary procedure: and to have Sincerity and Generosity both together, to shew we do not approve of 'em. But if we carry Sincerity so far, said *Padilla*, we must renounce Society. Consider, I beseech you, after what manner People live at Court; and then you will judge if I am in the right. The Ambitious, can they be sincere, without renouncing Fortune? Would Lovers be lov'd, if they were always downright? Do not they say, they sigh perpetually, they burn, they die, and of all this there is hardly any thing true. Ah! Madam, said then *Alphonso*: You speak like a Person who does not well understand Sincerity. You make it a Slave whereas 'tis a Queen. You use it as a trifle; and it ought to possess the hearts of all Persons of Honour. There is a certain flat-

flattering Language introduced into the World, which deceives no body, added *Mathilda*, and does not destroy sincerity. The Lovers, who burn and die in Songs, don't delude their Mistresses, if they are endued with Reason. But the Man who should act the Lover without being so, should seem to act very seriously, and at the bottom aim at nothing but deluding her he Courted, would certainly be a Cheat : And I am perswaded, a Man of Honour, except in certain Gallantries full of Civility, which Custom has established, and by which, as I have already said, no body is deluded, ought neither to speak, nor to act against the Sentiments of his heart in Love or business. Besides, we ought not to fancy that Sincerity says all it knows to all the World. But it never says, what it does not know. Once again, said *Padilla*, See now your People perfectly sincere. Take my word, *Mathilda*, they ever say more or less than they think : and when I examine myself, I am very sensible, that Sincerity often quits me. I have said a hundred times to Women of my Acquaintance, that I thought 'em beautiful, well dress'd, well made, that they danced admirably ; and yet I believ'd nothing of all this. We conceal Love, Hatred, Ambition ; and we only shew, what we believe may please or be useful. The

World has ever took this course, and ever will. And that you may be convinc'd of the truth of what I say, recall into your mind, Persons of all Conditions, Kings themselves, can they, and ought they to be always sincere? and if there be any, who have sincerity, it must undoubtedly have its source in their own hearts; for they hardly ever see it either in the looks or words of those about 'em. All the World is careful to hide their Sentiments and Ambition, from all those who are able to bestow Favours. They would have People believe, that they hate all they hate, that they only aim at their Glory, and not at all at their own Interest. Then the Courtiers conceal 'emselves from one another; they make a Mystery of their Pretensions, their Engagements and Intrigues. They are merry with the Facetious, grave with the Melancholy. They have Love or Hatred according as their Interest requires. When two Men of Quality have a Quarrel; if they do not go to both their Houses, they have their Service offered to him, with whom they have not been, by a third person, if he may be made use of in any matter; and so commonly they choose the most powerful side. I shan't descend into a lower Rank. But we do not now adays find more Sincerity in other Conditions without ex-
cepting.

cepting the very Slaves. I know a certain sort of People among others, said *Don felix*, who have no sincerity, who are Authors both in Prose or Verse ; for if they commend the Works that are shewn 'em, they praise 'em more than they believe they deserve : and if they blame them, when the Author is not present, they exceed their own Sentiments. At least you'll admit me to assert, said *Mathilda*, that there's sincerity between real Friends. When you shall have shewn the Friends you speak of, replied *Don Pedro*, we shall see what I shall have to say. It would be a strange thing, rejoyn'd *Mathilda*, if there was no sincere Friendship in the World. I do not say, said *Lucinda*, there is no sincerity nor friendship. But I hold there is no perfect sincerity ; for to be such, it must always be equal betwixt two Persons, who love one another perfectly well. However I maintain, that between those who love one another best, there are sometimes certain disgusts, whereof they do not unboosome themselves at least while they last. This likewise happens oftner in the hearts of persons, who love perfectly, than in those of others ; because they are more nice and sensible, and know better the tenderness of their affection, than those they love can do. This being so, you may easily judge, that during those se-

cret pets, exact Sincerity is wounded. That I grant, reply'd *Matilda*. But 'tis the fault of the Person who gives occasion to those Vexations, if they are well grounded, and not of him who has them; for in a tender and faithful Affection, we are almost obliged to divine the fault that is committed. A strange thing is this same Love, said *Alphonso*; he is always Master, wheresoever he comes. Do not you take notice how we abandon Sincerity to speak of him? Right, said *Matilda*. For 'tis not commonly under his Empire, we are to seek it; Friendship is much more proper for Sincerity than Love. There is certainly something more strong, that is required, to oblige a Person to be sincere at all times, and in all things. There must be Sentiments above Reason, without which that Sincerity which is so much talk'd of, is a Quality, that has nothing fix'd, which complys with Times, Occasions, and those to whom we speak. No, without doubt, added he, that exact Sincerity so full of Confidence, can only be found in a violent Love, which makes a Man as sincere to the Person he loves, as he is to himself, as I may say. Inasmuch as (said *Padilla*, smiling) to have that perfect Sincerity, which *Matilda* so much esteems, we must
ne-

necessarily have Love. Ah! *Padilla*, interrupted *Matilda*, do not wrest my words so contrary to my meaning. But usually, added she, looking upon her, it is not requisite to be young, beautiful, to love for to be belov'd, and to love ones self much, to be very sincere; for one has too many interests to manage: and 'tis necessary to be as I am a good natur'd Person, who prizes Friendship beyond all things, and should count it for nothing, if it were without Sincerity.

You have too much interest in Youth and Beauty, reply'd *Padilla*, to speak as you do; and I something doubt, that a person who so well knows the Art of making her self beloved, can be much displeased at Votaries of that kind. But, without examining this any further, I desire to know, whether there is commonly more Sincerity between Men than between Women, or from one Sex to the other. Ah! as for the Ladys, said *Don Felix*, they never use it to one another; at least to all those, who pretend to any thing in the World. They are all born, as I may say, in different Interests. All the excellent Qualities, which render 'em Amiable, set them at Dissention. The Fair put the Brown in the second Rank; the Brown, tho with less Lustre, think to make more assured

Conquests than the Fair. The Beautiful make no account of Wit. Those who have more Wit than Beauty, weaken as much as they can this powerful Charm, which attracts so many hearts. They undesignedly make each an *Antagonist*; and that secret desire they have in their hearts; permits 'em not to have ever any real sincerity for one another. Yet this Rule is not so general. There are *Mathildaes*, *Lucindaes*, and some others, who are exceptions to it. But in short, according to my Sentiments, there is little sincerity among Ladys. If the Interests you attribute to Ladys, reply'd *Mathilda*, do so divide 'em as to be an Obstacle to Sincerity, how can there be any among Men, who have much greater Interests to set 'em at Dissention? They have Honour to manage, for which reason many of the Brave cannot allow of Valour in their Enemys, nay not in their very friends, Ambition, Love, Envy, Affairs, Intrigues of the World, and a thousand other things, still put more and more obstacles to true Sincerity among them than among Women. In short, interrupted *Padilla*: I perceive we must conclude, there is ordinarily more Sincerity between an honest Man and an honest Woman, than between two friends of the same Sex. That I grant, said *Don Alphonso*, without giving

ing the exclusion of Sincerity to any Body ;
and I declare, I should esteem my self the most
happy Man in the World, if a beautiful and
charming Person I know, could resolve to ad-
mit of my Sincerity. I fancy, said *Padilla*,
the greatest advantage we shall draw from
this Conversation, is that *Don Alphonso* will
have found a new way to make a Declaration
of Love, which no Body will dare to be offend-
ed at ; for who can be so unjust as to refuse
the Sincerity of a Man of so much Honour ?

*The End of the First
Tome.*

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3. third of these is the fact that the

1914

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CONVERSATIONS
UPON
Several Subjects.

Written in FRENCH
By
Mademoiselle de SCUDERT.
And done into ENGLISH,
By
Mr. FERRAND SPENCE.

The Second TOME.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *H. Rhodes* next door to the Bear-
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CONVENTION

OF THE

AMERICAN

ASSOCIATION

OF

THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

OF
IDLENESS
AND
INGRATITUDE.

AS the Conversations of choice Persons, whose number is not very great, are of all the most agreeable; *Cæsonia*, *Amilcar*, *Æmilius*, and *Herminius*, being one day in the charming *Plotina's* Chamber, they fell into a Discourse that proved very diverting, though the occasion of it was somewhat sorrowful. For coming to speak of *Clælia* and *Arontius*, they pitied them with much tenderness; and foreseeing all the Misfortunes which they seemed to be threatned withal, the beginning of their entertainment was something sad and melancholy. But as *Amilcar* could not talk long on such dismal things without fitting 'em to his humour; It must be confessed, cried he all

on a suddain, those who are capable of great Passions are much more miserable than others; and it is much better in the general to love all that pleases, than to make our Pleasure consist in one-sole Object. And indeed, added he, I think that to love but one thing in the whole Universe, is to act after a manner injurious to Nature.

But do not you remember, replied *Plotina* smiling, you would fain make me believe I am the Mistress of your Heart? and yet what you say is not altogether proper for the gaining my Love. You have your self forgotten, rejoyn'd he, that your Maxims are not very different from mine, and it is rather Joy than Love that unites us: or to explain my self more clearly, the Joy I have in loving you does maintain the Passion I have for you. Besides, to speak the truth, I am naturally something too lazy to undertake the having one of those great Passions wherein great things are ever to be done: and I am undoubtedly more proper for a trifling *Amour* than an *Heroick Love*.

Methinks, said *Cesonia*, you attribute to your self none of the best Qualities; At least I have ever thought Laziness was a fault.

Ah! *Cesonia*, cried *Amilcar*, if you knew what

what delight may be found in a certain Carelessness, the Daughter of Laziness, and how sweet an entertainment is the Idleness of a man who has any delicacy of Wit, you would not talk at that rate; and you would find, that if Diligence be sometimes more useful, Laziness is almost ever more agreeable. And truly, added he, if you would but think of it well, you would find, that those who are naturally diligent, hardly ever have the leisure to do any thing; because the same Temperament which inspires Diligence, gives a certain activity to those who are capable thereof, which obliges 'em to make themselves a thousand difficult affairs. Those people undertake all, will be every where, and have a hand in every thing; and so order their business, that they deprive themselves of what, according to the intention of Nature, is the recompence of all Labours, and the aim of all the actions of life, which is Repose: For the most resolute Heroes, in the pursuit of Glory through difficult Paths, propose to themselves Quiet as the end of their Labours. Why then am I to be blamed, since being able to obtain in Idleness that happy Repose which is so great a pleasure, I peaceably enjoy it? Why, I say, do people tax me for praising and lov-

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ving it, and for preferring Idleness before Labour? For is there any thing so sweet as the having nothing to do? and to do all we have a mind to?

I confess, said *Herminius*, 'tis very sweet to have it in our power to do all we please: but I deny that it is often agreeable to do nothing. I own 'tis sometimes very delightful to enjoy in peace a virtuous Labour; but this delight does not principally consist in Idleness, but in the liberty of doing exactly what is most pleasing. Continual Labour is something too painful, but continual Laziness is so horrible and so tiresome, that I hate nothing more.

As for Laziness, resumed *Amilcar*, I hate it as much as you; but for the Idleness I mean, I love it with all my Heart.

Methinks, said *Cassonia*, there is no great difference between those two things.

How, *Cassonia*! replied he, you do not think what you say: For a Lazy person is properly a man either without Virtue, or without Wit, or without Ingenuity. But a gallant Idle man, is a Philosopher, that does nothing, by reason there is nothing in the world worthy of employing him; or a man, who seeking Wisdom in another way than men do commonly, seeks onely Pleasure and Repose, without concerning him-

himself either with the publick good, or a hundred things that make all the hurry of Life. And who finds more happiness in being deliciously seated upon the Grass on a Fountain side, entertaining himself with some young Shepherdes, than the Ambitious who are always diligent, do find in the midst of all the honours they acquire by perpetual Labours? And if you will but rightly consider all things, you will find, as I have already said, that Repose is the aim of all humane Actions. For men only fight that they may live in Peace; aspire only to Glory, that they may enjoy it in quiet; learn, that they may learn no more; go, that they may rest at their Journeys end: And whosoever does not look upon Repose as the Sovereign good, does what a man would do who should undertake to travel always, without ever designing to arrive at a place where he meant to make his abode.

What you say is very pleasantly exaggerated, replied *Herminius*; but yet I maintain, there can be no true delight in Repose, unless we look upon it as a commodious means to do what is most pleasing. And indeed, to make use of the same Examples you have urged, do you think those Philosophers who have rendred themselves ca-

pable of finding that the World has no employ worthy of busying their thoughts and time, can be called idle? Do you call their doing nothing, the having learnt to be more contented with Poverty, than the Ambitious are with Victories? to forbear all pleasures that voluptuousness has invented, and to be contented with their Books, the warbling of Birds, the murmurs of a Fountain, and their own Innocence? As for those other idle people, who are only possessed with Effeminacy, I confess they deserve the Name you give them; and whosoever loves only Pleasures, may say he is in a continual Idleness.

It is at least a pretty sweet Idleness, replied *Amilcar* smiling; but if it became us to be always idle, said *Herminius*, all men would be so: For it would be much more commodious to be idle, than to seek Glory through those difficult Paths wherein it has been found by all the Heroes.

If that Sentiment had always been received, added he, and Idleness and Carelessness had been put in the number of Virtues, we should have neither Cities, nor Laws, nor Monarchies, nor Republicks; the whole world would be in confusion, and all men would live in the Fields, after the manner of Flocks and Herds. The Arts
would

and *INGRATITUDE.* 7

would never have been invented ; and the same Sensuality which causes you to speak in defence of Laziness , would want above half the Charms which make it followed by those who have the blindness to prefer it before Virtue : Since it is true, men have by their Labour invented and perfected many things which serve for Pleasure , as Dancing, Musick, and several others. Inasmuch, that if Idleness had been the Mistress of the world, the world would be in a horrible confusion and ignorance ; and *Amilcar* himself, who knows a hundred things, which he has learnt with great care, could know nothing of what he knows ; would not make that Figure in the world he does ; would have hardly any agreeable quality ; nor could he even speak of Idleness as he now speaks of it. I am also sure he does not speak according to his real Sentiments.

True, replied *Amilcar*, whatsoever I may have said , I am neither Idle nor Lazy. But not to lie, I would willingly have the leisure to be so , and not be obliged to think all my life of doing things which are of no use, and wherein I take little delight. For to deal with you ingenuously, the most part of mens Labours do only find ingratitude in those peoples Hearts for whom

they take pains: And from King to Slave, every man has at least found one ungrateful person in his life. And truly people believe, that a Prince, when he is just and merciful, is obliged to be so; and that his being so is no obligation to them. The greatest part of Kings, because they are born Masters of others, imagine that they owe no reward to their faithful Subjects; and that Tyranny is a Right of their Sovereignty. They who govern Commonwealths are exposed to the Ingratitude of the People: And those who have the chiefest employs in States of that nature, imagining that those they govern can never blindly enough obey them, never think of giving 'em any marks of acknowledgement. Masters believe that Slaves are only born to serve without reward: Slaves on the contrary are of opinion, that their Masters ought to recompence them for the least things, and ought to be continually a giving them. The Friends we oblige, knowing it is the duty of Friendship to serve those we love, reckon all as nothing we do for them: And those who oblige others, expect, on the contrary, that every thing they do should be put upon the Account.

A Father, in that he has given Life to his
Children,

Children, thinks they ought ever to be as dependant on him as they were while they were still in the Cradle ; and conning them no thanks for all they do to please him, does nothing at all for them.

Children, on their side, being perswaded that Birth is not the greatest obligation that can be had to their Parents, are evermore murmuring at the Life they have given them, when they do not for them all they are capable of doing.

Husbands, whose Authority is established by Force and Custom, thinking their Wives are too happy in obeying 'em, do not think themselves obliged by their Complaisance.

And Women who have Beauty or Virtue, thinking their Husbands too much blessed in such Wives, nothing can oblige 'em: They are commonly *Coquettes* when they are beautiful; or grumbling when they are Chaste. Lovers themselves are ungrateful, and more ungrateful than all others.

And indeed, added *Amilcar* smiling, if you heard but all the complaints they make, you would think they had met with terrible injustice and cruelty, and had never obtained any kindness. Yet it very often happens that a Lover, after having received a thousand and a thousand Favours, makes

makes a thousand and a thousand Complaints, onely for that he has been look'd upon a little less favourably than at other times : Infomuch , as forgetting all the kindneses he has received , he grumbles, threatens to pay his vows elsewhere, and is perfectly ingrateful.

As for the fair Ladies, pursued he, I could cite a hundred Songs wherein they have the quality of Ingrateful given them. For I know one which begins with,

Farewel ungrateful fair One.

Another with,

Ungrateful Phillis.

A third with,

All the Fair are all Ingrate.

In short, Ingratitude is so general a thing, that I almost conclude, it would be convenient to do nothing for any one soever ; and for fear of doing something for an ungrateful person, we ought to do nothing at all, and resolve to live onely for Lifes sake, without taking any care.

As for Ingratitude, said *Æmilins*, I own it does but too much abound.

I am of your opinion, replied *Herminius* ; but there would be much less of it, if there were no Laziness, and no Idleness : For com-

and *INGRATITUDE.* *Yd.*

commonly the lazy and idle are the most ungrateful; and who pretending to the being obliged by all the world, yet will oblige no body.

True it is, said then *Plotina*, you have all a great deal of Wit; but methinks you are to day in a humour of having more than usual: Wherefore I am desirous you would tell me two things which I long to know. The first is, to examine which is the most shameful, to be lazy for want of Wit, or for want of Courage. And the second is, to examine well all the several kinds of Ingratitude which the world is full of, to know which is the greatest; for there are many sorts of it. For my particular, I have a friend who keeps no account of the Services that are done her, who forgets an hundred considerable Offices without ever thinking of acknowledging 'em; who because she is beautiful, and loves her Beauty more than her self, if I may be allowed to speak in that manner, never forgets a flattery or a praise; and will do many more kindnesses for those who deceive her, provided they praise her, than for them who serve her effectually.

That often happens, said *Cæsonia*. But before we fall to speak of Ingratitude, let us speak a little of those Idle persons whose
Idle-

Idleness has divers causes. I know some of 'em; added she, who are only so because they are Lazy : for they have Wit; they likewise shew on some occasions, when forced to it, that they do not want Courage : and there are those too to be seen who have no ill habits.

Those people, replied *Herminius*, are altogether culpable : For I know nothing more strange, than to be useless to the world, and useless to ones self; than to have Wit, and to do nothing with it; than to have a certain indifferent Heart, which makes people concern themselves in nothing; have neither Ambition nor Love; and live after so careless a manner, as renders 'em incapable of any great Pleasures. For my part, I should rather chuse to apply my self to something that was not altogether good, than to apply my self to nothing.

For my share, replied *Plotina*, I am of *Herminius* his opinion. I find it much more shameful to be eternally idle for want of having the will of undertaking any thing, than to do nothing for want of Wit. For what can we accuse a poor dull fellow of, who in taking any employ, can only shew his stupidity? I likewise boldly say, that those to whom the Gods have been sparing
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In the gifts and riches of the Mind, are very happy when they make 'em Lazy into the bargain; and so they remain concealed in obscurity. This imperfection in them, produces the same effect that Prudence does in others; since it hinders 'em from shewing themselves in the world. And indeed, no Body but knows there are people who would never be spoken of, if they were not in great employments; and of whom a thousand disadvantageous things are said, because they acquit themselves ill of what they have rashly undertaken. Set a Fool to the managing Affairs of State, and a Coward to command an Army, and you will say that it would be well if there were more idle persons than there are. For the Idle never do hurt to any but themselves: And those who have employs which they are not worthy of, very frequently overturn the order of the World. They make War when they ought to make Peace: they make Peace when they should make War; and not knowing what they do, it would be much better they did nothing at all. Wherefore, after having weigh'd it well in my thoughts, I am of Opinion it would be much more proper to complain of those busie Fools, than of those wretched Idle

4 *Of IDLENESS*

people who onely seek rest and quiet, and who very often by taking rest, do much better than they would if they were in action.

Let us then leave them in their blessed idleness, resum'd *Casoria*; and in truth, I repent my having had the curiosity of knowing exactly the different degrees of Contempt which I ought to allow them in my mind.

'Tis impossible for me to abandon them yet, return'd *Herminius*; and I cannot forbear saying, that the most criminal of all that are idle, are those that employ themselves in nothing, when they are obliged to be in action through the necessity of an Employment which Fortune has bestowed upon 'em. For though all Idleness is blamable; when a man is engaged in nothing, though he has chosen no Profession, and through Choice, through Laziness, Incapacity, or some other reason, spends his Life in so great an Idleness, he could almost die without any bodies losing thereby either Pleasure or Profit, and even without its being taken notice of; we must content our selves with the affording such a man as this our Pity, and not our Esteem. But when we see a man, who by his Birth or Choice is intrusted with a great employ
which

which demands his being active, and yet he is not so, he deserves to be despised and hated.

For my part, said *Amilcar*, I find you have reason in what you say; but yet there are other people worse than those you speak of.

And pray, said *Casoria*, tell us who they are; for I must confess I do not at all apprehend who they can be.

They are such, replied *Amilcar*, who having a great Employment, are not diverted from the thoughts of acquitting themselves well of it, for the enjoying a certain Repose which has ever in it something sweet; but who having a capriciousness in their head, of which I have no conception, do not the things which they are obliged to do, and wholly busie themselves in matters which they might be without all their Life-time, and wherein they have not any engagement. And truly when I see a *Sacrificer* neglect the care of the Temple, whereof he is a *Minister*; who has no knowledge in *Victimes*; hardly knows the Ceremonies of a Sacrifice, but speaks well of War, Musick, and Hunting; I am in the most diverting wrath imaginable: For contemning him, I take very great delight in ridiculing such a man.

When

When I see a Senator with his grave Mien, and sometimes a little forc'd, ignorant of the Laws of his Country, and pretending to court a Lady, who raillies him for his Gallantry ; I think 'twould be much better for him to remain in his Closet, than to act a part he is not proper for : Nay, he ought not so much as to act his own.

On the other side, when I see a man whose Age and Profession allows him to be gallant, affecting too much Gravity ; and a Senator who plunges himself into the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, and speaks no smaller a word than that of *Transmigration* or *Metempsychosis*, I cry out sighing, *Oh Gods ! Why is not this man idle ?*

Moreover, when I see a Captain who is obliged to be brave, and to know his Profession, not so much as know the terms of the Art he undertakes, and yet knows too well all that belongs to Dancing ; I could also wish he would never do any thing as long as he lived.

When I see on the contrary a man, who by the baseness of his true Birth and Extraction, and his little wit, ought not to meddle with any business, and yet will be meddling with all ; I still strangely regret that this man is not idle.

After this, added *Amilcar*, shall people dare

dare to tell me, that Idleness is good for nothing? At least I may boldly say, that by it self it harms no one: And there is no comparison between Idleness and Ingratitude.

Ah! as for Ingratitude, replied *Herminius*, it is the basest of all Vices, and the most opposite to natural equity. And indeed, 'tis never to be met with amongst brut Beasts, not even among the most cruel and most salvage. Kindnesses and Caresses tame Lyons, and none but men are capable of Ingratitude. What is remarkable in this Vice, is, that 'tis directly opposite to Justice; and it subverts all the Laws of Society, which amongst rational Beings ought to be nothing else than a continual commerce of good Offices. According to the Laws of Humanity, we ought to do good to all that stand in need. Judge then if it be not just that we do good to those who have done good to us. Yet some Peoples Hearts are so base, that as soon as they are too much obliged, they fly from those they are bound to, and by little and little come to that pass, as not to be able to endure them.

What is most fantastical, said *Plotina*, is, that I know such persons as do nothing for those who have done all for them; and
who

who will render considerable Services to such people as never did them any good turn. These are of the humour of them who love rather to make Presents than pay Debts: And this good there is, that all the world murmurs against this horrible Vice; so that there is not any one ungrateful person but speaks against Ingratitude.

The reason of this is, said *Herminius*, for that no body does himself Justice, and the most part of men would willingly appear what they are not.

But what does most amuse me, added he, is to see, that this crime should be so general, though it be the only one absolutely deprived of all Pleasure. For a man who usurps anothers Goods and Estate, enriches himself by that Usurpation. A Slanderer hath the pleasure of prejudicing others, and always meeting with easie credit. A Cheat has the satisfaction of attaining the end he proposes to himself. A person of a Vindicative nature hath the pleasure of being revenged by committing acts of Cruelty. But an ungrateful man can never think of what has been done for him without some sort of Shame and Vexation.

I assure you, said *Plotina*, those who have attained the highest degree of Ingratitude never think of what people have done for them.

But

But if they do not think of it at all, re-
sumed *Herminius*, they have not at least a-
rry pleasure in not thinking on't. So that
you must allow of what I have urged.

I do so in good earnest, said she; for I
do not love to contest, but fully to content
my Curiosity. Tell me then, I beseech you,
which of all Ingratitudes is the black-
est?

'Tis that, replied *Amilcar*, where the ob-
ligation is the greatest.

That is not just what I ask, answer'd *Plo-
tina*.

And what is it then you ask, said *Ces-
onia*?

I ask, said that excellent Creature, in
what persons Ingratitude is the most odious;
either in the Soul of a King, or in that of
his Subjects; or in that of a Master, or
that of a Slave; or among Friends; or
betwixt a Father and Children; or be-
tween a Lover and a Mistress?

Ingratitude is so horrible a thing, an-
swered *Herminius*, that it never found any
one that had the boldness to defend it,
nor even the boldness to confess he was
culpable of it. Men sometimes own,
that they are Ambitious, are Cholerick,
are Revengeful. There are also such
people as boast of their being Cheats, and
think

think it commendable they have circumvented others : But men never confess they are ungrateful. Thus we must absolutely condemn Ingratitude wheresoever we meet with it.

But still it has different degrees, said *Plotina* ; and I believe I may boldly maintain, that it has nothing equal under the Sun.

In my opinion, said *Amilcar* then , we must divide the Ungrateful into three Orders. For there are those that are ungrateful in Duty , in Friendship , and in Love. The ungrateful in Duty, are Kings, Subjects, Fathers, Children, Masters, Slaves, Husbands and Wives. The ungrateful in Friendship , are Friends of both Sexes. And the ungrateful in Love, are Lovers and Mistresses.

Amilcar is in the right, said *Herminius* : Not but that amid those who are called ungrateful in Duty, there may be sometimes such as may be reckoned amongst the ungrateful in Friendship : But generally speaking, he has very well distinguished the Ungrateful ; and it onely remains to be examined who are the most culpable.

For my part, said *Amilcar*, I believe the ungrateful in Duty are the most criminal.

For my particular, said *Cæsonia*, I should almost

almost think the ungrateful in Friendship so.

And, said *Æmilius*, I am perswaded 'tis the ungrateful in Love.

That I imagine as well as you, replied *Herminius*; and you have onely got the start of me in speaking that truth. If there was a fourth side to be taken, said *Plotina*, I would willingly take it; but as there is not, I will first hear all your Reasons before I come to a Resolution.

As for mine, said *Amilcar* smiling, I shall quickly have done, since I have nothing else to say, than that Love cannot be brought into comparision with that kind of Duty we speak of. For men who have made Laws to teach Kings to govern, and People to obey, have made none for the teaching 'em to acknowledge Love: And all the Morals of the Goddess that is ador'd in *Cyprus*, is onely to be met with in Songs.

The same reason, resum'd *Herminius*, which obliged the wise *Numa* to make no Laws against Parricides, has without doubt obliged all those who have made Laws, to say hardly any thing of Love; in regard, as *Numa* presupposed that there could not be any Parricide, they have presupposed there could not be any ingratitude in Love.

Let

Let it be how it will, said *Amilcar* laughing, I did not undertake to lay before you the whole state of that business, but onely what I think of it. I say then, that considering Love as a Gallantry, I do not hold that the ungrateful who are of that Order are the blackest; and I think the ungrateful in Friendship are worse than them; though they are not so bad as the ungrateful in Duty of whom I am speaking. And truly, if it be necessary to consider the consequence of Ingratitude to know the greatness of it, it must be Confessed, that Ingratitude in Love is so very far from troubling civil Society, that it diverts the world: For commonly Amorous Ingratitude gives occasion to very fine Verses.

As for that which happens between two Friends, though it be horrible, does but at the most cause Hatred to succeed Friendship, and does but divide some Families. But the Ingratitude of ill Kings towards their Subjects, if the respect we owe to them will allow me to speak in that manner, makes a thousand Injustices to be committed: And that of the People towards Kings, raises Seditions, Revolts, and eternal Wars.

The Ingratitude of Parents to Children, and Children to Parents, stifles all sentiments

ments of Nature. That of Husbands to Wives, and Wives to Husbands, causes almost all the Criminal Amours, and all the Heroick Actions. Judge then if I was mistaken when I said, that the Ungrateful in Duty were the most dangerous.

I know not whether or no they are the most dangerous, replied *Cassonia*; but I maintain, that an ungrateful person in Friendship can never be a real honest man: and that it is not sometimes impossible but an ungrateful person in Duty may be so. For Kings there may be, who shall have no acknowledgement for the particular Services that are done them, who think more of their People, and yet are very great Princes. And indeed, if all Kings did positively love their Subjects, as a good Father ought to love his Children, and would acknowledge exactly the Services that are done them, they would never make War but in their defence; and they would leave them peaceably to cultivate their Lands, without ever undertaking to make Conquests. There may likewise be Ingratitudes of Ambition, which are not so black as the Ingratitudes of Friendship. All those who first began to reign, and laid the first foundation of Sovereignty, have been ungrateful to their Country. However, when it

was brought to pass that maen Citizens became great Kings, and Fortune has justified their ingratitude, they have been set in the rank of Heroes: But as for an ungrateful Friend, he has ever been set in the Form of the base and unworthy.

As to Parents and Children, Husbands and Wives, 'tis principally onely because they ought to love one another, that Ingratitude is most odious when it happens amongst them.

And truly, though I am perswaded that Children must always respect those to whom they owe their Lives, and obey them; yet I hold, that when they have to do with one of those Fathers who strain the Fatherly part too high, and acting continually with authority, never do any thing out of tendernefs; they may be in some sort excusable, when they have not for him all the acknowledgement imaginable: though I agree they ought ever to honour and serve them.

But in short, there is a certain decent respect, and reasonable Obedience, which is very different from those that are caused by a true acknowledgement.

What I say of Parents and Children, may likewise be said of Husbands and Wives. Besides, there is still a reason which renders
Ingrati-

Ingratitude more horrible betwixt Friends than between those I have now spoken of.

And indeed, Kings do not chuse their Subjects : all Subjects do not chuse their Kings. Neither do Parents chuse their Children, nor Children their Parents. Interest commonly makes all Marriages, rather than Reason or Love. Thus when all these persons are wanting in acknowledgement, though they be ever very culpable, yet they are less faulty than ungrateful Friends : Chiefly, because not loving, they lessen the value of the Obligations they have to one another : for thinking they owe less, 'tis not so strange that they dissemce themselves from part of what they owe.

As for Lovers, though their Ingratitude is to be abhor'd, we may still say, that since people do not love whom they please, they cannot be obliged to it against their will. We may likewise adde, that Love prepossessing all those it has in hold, when the prepossession ceases on one side; it begins on the other : For that a Lover, whose Love diminishes, does not think himself so obliged as he is to the person he is beloved by.

But as for Friends, we chuse them ; we are willing they should oblige us ; we engage

engage them so to do; we willingly receive their Services; we are not forced thereto, either by Laws, or an irregular Passion: And by consequence, Nature, Reason, Justice, Vertue, and Glory require that we should always return benefits for benefits; and that when we can do so, we should at least never forget the Obligation we have to a Friend, but proclaim it even with pleasure. For my part, I do not well apprehend how there can be ungrateful Friends; nor how there can be people who can suffer those that are so. What surety can there be in the heart of a man who fails his Friend, and fails himself? By what Sentiment can he be retained, who despises Friendship, Justice, and Glory; and makes it likewise be confessed, that he is as imprudent as he is false? For one that is ungrateful ruins his own Reputation among all persons of Honour; and does himself thereby more mischief than he does others, though perhaps he is not sensible of it.

'Twould not be impossible for a man to be ungrateful to his Prince, and yet full of acknowledgement to his Friend and his Mistress: And the like of all the other persons we have spoken of.

But for one ungrateful in Friendship, I
main-

and *INGRATITUDE*. 17

maintain he may be ungrateful to his King; to his Parents, to his Children, to his Wife; and to his Mistris: For Friendship is a thing so sacred, that who despises it, is capable of despising all things: Thus I think I have more reason on my side in this case than *Amilcar*.

You have at least a great deal of Wit, resumed *Herminius*: And I must confess too, that all you say to the advantage of Friendship is admirably well said: and it is so much the more so, in that it serves to prove, that the most horrible of all Ingratitudes, is Ingratitude in Love. But before that is done, I declare there is no Ingratitude excusable; and every ungrateful person is worthy of Hatred and Contempt: And truly the business is not to examine what 'tis we love or hate, for to know if we love, or if we ought to have acknowledgement. For as soon as we have received a good turn, we are indispensably obliged, not only to be acknowledging for it to our Friends, but even to our Enemies, when we accept a good Office from them. Nay, and for ought I know, we are obliged to be full of acknowledgement, when we even refuse the Services they are willing to do us.

The word *Acknowledgement* does so well

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shew

shew the necessary obligation of the person who receives a favour from any other, that none can be ignorant of it. And indeed, to acknowledge a good office, is to be always in a readiness to do all that has been done for us: And whoever does not find in his Heart a continual desire of doing for others what has been done to serve him, is without doubt a concealed ungrateful man, who will discover himself on the first occasion he shall have to serve those by whom he has been served.

But to come to the particular designe I have of making appear that Ingratitude in Love is the most horrible of all, I have no need of many words: For though there cannot be any small Ingratitude, it is however certain, that 'tis more or less great, according as the party has been more or less obliged. For if a man owes his life to a friend, he is more obliged, than if he was onely indebted to him for his Fortune; and will be still more ungrateful than if he were less his Debtor. This being so, can the Question in hand be brought into doubt? And is there any thing that can enter into comparison with Love? A man serves his King, his Parents, his Master, his Friend; and a Husband and Wife one another: But a Lover gives himself
to

to his Mistress, and a Mistress to her Lover. Nothing but Love a one, of two Hearts can make one.

I know very well, that Friendship may boast of this as well as Love, but it boasts of it without reason.

Two Friends, I say, two intimate Friends may each have a Mistress who will divide them, or at the least will render their Friendship less sensible, since it will be no longer their greatest pleasure. But for Heroick Love, though it strongly unites two persons, whose Hearts are tender, and Minds rational, I desire all the power of Friendship to divide them.

It is then methinks very easie to conclude, that since Love is an Union incomparably more strong and more perfect than Friendship; and nothing can be compared to the Obligation we have to a person who gives his Heart entirely up: There is no blacker Ingratitude than that of a Lover for a Mistress, or a Mistress for a Lover. Besides, when I speak of Love, I do not mean those frivolous and criminal Amours, which bear a name they do not merit. For they who love one another after that manner, onely give one another the time which they equally lose in trifling it away. They engage in nothing but to

divert themselves as well as they can, as long as they shall have the fancy of seeing and loving one another. But I mean a certain ardent and sincere love, grounded upon Esteem and Virtue, wherein there is made a true exchange of Hearts; wherein the Wills are mingled, and which seem as if they were to last eternally. For as there is nothing more precious in the world than an affection of that nature; whosoever is capable of Ingratitude, after having received one of that sort, is the most perfidious and the basest of all the Ungrateful. Nevertheless there is a certain self-interested Spirit, which almost obliges all men to despise more an ungrateful person that shall forget a good office which has been done him in order to his Fortune, than one ungrateful in Love, who shall forget all the marks of tenderness he has received.

However, to speak rationally, there is nothing more unjust, nor even more Inhumane, than to be capable of Ingratitude for a person, who in giving his Heart, has given all he can give. For in Love we ought not to reckon the Services we receive, as we reckon them in Friendship; because two persons loving perfectly, it must be supposed, that they are capable of doing for one another all that Virtue allows of,
even

even to the losing their Lives. Thus from that time they love one another they owe all the good offices that love can cause to be rendred; and they ought to keep an account of them as Services already done, since they need no more than the occasion, which depends only on Fortune.

But to hear you speak, resum'd *Emilius* coldly, it seems, that acknowledgement in Love does only regard happy Lovers.

I should be very glad this were so, said *Plotina* laughing, and there were some distinction to be made in case of acknowledgement: For otherwise I should be in despair, were I obliged not to be ungrateful to three or four men who pretend to love me.

There is without doubt, great distinction to be made in such things, repli'd *Herminius*; and indeed except in Love, we may never receive a good office without having an heart capable of returning it, and without thinking our selves obliged. But 'tis not so in Love: and a good acknowledgement ought never to be either against Justice or against Virtue. However, it would be contrary to them, both if a Lady acknowledged the affection equally of four or five Lovers: for in short, Love can never be divided.

But what will become then of the Services

B. 5

vices

vices of unhappy Lovers, replied *Æmilius* ? And why shall not that woman be accused of Ingratitude, who shall receive 'em without acknowledging them ?

Impossibility, replied *Herminius* , gives bounds to all things, and 'tis easie to understand it. A Lady does not love when she pleases : and when she loves any one, she can make no other acknowledgement for those she does not love, and who serve her, than that which obliges her to pity 'em ; to be desirous they were cured of their Passion ; and to serve them as true Friends, if she finds an occasion so to do. The Virtues never destroy one another : and a person could not be truly grateful, if he committed an injustice in being so. We are not allowed to prejudice one Friend for the serving another : And when I said we ought to acknowledge all the good offices we receive , That is to say , so as can reasonably be done.

Thus a Lady may not return Love for Love without being ungrateful ; and properly speaking , 'tis onely reciprocal Love that can have that black Ingratitude, which I think so horrible ; and which terrifies me so much the more , in that it can never be addressed , but to the person in the world by whom we are the most beloved , and
whom

whom we ought most to love. And then to speak of Ingratitude in general, it can never be good for any thing. Ambition may have good effects; Love often spurs people on to great Actions; Anger serves sometimes to support Justice; Cruelty, as hideous as it is, may be in some sort useful in the heart of those, who for the saving of a mans life, are obliged to cut off his Arm: And Ingratitude is almost the only thing that is onely good to do mischief. Gratitude on the contrary, which is a Virtue that does not make so much noise as many others, is notwithstanding altogether Heroical in the heart of those who truly know it: And for ought I know, there may be sometimes as much glory in acknowledging a Benefit with a good grace, as there is in rendring ones self a good Office.

OF

Of the way to Invent

A

FABLE.

A *Milcar* having done reading the Story of *Hesiod*, perceived, that all the Ladies Hearts were moved with Compassion, and he had afflicted instead of having diverted the Company.

I must confess, said *Clælia*, the death of *Clymene* very sensibly touches me.

For my part, said *Valeria*, I have more pity for *Hesiod* than I can express.

I have the same for *Lyfiscrates*, added *Cli-damira*.

I am not of your mind, rejoyn'd *Berilisa*; for I have never any Compassion for those who have once ceas'd loving, though Love is renew'd in their Hearts.

My Compassion proceeds much further than yours, said *Salonnina*; for I also pity the poor *Troilus*.

Mine is still much greater than that you boast of, replied *Plotina* smiling; for at the

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moment I speak, I die for fear that poor Dog, so faithful to his Master, after having caused his Murderers to be discovered, was lost in the crowd of People; or that he died of grief after the loss of his Master and Mistress.

All the Company laugh'd at *Plotina's* pity, and went a walking in several Companies; except *Clælia*, *Valeria*, *Plotina*, *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar*, who began to rally *Plotina* for the pity she bore to *Hesiod's* Dog.

No, no, interrupted *Anacreon*, be not so severe upon her, for this reason: Perhaps the pity she had for that poor Dog, has a more substantial foundation than the pity we have for the death of *Clymene*. For to speak to you sincerely, though I am a *Greek*; and moreover a Poet, yet I am of opinion that the History you have now read is almost all invented. Nevertheless, it is pretty ingeniously done, added he: For I not onely find it more beautiful than Truth, but more probable too. And indeed the History says nothing else of *Hesiod*, but that he dwelt in the Burrough of *Asera* in *Bootia* near *Helicon*; that he was *inblown* by the Muses; that an Oracle uttered upon his account, obliged him to remove farther from the Temple of *Nemea*, which is
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in *Peloponnesus*; that he travelled into several places, obtained the golden *Tripus*, and won the advantage over *Homer* by the judgement of *Paris*. Yet some say that these two great men were not contemporaries: But at least all those who have written of *Hesiod* agree that he was at *Locris*; and content themselves with saying in three words, that he lodged at *Antiphanes* and *Ganietors* house, who had a Sister; and that having suspected him of being the Confident of an Amour of hers, they killed him with his Slave; that the Slave's Body was found at a Cape, to which was since given the name of *Troilus*, by reason of him: That that of *Hesiod* was carried by Dolphins near to a Temple of *Neptune*, where a great Sacrifice was made: that *Hesiod's* Dog made his Murderers known, who were torn to pieces by the People; and that for fear the *Orcomenians* should have taken away his Body, they conceal'd his Sepulchre.

As for his Works, he who hath invented that History, has supposed nothing of it but the Song, those four Verses he makes *Hesiod* say, and that *Hymn* which he supposes him to have made for the Sacrifice of *Neptune*.

After this, will not you grant me, that Fiction in this Encounter is more probable than

than Truth ? When an Author causes extraordinary events to happen, 'tis without doubt better to introduce Love therein, than any other cause. This has been practised by the person who invented this Story : For by supposing the love of the Prince of *Locris*, that of *Lisicrates*, and that of *Hesiod* for *Clymene*, he has made you acquainted with all those several persons, and has obliged you to love them, who were to be the most unhappy. Then he made that probable which had little likelihood in it : For there is much more appearance that two ambitious and wicked Brothers should be led away to kill a man whom they thought an obstacle to their Fortune, by hindring their Sister to be favourable to a Prince from whom they expected their advancement, than not to kill him, as the Confident of a Lover of their Sister. Now Crime for Crime, 'twould be much better to kill the Lover than the Confident.

There would likewise have been reason to suppose, that *Hesiod* had made that Hymn upon *Neptune*. For besides that this kind of work has a great deal of his Character, this had moreover conciliated to him the affection of the People, who had newly heard those Verses sung : And methinks such an extraordinary cause as this was
requi-

requisite for the stirring up the people to that extraordinary action.

'Twas also convenient to make his Wounds bleed afresh, and to make *Clymene* be so far transported as to accuse her very Brethren without thinking of it: For otherwise the people would have been very inconsiderate, to tear those two men in pieces only for that. *Hesiod's* Dog fell upon them. So I maintain, that a man who should have invented what the History says of this Adventure, would have made a sorry business on't; and the person who has composed this Fable according to the Rules of Art, deserves to be commended for it.

Truly, said *Herminius*, he has made pretty good use of all that History has afforded him: And I find my self fully disposed to believe, that if it be not so, it might have been so; there being nothing, without doubt, which better confirms a Fable well invented, than those Historical Foundations which are every where to be seen, and cause Fiction to be received, when it is inmix'd with Truth.

But unquestionably it is a more difficult thing than may be imagined, to mingle those two things well together: For they should be so ingeniously interwoven, as they
must

must not be discerned from one another, without it be almost always, that what has been invented may seem more probable than Truth ; or Chance is allowed to do incredible things. But a Wise man is never allowed to invent things that cannot be believed.

But if all I have now heard be not a truth, *Plotina*, I expect *Amilcar* should restore me the Tears I have shed, or he would invent some other Story as Comical as this is Melancholy ; or he would at least say what course is to be taken for the inventing a Story well.

Now for my part, added she agreeably, if I invented a Story, methinks I should make things much more perfect than they are. And indeed, all the Women should be admirably beautiful ; the Men should be as valiant as *Hector* ; all my Heroes should kill at least a hundred men in each Battle : I would build Palaces of Precious Stones ; cause Prodigies to happen every moment ; and without amusing my self with having judgement, I would suffer my Imagination to take its own swing ; inso much as only seeking for surprizing Events, without examining whether they were well or ill grounded, I should certainly do very extraordinary things : as continual Shipwrecks, burning

ning of Towns; and a thousand other rare things, which give occasion to fine Complaints, and fine Descriptions.

Plotina said these words, after such an ingenious manner, as gave sufficiently to understand, that she knew very well what she said was not the right way, and she only sought to set *Anacreon*, *Herminius*, and *Amilcar* a speaking, who were undoubtedly able to discourse very well upon that Subject; and truly she attained the end she proposed to her self.

For *Anacreon* not being yet well enough acquainted with her to know all that ingenious Malice whereof she made profession, took up the Discourse: And looking upon her laughing; If you invented a Story after the manner you speak of, incomparable *Plotina*, said he to her, you would without doubt make a very peculiar sort of thing: For with these same very fine Events, marvellous Descriptions, Heroick Actions, extraordinary circumstances, and Palaces of Precious Stones, you would make one of the worst Fables that ever was invented; there being undoubtedly nothing worse, than to see things of that nature done without Order and without Reason. And indeed is there any thing more strange, when it lies in the persons power to cause what-
soever

soever Events he pleases to happen, yet to make such happen as 'tis impossible should ever happen?

But pray, replied *Plotina*, What method is there to be used? And why should what I say be improper?

Because, rejoyn'd *Anacreon*, assoon as you have a mind to invent a Fable, you have a design to be believed; and the true art of Fiction is to resemble Truth well: For assoon as we deviate from that foundation, there is no more difficulty in whatsoever we undertake; and there's nothing more proper to shew Wit when the Author has any, than to have no Judgement.

I conceive well enough, said *Clelia*, what *Anacreon* says: And I agree that those things which have an Affinity with Truth, and seem possible to happen, touch more than those that can neither be believed nor feared.

But if people never said any thing but what seems true, resum'd *Valeria*, and that may easily be believed; I should think only very common things would be said, and such as are not over-diverting.

Ah! *Valeria*, replied *Amilcar*, you touch upon a very nice point: For though we are not willing to endure incredible and impossible things, yet we do not pretend
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that onely mean and common things should be used. And there is a third course to be taken, which is the most agreeable of all, and the most rational. Wonderful things so very far from being prohibited, are very necessary, if so be they do not happen too often, and they produce curious effects; and none but fantastical and impossible Circumstances are absolutely condemned. For how can we be perswaded of any thing, when we have once met with an incredible Circumstance?

When one of my Slaves has but once told me a Lye, I afterwards doubt of all he says to me. Judge then if I can believe a man who shall fall a telling me such extraordinary Adventures, that my reason could not suppose they were possible. Thus we must almost equally avoid things impossible, and things low and common; and seek the means to invent such as are both wonderful and natural: For without this last quality, there is no Wonder that can please a rational person.

And truly, replied *Herminius*, as soon as a man would invent one of those sort of Adventures which may instruct or divert, he must consider the World in general, as a Painter considers his Model when he works.

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And as Variety is the Soul of the World, an Author ought to be very cautious not to make that all the Men be *Heroes*, all the Women equally Beautiful, the humours of one another resembling; and that Love, Anger, Jealousie, and Hatred always produce each the same effects.

On the contrary, he must imitate that admirable diversity which is seen in all men, after *Homer's* Example, with whose Writings I know that two Ladies in this Company are very well acquainted: For there is seen so great a distinction of Images in his Works, that 'tis one of the things which make him the most admired. Those two Lovers, who at the beginning dispute among 'em-selves for a Captive, being of a different temperament, act likewise after a different manner. Thus although they are both in Love, they do not do the same thing.

You see in *Paris* the Character of a dissolute Love, wherein Virtue has no share: In *Heſtor* and *Andromache*, a Model of honest Love. In *Patroclus* and *Achilles*, that of Heroick Friendship. And for the better knowing of that variety of different Characters wherewith *Homer* had adorned his Works, you need onely to recall to mind in general *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Achilles*,

les, *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, *Menelaus*, *Diomedes*, *Paris*, *Helena*, *Heclor*, *Andromache*, *Priam*, *Penelope*; and many others; and even the very Characters of extravagant people, as that of *Thersites*, which is so particular. But another of his Beauties is, that those several persons which *Homer* introduces, become persons of your acquaintance, by reason they always act according to the temperment he attributes to them: And really we ought to be very cautious of confounding those different Characters. But above all things, 'tis requisite to be well acquainted with the nature of Passions, and what they are capable of doing in the Hearts of those they are given to, after having rightly described them: For every one has his way of loving according to his humour.

You are in the right, replied *Plotina*, and I begin to conceive well what you say. But since we have the liberty to invent a Story, Why may we not invent all things, added she, and suppose even Countries that are not? for it would be a great deal of pains spared.

That's true, replied *Anacreon*; but it would too be a great deal of Pleasure lost: For if we onely named Places and Persons that were never heard of, we should have

have the less curiosity : and the Imagination finding all things new, would be disposed to doubt of all.

And on the contrary, when we have chosen an Age that is not so remote, but some particulars of it are known; nor so near, as to know all that passed therein; and yet it be so well known, as that Events may be supposed which probably an Historian may be ignorant of, and even ought not to have mentioned, there is a Field open to much finer things than if they were invented. And in effect, when eminent Names are used, Countries which all the World hears talk'd of, and whereof the Geography is exactly observed, and such great Events are couch'd as are sufficiently known, the mind is altogether disposed to suffer it self to be seduced, and receive Fiction with Truth; provided it be dexterously blended, and care and pains be taken in studying well the Age that is chosen, making the best advantage of all it had rare and extraordinary, subjecting our selves to the Customs of the places we speak of; not making Laurels grow in Countries where they were never seen, not confounding either the Religion or the Customs of the People that are introduced, though with judgement they may be

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a little accommodated to the Age the Author lives in, for the giving the more delight.

I am sure, after all this, that if the persons introduced into a Romance composed after this manner, speak well; if the Passions and Adventures be natural, and wisely invented; if all the little things which may serve for the knowing the very bottom of all mens Hearts, be placed there pat and to the purpose; if Vice be therein scourged, and Virtue rewarded; if Diversity reigns therein without confusion; if the Imagination be always ruled by Judgment; if extraordinary Events be well grounded therein; if there be Knowledge without affectation, Gallantry where 'tis necessary; if the Style be neither too lofty nor too low; if in no part Decency or good Manners be in any wise wounded: 'tis certain, I say, this Work will please those who shall read it: It will give them more pleasure than a History, and will be likewise more useful to them.

For finally, a person who writes the History of a Prince, can onely blame the Vices of the Party whose Life he writes: But a man who would compose an ingenious Fable, may find occasion if he please to condemn all Vices, and teach all Virtues.

So

So I could wish with all my Heart, that *Herminius* or *Amilcar* would undertake to write a Piece of that nature.

Ah! as for *Amilcar*; replied *Clodia*, I oppose his undertaking it; for his humour would never suffer him to accuse Inconstancy: But *Herminius*, who makes profession of being Constant, and is acquainted with all the Virtues, I could wish he would give himself that trouble.

I assure you, replied *Herminius*, I would undertake it with joy; if I thought I could perform it as well as I conceive it might be done. For I am perswaded, that a Picture of the World, and of the World somewhat embellished, would be both a very agreeable and a very useful thing. But to tell the truth, such an Enterprize is much more difficult than it seems to be: And I hold it easier to write a good History, than compose a perfect Fable after such a manner as I conceive it might be done.

'Tis nevertheless requisite for an Historian to have great Qualities: He must have a Wit of a great extent; which his Imagination must adorn upon occasion; both which must be frequently curbed and ruled by his Judgement; and his Memory must never be unfaithful to him. 'Tis necessary that he have an universal know-

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ledge

ledg of the World; of the interest of Princes, and the humour of Nations; that he be well acquainted with Policy; that he understand the Art Military; know how to describe a Battle, and which is most necessary; perfectly represent those Cabinet-Wars which are found in all Courts, which pass into Intrigues, Cabals, Treacheries, and Negotiations Feigned or Real; and which are nevertheless of such moment, that from thence arise the most considerable Quarrels, and whereon depends the Ruine or the Felicity of the People, as well as the truth of History.

It is also requisite to know well how to represent the divers Passions of Princes, or of those who govern: To say neither too much nor too little of them, and never to say any thing but what is Instructive or Diverting, and is either good or agreeable. Yet after all, when a man has faithful Memoires, and has himself lived in the world, and has part of the qualities necessary to an Historian, he may easily make a History not altogether ill. But for the composing a perfect Fable, adorned with all that can render it pleasurable and useful, I maintain he must have not onely all I have said which is necessary to an excellent Historian, but likewise a hundred more extended

ded and more particular Knowledges. He must, as I may say, be the Creator of his Work. He must know the Art of adorning Virtue, and of not shewing it as a difficult thing to practise. He must not onely know the world after the manner as it ought to be known by him who writes a History, but he must also know to perfection the good use of the World, of Politeness, of Conversation; the Art of railing ingeniously; that of making innocent Satyres; not be ignorant of that of Versifying, writing Letters, and making Speeches.

He must likewise, as I may say, know the Secrets of all Hearts; and not be ignorant of one of all the fine Arts, whereof occasion may be sometimes found to speak by the by. But it is mainly necessary he know how to prune Morality of all it has dry, harsh, and severe; and Varnish it with something so natural and so agreeable, as it may divert those to whom it gives Lessons: insomuch, that as Ladies do not break their Glasses for shewing 'em their Imperfections, which they mend when they are once come to their knowledge; neither would they hate a Book wherein they very often see things which people would not dare to tell them, and

which they would never tell themselves. Thus 'tis easier for you to judge that it is much more difficult to compose well a Work of this quality, than to make an History well.

What you have now said is admirable well spoken, resum'd *Anacreon*.

That I grant, replied *Amilcar*; but what I think very strange is, that if it were possible to meet with a man who should have composed a Fable of that nature, yet there would be a great number of People found who would speak of it as of a mere Trifle, and as an useless Amusement.

And I know several old Senators here, and likewise several *Roman* Matrons, whom Love would make so much afraid, that they would even forbid their Children to read a Fable after that manner.

That Sentiment, replied *Herminius*, would be very unjust: For Love is not learnt in Books; Nature teaches it to Mankind; and I have met with Love in all places where I have travelled. But I have found it more buitish, gross, and criminal among people who have no Politeness, and are altogether ignorant of the Gentile Gallantry, than amongst people well educated.

And besides, if those Books were not to be read that have Love in them, we should
not

not read Histories, wherein we find Examples of all Crimes; and wherein very often the Criminals are so happy, as they raise a desire in some to imitate them. History shews the horrible Action of *Sextus*, the lamentable Death of *Servius Tullus*, the unjust Amours of *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, and a thousand other things of a very dangerous example, which would not be in a Fable after the manner I understand it.

On the other side, Modesty should always therein be joyned with Love, and there would never any criminal Amours be seen but what were unhappy.

For my part, said *Clelia* then; I find it of much more importance than some people may imagine, to shew that there may be both innocent and agreeable Amours at the same time: for there are but too many men who believe that this can hardly ever be.

Clelia has undoubtedly reason for what she says, replied *Herminius*: So those good Senators, and those severe Matrons, would do very ill to hinder their Children from reading a thing, wherein they would find wherewith to learn the use of all Virtues, and whereby they might spare themselves the trouble of Travelling for the becoming Well-bred persons: Since so exact a Pi-

ture of the world might be drawn, as they might see it in an Abridgement, without going out of their Closets.

And as for the Ladies, I likewise maintain, that the reading of such a Piece as I imagine, would rather hinder than incline them to the having Gallants. For if they would but make comparison of the Love they bare them, with that they should see represented in a Book of that nature, they would find therein so much difference, that they would never suffer 'emselfes to be touch'd with their Passion. I also firmly maintain, that such a Book would not onely teach all Virtues, lash all Vices, and reprehend all those little imperfections which the World is full of, but it might likewise teach men to adore the Gods, by the Example that might be given thereof in the person of the Heroes who are proposed for Patterns. And of what Nation and Religion soever a person was, advantage might be drawn from it: For when I see a *Persian*, who worships the Gods of his Country, he gives me a good Example, though I am a *Roman*, and teaches me I ought to reverence the Deity of my Nation.

Do not tell me then, that there would be people so irrational as to blame a Book of
that

that kind : For I could wish I had made
such an one at the hazard of meeting with
that Injustice.

In fine, as I should be satisfied with my
intention, I should comfort my self for
the severity of a small number of persons
by the general applause of the World, and
by the proper knowledge I should have of
the usefulness of that kind of Work, where-
in Experience might be found without the
help of Age, Lessons without severity, Plea-
sures without crime, innocent Satyrs, Judge-
ment that would cost nothing, and the
means of learning that Art of the world,
without which one can never be agreea-
ble.

AGAINST INDIFFERENCE.

I Perceive, Madam, it is but too true, that you take a Pride in your Indifference, though it be the onely imperfection you have. As *Thrasylus* was uttering these last words, which I very distinctly heard, I entred into *Cleocris* Chamber. Infomuch, as taking 'em up to begin the Conversation; I do not ask, said I to that beautiful person, what that Imperfection is, that *Thrasylus* reproaches you withal; for since you have but one, 'tis easie to divine it: Principally being so great as it is, and so generally known by all the World.

In good earnest, *Lysiana*, said she to me laughing, you have an excessive sincerity: And I do not think there is any body on Earth who is so frankly reproached with their Imperfections as I am with mine. As you take a vanity in the onely one you have, replied I, people tell you of it without fearing to displease you, and also without

out hopes of ever having you mend it. Then why should People tell me of it, said she?

You take so much delight in their telling you of it, resum'd *Tbrasylus*, that 'tis the least Complaisance that can be had for you to tell you of it.

Why I am not displeased at it, said *Cleocrita*, is by the same reason that Beautiful persons are not angry when they are called Ugly.

For to speak with the same sincerity as *Lysiana*, if I have no other Imperfection than this I am reproached with, I am the most accomplish'd person in the world. And indeed, said I then to her, 'tis a little too much boldness in you to perswade us, that *Indifference* is a good Quality.

Perhaps, answered *Cleocrita*, you call Indifference something I am not acquainted with, and which is not in my Heart. But I maintain, that all my Sentiments are just, and that of Amity, whereof I am capable, is the most commodious, and the most rational of all.

I agree with you, that 'tis the most commodious for you, replied *Tbrasylus*; but as for its being the most rational, I think that is a point to be disputed.

However, the most tender Amity, replied

plied she, never produces any good Effects but what may be expected from mine. For is there any one who loves to serve her Friends more, or is more glad to see 'em than my self?

You ought to adde, rejoyned I; nor who can be more easily comforted for their absence.

True, said she, I do not run mad; and though I lose sight of 'em, I lose not my own Reason.

But pray, pursu'd she, what great pleasure would my Friends have, though I had the greatest grief in the world for their absence? I am without doubt sorry for it; but 'tis without growing stark mad, and without tiring the Friends I had left by an insupportable peevishness, which would be of no use to those Friends of mine that are gone, but incommode those I am with, and distract my self; without having any other advantage thereby, than the reputation of a tender Heart. But my sense is, that it would be to have a weak Soul.

Truly if I did not esteem my Friends as much as they deserved; if I did not serve them when they stood in need of my assistance, and did not look well upon them when they came to see me, I would give them.

them leave to condemn me as they do. But because I do not give my Heart entirely up, and have it not sensible of the last sensibility; and because I do not mingle in all my Discourses the words of Tenderness, ardent Affection, and the like, I pass for indifferent; though truly speaking, I am only as a rational person ought to be. This is what I cannot endure: And is it not true, pursued she laughing, that those wise men who are so much talked of in the World, make Wisdom to consist in a disengagement from all things? And according to their Precepts, I am by Constitution what they would have people become by their Instructions.

Those wise men you quote, replied *Thrasylus*, never condemn'd Friendship: Neither do I condemn it, replied she; but I regulate it, and give it bounds. For to think that Friendship ought to distract and destroy its Votaries, is too unjust a thing: And I should rather chuse to have Ambition, Hatred, and Anger, than to have Friendship as certain persons have it; being assur'd I should suffer less in having those three violent Passions, than if I had that kind of Friendship which I think is called Tender Friendship, or Heroick Friendship.

You

You ought likewise to with the having Jealousie, said *Thrasylus*, for the heightning the exaggeration.

If one could have Jealousie without Love, replied she laughing, I should have ranked it with the others: But if you please, I will joyn Envy to it, which is little less tormenting than Jealousie, that you may comprehend how troublesome I take that Tender Friendship to be.

True it is, added she, I am perswaded there is much less of it than people imagine; and if the Hearts were seen of all those people who make profession of it, as I shew mine, they would be found little more tender or more sensible: And all the difference there is between me and others, is, that I say nothing but what I think; and that I will not pass for what I am not, and for what I mean not to be.

Ah! I beseech you, cried I, content your self with excusing your Indifference, and do not undertake to condemn Friendship, which is the most just, the most innocent, and the sweetest thing in the World, and as you have said, the most Heroick. For that Friendship which you so much condemn, is of such a nature, that without it there would be no true satisfaction in the World.

World. All other Pleasures are imperfect, and do but at most touch the Senses and the Mind : But that of Loving and of being Beloved, fills and charms the Heart with an infinite delight. 'Tis without doubt, Friendship which sweetens all Grievs, redoubles all Pleasures, makes that in the greatest Misfortunes we find helps and Consolation : And 'tis it, in short, which has caus'd a thousand Heroick Actions to be performed through the whole world.

And indeed, pursued *Thrasylus*, it is in veneration amongst all Nations : And bate *Cleocrita*, there is not a person in the world but is offended at an Accusation of having no Friendship.

Do not make that exception in me, replied she ; for I take it not well of those who say I do not love my Friends. But true it is, I care not much People should believe that the friendship I have for them is not of the same stamp with that on which you bestow so many Elogies.

If you knew what true Friendship is, resum'd I, you would blush for the shame of having called by so glorious a Name that kind of affection which your Heart is capable of.

Let it be how it will, said she, I find myself much at ease, and I would not willingly change my Thoughts. For

For my share, said *Artemidorus*, who had not yet spoken, when I consider that Love and Ambition do occasion almost all misfortunes, some moments there are I could wish that there were no passions in the Hearts of men.

Ah ! for Heavens sake, cried *Amilcar* smiling, do not make so dangerous a wish. If men had no Passions, instead of wishing so ardently to live as they do, they would wish to die now. I know nothing more tiresome than to lead a certain lukewarm and sedate life, which without any desires or any fears, comes to have nothing more sensible than that we see in Flowers.

Truly, said *Artemidorus*, I am perswaded the Passions onely produce all Pleasure.

That is so true, replied *Amilcar*, that if one of those Seven Wise men of Greece should rise again from the dead, I would make him confess, that Wisdom it self would be of no use, if no Passions were in the Hearts of Mankind ; and that this is a Treasure they could not be without.

I say moreover, added *Aroncius*, and I maintain, that all the Heroick Actions which have been done in the whole extent of Ages, would never have been performed had there been no Passions.

I agree to what you say, resumed *Artemidorus*,

midorns; but you must withal confess, that without these same Passions all the great Crimes would not have been committed; whereof the Memory is come down to us.

That I grant, rejoyn'd *Amilcar*; but though I grant it, I must tell you, that as we do not forbear loving Roses, though they have Prickles; admiring the Sea, though it occasions Shipwreck; loving the Sun, though it incommodes us sometimes by its Heat; and the Earth, though it equally produces both dangerous and salutary Herbs: So I say with all the mischiefs of the Passions, I should be heartily sorry they were taken from all men: For I am perswaded, that whosoever would take 'em all away, would take away all Pleasures, and almost all the Heroick Virtues, as *Aruntius* has very well observed.

But still I would willingly know, added he, addressing his Speech to *Zenocrates*, who did not concern himself in this Dispute, Of what opinion are you? If I had known it my self, replied he agreeably with a simile, I should have spoke it before now. But to tell you sincerely, I know it not yet my self: For as I am sufficiently sensible of Love, I would willingly at least retain that Passion. But besides, as I am natu-

naturally very lazy, methinks I should not be over-sorry though no Passions were in the World; because I imagine, that if there were none at all, Mankind would be continually in a certain languishment of Spirit, and a pleasant kind of Laziness that would have something altogether charming.

Ah! as for Laziness, you speak the truth, resum'd *Amilear*: For true it is, if there were no Passions, all well-bred people would have nothing to do.

- And indeed, pursued he, if there was no Ambition, we see a hundred thousand people come and go through the world, who would do nothing of what they do, and would onely Enter, Rest a while, and then Return. If a Lover was deprived of the Passion which possesses him, he would become very Idle. If Kings were without that Ambition which makes 'em desire to surpass all their Equals, they would never be distinguished by themselves but onely by their rank. And the Brave, having no passion for Glory, would remain content to be jumbled among the Base and Effeminate, without having any thing to employ themselves in.

I also believe, that the Fields would not be cultivated, neither Cities nor Houses would be built, and Mankind would remain

main scattered up and down the Country without seeking any other Lodging than that of *Grotto's* which Nature has made. And for the greatest part of Ladies, if there were no Passions in the World, I know not what they would do: For as they are the weakest, if their Beauty did not produce Love in the Hearts of men, and if it did not serve them instead of Force, I should rather chuse, I fancy, to be a pretty Fly than a pretty Woman. For they would certainly not onely be Slaves, but would also be in a very irksome Idleness, since they would not know what to do all the time they spend in decking themselves. And truly you need but see a fair Lady in a place where she thinks no body will come, to believe, that if the Ladies knew they could never give Love, they would not take the pains to be half a day doing a thing which must necessarily be undone every Evening.

I except however from this rule a small number of Ladies, as those who are here, whose Wi. and Virtue raise them above all men.

But to return to the Passions; judge ye if it would not be a great pity if there were none, since then all the Ladies would be less amiable, and would not be beloved,
But

But if they were not beloved, rejoyn'd *Arontius* agreeably, neither would they be hated; since seldom any thing but Love makes them hated by those who are so unjust as to do so. For commonly misused Lovers, or Jealous Husbands, are the only persons who have an aversion to Ladies.

True, resum'd *Amilcar*, they would not be hated: But if they were not beloved, they would think the time strangely tedious: And there are very few Women I am sure who have Youth and Beauty, but would rather chuse to be hated by a hundred unjust Lovers, and an hundred Jealous Husbands, provided they were beloved, than not to be hated by whomsoever it was, upon condition of not being beloved by any body, and of not loving any thing.

Let us not complain then of the Passions, since they alone afford all the Occupations and Pleasures of Mankind.

Yet 'tis a very difficult thing, resum'd *Artemidorus*, to overcome them.

That's true, resum'd *Amilcar* with his usual sweetness: but since 'tis so difficult, do not struggle with them, abandon your self to 'em; and instead of amusing your self with endeavours to conquer them,
seek

seek rather to fatisfie 'em, and then they will not so much torment you.

For my part, added he, I am not at all amazed that the Passions tyrannize over the Hearts of men : for we do nothing else than preach up this Doctrine, that we must struggle with 'em, and subject them. We find it written in Verse and in Prose : The Philosophers have it ; the Wise men order it ; Fathers teach it their Children ; Husbands, their Wives ; and Mothers, their Daughters. Insomuch as those poor Passions, seeing they have so many Enemies, make a great effort that they may not sink under them, and to reign in all Hearts, from which endeavours are used to banish 'em with a world of injustice. And truly 'tis the place of their birth ; they cannot subsist elsewhere : They give infinite Pleasures to those who seek to fatisfie 'em ; they hardly ever do any mischief but to those who would destroy them.

For my part, resumed *Zenocrates*, they never torment me after that manner : For as I am perswaded there would be too much trouble to vanquish them, I love rather to submit my self to 'em. Thus my Reason and my Passions are never at War together ; for when my Passions are stronger than my Reason, my Reason subjects
it

it self to them. And when my Reason is more powerful than my Passions, it flatters 'em without undertaking to destroy 'em.

You so little understand what the great Passions are, replied *Arontius* smiling, that it does not belong to you to speak upon this Subject. But if you had had any violent or obstinate Love; or if your own Desires had made you suffer a thousand punishments; and even if hope it self had given you a thousand disquiets, you might be allowed to speak of the force of Passion: For when we have once tried one of them, we may easily imagine the Tyranny of all the rest.

True it is, said then *Orontes*, that who knows all the force of Love, may easily comprehend that of Ambition, and all the other Passions.

Yet I am perswaded, replied *Artemidorus*, we can never judge equitably of other peoples Passions; and we ought never to judge but of our own. For though every where they be equally Passions, and Love is Love in *Greece* as well as in *Italy*; 'tis however true, that it has different operations in the Hearts of all Mankind: And the diversity of Temperament does likewise produce many different effects of one
and

and the same Passion. For Love in *Tarquin's* Heart made him commit a thousand Crimes; And the same thing in the Heart of *Arunius*, makes him perform a thousand Heroick Actions.

Very true, resumed *Thrasylus*; but I still maintain, that in what Heart soever the Passions reign, they give that person trouble enough to satisfy them.

And I still maintain on the contrary, resumed *Amilcar*, that without the Passions we should not be happy.

If you take away all Passions, said *Arunius*, Indifference must of necessity reign in all Hearts; and by consequence there can be no more Heroes.

I do not speak, pursued he, of the Indifference which the fair *Cleocrita* is reproached with, because a person may neither have a tender Heart, nor Love, nor Friendship, and yet not be altogether Indifferent; since a violent Ambition very often hinders us from being sensible of Love: But this is not to be indifferent in all things, as some are seen to be.

Oh! as for that general Indifference, resumed *Cleocrita*, I blame it, very near as much as any other. For we must Will something; and I demand no other favour than to allow me to love my Friends,
and

and to love 'em calmly : For I agree, that those who have no Amusements, no Pleasures which touch them, are a strange sort of persons.

For which reason, replied *Aruntius*, there must of necessity be Passions , being that without Passions we never come to any determination : Wherefore it extreamly imports young People to avoid that general Indifference which is ordinarily attended with Ignorance and Idleness : And it would be much better to deviate a little in applying ones self to something, than to lean on no side, and to be indifferent to all. In a word, the Passions have in 'em a certain Fire, which animates all the Actions of men : and Wisdom never consisted in having no Passions, but in giving them bounds.

Pray tell me, interrupted *Cleocrita*, though we be born with that Indifference which has now been spoken of, we can easily rid our selves of it : And if Passions may be instilled into those who seem to be incapable of them.

For my part, said *Amilcar* , I am perswaded that all men are born with Passions ; but in some they are so quick, active and vigorous, that 'tis necessary they be curbed by Reason ; and in others they are so lulled

lulled asleep, that it is requisite the same Reason should awaken and spur 'em on: For without their help we can excel in nothing; and if it be true that we can live without pain, we should live also without Glory, and without Pleasures.

And indeed, said *Aruntius*, all Passions may produce good Effects; which an universal Indifference can never do: Wherefore the Passions are not to be banished; they ought to be fought, that they may be ruled: And men have commonly this advantage, that there is hardly any more than one that is requisite to be subdued. For the Gods permit, that one man alone has all the violent Passions. Ambition often hinders Love from being the strongest; and Love sometimes makes use of all the others, or chases 'em all away; So that not being able to support the effort of all the Passions at a time, we need not so much dread them; and it would sometimes be better to be at War with 'em, than to enjoy that shameful Peace which *Indolency* gives; and which, making us insensible of every thing, renders those persons very contemptible who spend all their lives therein.

OF
R A L L E Y.

SINCE you are desirous, Madam, I should give you an exact account of the Conversation I told you of, I shall the more willingly consent to satisfy your curiosity, in that it was the most agreeable Adventure of a little Journey, which I made with a small number of my Friends of both Sexes, to content the desire I had to see the Sea. For having only seen Rivers, I must confess I did not well enough understand all the fine Descriptions of Shipwrecks I had read either in Verse or in Prose: and I had an extream curiosity to see what occasioned them. And I shall not dissemble to you, Madam, that a Kinsman of mine, who went along with us in this Journey, was helpful to me in giving you this Relation, which we thought would be less tedious under supposed than under true Names.

Our Company was made up of two of my Relations very honest Gentlemen, and two

two Ladies of quality very beautiful and extremely witty. The Master of that pleasant Defart, where we have been to see the Sea, is a person of Quality, of great Merit, and very Rich, who had renounced the World through the grief he had for the loss of an only Son at eighteen years of Age ; who by an Adventure wherein Love and Glory had both a great share, and whom you shall one day know, he having been taken by Pyrates ten years before , since when there had been no news of him.

The House we were at is well built, and finely seated. You have a Prospect of the main Sea from all its Apartments ; but especially from a great Summer-house standing at the end of a long Natural Terrass, which reaches from the House to the Seashore : The Waves whereof beating against the Rock on which the Summer-house is built, make a very agreeable object, though attended with something terrible, through a bellowing noise, which cannot be well conceived without being heard.

Antigenes (for so shall I call the person whom we went to see) having had notice by me that we should be one morning at his House, being we were to lie that night three Leagues from thence, had prepared for us all he thought proper for our

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Diver-

Divertisement. And having some days before learnt the news of the general Peace which the King had granted to his People and his Enemies, he was in expectation of us that we might share in the Feast which he had prepared for that occasion, as being very zealous for his King and Country.

He had also some very charming Ladies, who, for other reasons than we, were then in his neighbourhood; and this Company without crowd was certainly well chosen. He received us at the end of that great Terrass which leads to the Summer-house I have mentioned.

Antigenes led us thither, shewing me the Sea in all its extent; the view whereof surprized me extreamly, and raised in me a great admiration.

We perceived a Ship coming to an Anchor in a Road hard by; and then we saw two men leaping into the Pinnace with some of their Servants, making for the Land, and coming towards the Castle. They were both well made, though of different Ages. But being still at a pretty distance, *Antigenes* did not know who they were. But without amusing you with things which I will tell you more at large another time, *Antigenes*, pushed on by a fore-knowledge,
ask'd

ask'd leave to go see who those Strangers were whom he was told ask'd to speak with him.

About half an hour after, he returned to us transported with Joy; and presenting to us a *Spaniard* of a very good Meen, though somewhat in the Winter of his Age; Help me, said he, addressing his speech to me, for that I was related to him, to thank the generous *Don Alvarez*, with whom I formerly in my youth made a Voyage of six Months: For he brings me back my Son, whom I have for so many years thought lost---

In saying which, he presented his Son to us, whom I will call *Clearchus*, being a very handsome Gentleman, whose Air and good Grace mightily pleased all the Company, and promised all the Wit and Sence we found in him afterwards.

This Adventure, which savoured much of a Romance, inspired Joy, and rendred the Entertainment the more agreeable. And as the Picture of the Mother of *Clearchus* was in the Summer-house, represented as *Venus* coming out of the Sea, 'twas easie to know *Clearchus* was her Son, having the same Air and the same Physionomy.

Antigene had loved her very much, and

could never resolve to marry again, though he was still young enough.

As it was near Dinner-time, *Antigenes* having told us in two words, that *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus* came from the furthestmost part of the *East-Indies*, and by divers Adventures had almost been around the World, led us to the Castle between two rows of Orange-trees, so large, they almost met, and formed a very pleasant shade. And for the rendring the Feast the more magnificent, and that it might have something which had relation to the nearness of the Sea, the Services were mingled, and there were Fish of a prodigious bigness and admirable beauty.

As *Don Alvarez* spoke French very well, because his Mother was a French Woman, and had an infinite deal of Wit, he contributed much to the entertainment of the Company.

He gave us to understand after an ingenious manner, that he was overjoyed to see the Peace re-established between *Spain* and *France*; in regard being born of a *Spaniard*, settled in the *Indies* by considerable Employments, and of a French Woman, whom the Caprices of Fortune had conducted thither with her Relations: He was overjoyed that he was arrived in a
time

time when the War was ended between the two Nations.

During Dinner there was an excellent *Symphony*, which put a Spirit of joy into the Company. The King's Health was drank with the sound of Trumpets and noise of Cannon; for that Castle is fortified, and has several Pieces.

At our rising from Table we went into a magnificent Room, where excellent *Cassiolets* had perfumed the Air.

After the Company was seated, a pretty pleasant Dispute arose between two Ladies: For one of 'em lov'd strangely to hear the Stories of an ingenious Traveller, which the other was as strangely afraid of.

Pray, said *Clarice* to *Antigens*, procure us the knowledge of all the particulars of *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus* their Voyage.

For my share, said the last, I find my self such a Stranger in my Native Country, that I fancy I've quite forgot my Mother-tongue, so as I must have time given me to learn, as if I had never known it, before I engage in making a long Narration.

And as for what concerns me, said *Don Alvarez*, I am not willing to expose my self to the not being believed; for almost

all Travellers are very much suspected of adding to Truth; and then as it was the Capriciousness of Fortune which carried us into so many several Countries, neither *Clearchus* nor I are prepared to make long Narratives, which tire the patience most persons who hear them.

Ah! *Don Alvarez*, said *Melinta* pleasantly, who as much dreaded long Relations as *Clarice* desired 'em, how much joy have I to see you are none of those mighty tellers of Prodigies, whom I have sometimes met and convers'd with against my will! Who will spend whole days in telling you, that in such a place there is a River which casts its self into an Abyss, and rises again ten Leagues from thence: That in another, there are Mountains above the Clouds; who amuse themselves in describing terrible Animals, and extravagant Customs: And this is extraordinary, that very often they are ignorant of what touches themselves, and onely know what they are not at all concerned in.

And indeed, added she laughing, I know a man who can give a particular Account of all the Monsters of the *Nile*; who talks of the *Phoenix* and *Halejons*, as we talk of *Nightingales* and *Linnets*, and yet knows not half the Trees in our Forests.

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Perceiving by the Air of *Don Alvarez* and *Clarchus*, they understood Rallery admirably well, I rather excited the Contest than caused it to cease. The rest of the Company did the same. And looking upon *Melinta*, whose humour is facetious and charming; I assure you, said I to her, if I ever made a Voyage any thing long, I would have a care of seeing you until I were grown weary of telling others all I had seen.

You would do me a very great favour, resumed she: For when I am of a humour to know those sorts of things, I take a Book that treats upon that Subject, and lay it by when I please; which I cannot do when a Man of Honour takes the pains to tell me in one day what he has seen in Twenty years.

You are in the right, Madam, said *Don Alvarez* to her smiling; for if I undertook to tell you all I have seen, it would be to you such a mortification, you would infallibly die before the end of the Relation; and I should be perhaps as sick as your self.

All the Company laughed at what *Don Alvarez* said.

You are very Complaisant for *Melinta*, resum'd *Clarice* in some sort of Pet.

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And yet this Complaisance deprives the Company of a very great Pleasure.

As I am not willing to incur your hatred, said *Melinta* after an agreeable manner, I give my Consent, if *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus* will give theirs, that they should tell us something of their Voyages in expectation, till it's a fit time to go a walking.

But as I comply with you, pursued she, do you likewise comply somewhat with my humour; and let us agree upon the nature of the Questions we shall ask of *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus*. For I declare to you, I do not at all care, as I have already told you, for the fantastical Customs of Nations afar off, nor all the singularities of Seas, great Rivers, Mines, and a thousand other such like things.

I love all a witty Traveller can tell me, replied *Clarice*, provided what he tells me be new to me; and the more remote things are, the more pleasant do I find them. But I am willing, added she, to give you the choice of them.

I must confess, replied *Melinta*, that what I find most agreeable, is the Character of extraordinary persons: And I doubt not but if I had been born in *Cesar's* or *Alexander's* days, and that I had seen any
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Traveller who had known them, I should have had the curiosity of enquiring into the circumstances of their make.

Well then, said *Clarice*, we must desire *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus* to examine their Memories if they have nothing of that kind to tell us.

Don Alvarez answered, he could not resolve to tire one Beautiful person for the contenting another.

Clearchus made likewise greater excuse for the same reason.

All the Company concerned themselves in this Entertainment after an agreeable manner, rallying ingeniously the excessive curiosity of *Clarice*, whose impatience was apparent to them all.

For my part, said I, addressing my self to *Don Alvarez*, I should be desirous enough to know in what place of your Voyages you thought the Ladies most lovely.

You are pleasant, interrupted *Clarice*, to ask that Question: You have a mind to have your self commended.

For my particular, said *Arpasia*, my curiosity would be to know if Rallery is of all Ages and all Countries?

Do not at all doubt it, interrupted *Clarice*, who would not be satisfied with what *Arpasia* demanded. This is no question to

ask a Traveller : And I should rather love the Character of some great Prince, which *Melinta* has declared to be her desire.

Nevertheless, I find *Arpasia's* Curiosity so nice, said *Clymene*, that I joyn with her to oblige *Don Alvarez* and *Clearchus* to tell us if they have really met with Rallery in the most remote and barbarous Countries.

As this Question, said *Don Alvarez*, engages us not in a long Recital, I think I may say, Rallery is of all Ages, and of all Countries : But that it varies according to the diversity of Nations, Temperaments, and Customs. Rallery in general, is a kind of Salt which gives a sharper relish to Conversation : and 'tis properly a natural Effect of humane Wit.

But, resumed *Clarice*, who was desirous to break off this Discourse, I know people who never rally.

Yet it does not follow, said *Clearchus*, that they cannot Rally.

But though they could not, said *Melinta* laughing, that concludes nothing. For are there not some persons who never have any Judgement? and yet when we speak of Men in general, we desire 'em to be rational Creatures; so that I fancy we may truly say, that Rallery is of all Countries ;
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and 'tis like those Mineral Fountains which take the Qualities of the Earth and Mines through which they pass. For according to the Temper of People and Custom of Nations, it is either coarse or nice, nauseous or agreeable: It is deriding in some, in others meer pleasantness, which renders Society the more diverting.

I assure you, said *Don Alvarez*, what the fair *Melinta* says, is more to be prized than all I could say of my Voyages.

As Rallery, said *Clarice*, is almost the inseparable Companion of *Melinta*; she knows it so well, that she cannot fail of speaking agreeably upon that Subject: she drives it even to injustice. For, added she, she makes no great scruple of diverting her self at the expence of a man who spends all his life in admiring her, to say nothing more.

Truly, resumed *Melinta* laughing, you are much more unjust than I, to render an ill Office both to *Theocritus*, whom I suppose you mean, and to me. For I declare to you, that if it was not permitted me to laugh in his absence at a hundred things he does, I should never suffer him in the least. Wherefore if you believe he loves me, and my presence is agreeable to him, you must allow me to make a Diversion of
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of his Peevishness. And this does not hinder me from saying but that *Theocritus* is very much a Gentleman. But to have me see him Grave from Morning till Night ; hearken seriously to his Sighs for whole days together ; and yet after all this I must not sometimes make him my Diversion , is neither to be the Friend of *Theocritus* nor mine, since you would do him a great diskindness, and deprive me of a very great Pleasure.

I take the beautiful *Melinta* to be in the right, said *Polemon*.

For my part, added I, I am of *Clarice*'s opinion : and methinks to Rally a Lover, is to be too inhumane ; and I know not if I should not rather pardon the Rallying a Friend.

To speak sincerely, said then *Euclidamia*, I think there's hardly any Rallery innocent.

I am then very often culpab'e, resumed *Melinta*: For I confess I do not find any Conversation more sweet, than that wherein there is I know not what agreeable Malice mingled, which renders it more diverting and more animated. Besides, to speak really, if there was ever any innocent Rallery, 'tis that which is made upon a grave and serious Lover. For the truth is, Gallantry

lantry without Mirth is so extravagant a thing, that I know not how it can be taken ill that I rally such a person.

As you are not ignorant that you rally after a graceful manner, replied *Euridamia*, you easily perswade your self there is no scruple to be made of Rallying as you do: And I am sure you have a strong fancy that it is lawful to say, without exception, in matter of Rallery, all that can be said agreeably.

Ha ! *Euridamia*, replied she, you proceed too far. Yet 'tis true, added she, checking her self, that it is something difficult to contain in one's Mind a pleasant thought which one knows might be said pat and to the purpose. For I must confess, I'm perswaded that there's more delicacy of Wit required to rally nicely, than there needs to do things which seem much more difficult.

It must be confessed, added *Polemon*, that an infinite stock is required to turn things, as you turn them, when you please: And that there is sometimes more pleasure to be rallied by you, than to be praised by others.

'Tis certain, added I, that *Melinta* is admirable when she pleases. But true it is also, that there are a thousand persons who
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undertake to rally, whose Province it is not in the least.

For my part, said *Euridamia*, I proceed much farther than you: For I say once again, there is hardly any Rallery innocent. Whosoever makes too great a habit of it, exposes himself to renounce Friendship, Probity, and Goodness.

Ha! truly, cried *Melinta* laughing, you treat me very cruelly.

To appease you, replied *Euridamia*, I agree there's a kind of gallant Rallery which has less malignity than the other. But what I maintain is, that it cannot be pleasing unless it be somewhat stinging; that the accustoming ones self to Rally often, is like walking upon Precipices: And that the most difficult thing in the world is to do it altogether well, without Clashing either in Friendship, or Decency, or Probity, or Goodness; or without doing ones self an injury: For 'tis hardly possible to make a profession of Rallery without being hated, or at least without being feared. Besides, to speak rationally, hardly any one there is in whom Rallery ought to be allowed.

And truly, added she, I know but few people who can be a just Subject of Rallery.

How!

How ! cried *Melinta* ; would you defend all the people in the world ?

I assure you, replied *Euridamia*, there are but very few I should give up to your Mercy.

First of all, pursued he, I will not allow that people should rally their particular Friends, no not so much as their Acquaintance. For chuse 'em well, and be as nice as you please in chusing 'em ; but when you have once chosen them, thenceforward I bar your Rallying 'em : And I can in no wise be of their opinion, who do not spare those persons in the world they have the most love for ; since, according to my Sentiment, it is very dangerous to divert our selves at the expence of our Friends.

But at least, said *Clearebus*, you'll abandon to *Melinta* her Enemies if she has any ?

Truly, replied *Euridamia*, I find it as unfitting to rally our Enemies as our Friends. For when any of us have a spleen against a person, as it would be but a weak Revenge to revenge our selves by a Rallery, that might be returned upon us ; There is likewise a kind of baseness in all that is done out of a meer revengeful Spirit. I also think it to be very dangerous to rally ones Master or Mistress ; That it is unbecoming

coming to rally such as are much below us ; That a well-bred man ought to keep great measures with Ladies ; and a Lady must not be too hasty in rallying Men ; for fear of meeting with some one who would not sufficiently respect her.

In short, said *Melinta*, I fancy, after the rate you talk, you will not so much as allow the rallying ones self.

I assure you, replied *Euridamia*, though it be the most innocent *Rallery* that can be made, if it is not done with great judgement, 'tis not over-diverting : And 'tis certainly much more difficult to speak agreeably of ones self than of others, without it be on certain occasions, wherein rallying ones self first, does prevent the *Rallery* of others ; for it is the means of disarming them.

Moreover, added she, 'tis my sense, that we are never to rally people who have no Merit ; because *Rallery* at such times has hardly ever any grace. Neither ought we to rally those who are deserving ; seeing it would be a great piece of injustice to fix upon a slight fault to the prejudice of a thousand good Qualities : It being certain that *Rallery* does often retort upon the person who makes it. I find for this reason, we ought to consider well, when we rally,
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the place where we are, and before whom we speak.

I likewise boldly maintain, we ought not to rally Crimes, because we ought to detest them: nor Misfortunes, because we ought to pity 'em: Nor imperfections of the Body, which thole who have 'em cannot get rid of: nor Old Age, since it is an inevitable mischief, when one does not die young: nor Strangers as Strangers, since a *Persian*, for example, can no more hinder his being a *Persian*, than you your being a *French Woman*.

At least, added she, if you would rally any one, let it be in speaking to the Party himself; and never say things that can really displease, and onely such as do meerly something animate the Conversation. For in that case I confess it may be allowable to make War upon ones best Friends. But *Melinta*, there are few people who know how to rally either agreeably or innocently. And truly at this I do not at all wonder: For Birth must give this Talent; it being certain that Art cannot give it in the least: And whosoever would force his Nature, has such ill success in diverting others, that he affords ample matter of rallying upon himself, while he imagines he is lashing and scattering his Wit upon others.

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'Tis not so with all the other agreeable Qualities of the Mind, pursued she, since none but may be acquired by study. But as for this, it must be given by Nature, and managed by Judgement. And truly 'tis not sufficient to have pleasant thoughts; there must be I know not what turn in the Expression, which must render them perfectly agreeable: The Air too of the Countenance, and the Tone of the Voice, and the whole Person in general, must contribute to the rendring pleasant what of it self is not sometimes diverting.

I should never have believed, said then *Antigenes*, that so serious a person as *Euclidamia* could have spoke so well of a thing she never does.

On the contrary, replied she, 'tis because I do not rally, that I ought to be believed in matter of *Rallery*; for as I have no interest therein, I speak of it without Passion: And I examine all the different *Ralleries* of those persons I am acquainted withal, without doing any one injustice. But to tell you the truth, except one of my Friends who has an admirable delicacy of Wit, and a gallant gentile Malice in the Imagination, which is taking on all occasions, I know not one besides *Melinta* in whom I pardon *Rallery*.

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True it is, said I then, nothing is more insupportable than that sort of people, who without thinking on't, do horribly slander one in onely thinking to *rally*; and believe, that because they speak of others Imperfections, and that grossly too, it is a *Rallery*.

Persons there are of another stamp, said *Polemon*, who torment me to death when I meet with 'em: For they make all their mirth consist in a Popular and low way of speaking, which onely fills the Imagination with disagreeable things, and makes their Discourse consist in all that is said by the coarsest sort of People; and which shews, that to learn all they say, they must of necessity have spent the greatest part of their Lives in the worst Company upon Earth.

Ha! *Polemon*, cried *Melinta*, you please me extreamly in hating those sort of People you speak of. And though I defend *Rallery* in general, I abandon almost all Jestings, if I may be allowed to speak in that manner; and this in particular. For I would have *Rallery* be Gallant and Gentle, and Malicious: But I would have it nice and modest too, neither to wound the Ears nor the Imagination; and that it never make any one blush for vexation.
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And truly, added she, the *Rallery* of a well-bred Man ought not to be of any profession, but onely of a Gentleman. For there is a *Rallery* of the Mobile, the Citizen, the Army, the Inns of Court, the University, the Country; and there is also one of the Court, which is almost ever the best: But if the Court-*Rallery* be such as I mean it, you shall not distinguish any other by it; and 'tis with that as with the Accent, which to have exact and Noble, is to have none at all.

What *Melinta* says is admirable, resumed *Euridamia*: But there are still another sort of *Rallyers* I am tormented with when ever I meet with 'em, in regard they have got a fancy that they ought to rally upon all. Inasmuch that as they are always wracking their Brains to find out what they seek for, they say a thousand nauseous things for one that is diverting.

Thus it happens, that for three or four supportable *Ralleries* which they shall have said in all their Lives, those they converse with must of necessity hear a hundred thousand that are ill.

For my part, adjoyned I, sometimes I meet with a man, who mortifies me extreamly with continual Repetitions

ons of what he thinks he has said pleasantly ; and I may swear to you , that I have heard him tell one *Rallery* a hundred times.

I am also strangely afraid, added *Don Alvarez*, of those tellers of silly Stories , who laugh at 'em first themselves , and would laugh at them all alone , if they told them to no others than me : since in my opinion I know nothing more incommodious, than a certain Flat and Insipid *Rallery*, which is proper for nothing. For when those who speak seem to have a design to be merry, and are not so, nothing is more tiresom.

Those great makers of long pleasant Recitals, rejoyn'd I, who say a thousand unnecessary things before they say one that is agreeable, are not so diverting, though they pretend to it very much. And 'tis so difficult to say neither too much nor too little in matter of Narratives , be they pleasant or not, that few people in the world do 'em well.

Those great alladgers of Proverbs, said *Euxidamia*, are likewise very much to be dreaded. Not but that when they come in well and to the purpose they may be very agreeable ; but when wrong , they have an ill effect. And it would be much bet-

ter to say a thing that is perfectly ill of it self, than to chuse one with some judgement and to place it wrong.

For my share, added *Melinta*, I know some others, who, as simple as they are, do however divert me for a quarter of an hour. For when I meet with those people who think that to rally there needs no more than to be gay, speak much, laugh at all they say, and then make a great noise, and say inconsiderately very unpleasant things: I cannot forbear laughing at 'em as heartily as if they were the most agreeable in the world.

But what makes you laugh at 'em is, returned *Euridamia*, that you are naturally malicious; and you find an ample matter of rallying pleasantly on those who rally with an ill Grace.

In the mean while, added *Antigenes*, 'tis come to pass, that without thinking of it we are of *Euridamia*'s opinion. For since Rallery is so difficult a thing to be done well, I fancy she has reason to say 'tis dangerous meddling with it.

I allow of her condemning ill Rallery, said *Melinta*, and of her aversion to that which is Satyrical, Coarse, Insipid, or Extravagant: But as for the Gallant, Gentile, and Nice, I oppose it as much as I can.

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Euridamia must absolutely be of my opinion, or tell me particularly what sort of *Rallery* she allows me to take pleasure in.

I have already told you, resumed *Euridamia*, there are none which I approve of, though some please me.

Tell at least what pleases you, said *Antigenes*; for in my opinion few things please you, which ought not to please all the World.

And though it were onely to cure *Melinta* of her Malice, added he smiling, I conjure you to establish Laws for *Rallery*, protesting to you, that I will keep them more exactly than the Laws of *Solon* were ever kept.

Ah! as for me, interrupted *Melinta* laughing, I do not say the same; and I am very much mistaken if people can say of the Laws she is going to make, what *Anacharsis* said of those of that *Legislator*.

Be it as it will, said *Euridamia*, since *Antigenes* will follow 'em, I will not be wanting in making them. I promise you furthermore never to infringe them, said I to her, provided you will give us them this very instant.

The word *Laws* does notwithstanding so afright me, said then *Euridamia*, that I dare

dare hardly open my Mouth. Wherefore to speak a little more modestly, I will onely tell you my opinion, and submit it to your Judgement.

I shall tell you then, added she, that I would have people born to *Rallery*, and not force themselves to it. I am also of opinion it is not to be sought after; for certainly if it does not come all alone, nor without trouble, it never comes agreeably. Moreover, there must be so great an Interval between *Rallery* and Satyr, that the one may not be taken for the other. I know very well there are people whom *Rallery* does not please, unless it be somewhat biting. But I consider it otherwise; and I would have it a little surprizing, and that it even sensibly touch those to whom it is addressed: But I would not have it wound too deep, nor make any more impression in the Hearts of them who seek it, than what Prickles do to those who dream they gather Roses in a pensive humour.

In brief, I would have *Rallery* depart from a quick Imagination, and a Wit-full of Fire, and that holding somewhat of its Original, it be as bright and glittering as the Lightning, which dazles, but yet does not burn.

Besides, I would not have people always
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upon the pin of *Rallying*; for as there be few long *Ralleries* but what are tedious; so the Minds of those who are to have the pleasure thereof must not be accustomed thereto, for fear they be not surprized by 'em.

But what I would principally have (for I insensibly accustom my self to make Laws according to your order) is, That every one should know his Talent and be contented. Wherefore I would that those to whom Nature has given an ingenuous plainness, whether in their Actions, or in the motions of their Countenance, or even in their Expressions, should not undertake to do more than it, since 'tis true that the art which perfects it, has sometimes spoiled all on such occasions.

Thus we are plainly to follow our own *Genius* without aiming to take that of others; it being certain, that 'tis not with *Rallery* as with Painting; for sometimes so exact a Copy may be made of a Picture, as to render it doubtful to those who understand Painting most perfectly, whether it be not the Original. But another's *Rallery* can never be but ill imitated: For which reason 'tis at no time to be undertaken.

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Rallieurs we have blamed, according as my Memory shall bring them into play : I would have those who tell a story, not proclaim it very pleasant before they have told it. I would also have it be either plain and natural, or full of Wit ; that the beginning be not more pleasant than the end ; and above all things, that it be new and very short. Besides, I would have them that tell a long Story , do it with so much Art and Sweetness as may suspend the Minds of those who hear it ; and if possible, deceive the Company , by saying at the end of their Discourse what was not foreseen. But chiefly I would not have them say any thing that is useless ; that their Eloquence be neither forced nor intricate ; that on the contrary they pass from one thing to another without perplexity and confusion ; and do not too often interrupt themselves , by saying, *I had forgotten*, or *I did not say*, or *I ought to have said*, or a thousand such like things, which those say who have no Order in their Thoughts, and whose Judgement does not help their Memory when they tell a long Story.

Besides, I will in no wise that they who *Rally* should cease speaking the Language of well-bred People, as being so reprehended

ded by the Company: Without it be those that have the Talent of Counterfeiting others, and cannot exactly be reckoned in the rank of those who *rally*: Since in such cases, he who should counterfeit a Slave in anger making his Complaints, will do ill if he makes him speak like his Master: For as Imitation is his Object, the more he shall approach him he imitates, the more he will deserve commendation.

Moreover, I would likewise that those who *rally* be not in love with their own Thoughts; and that they be as cautious as they can of not repeating what they have said.

As for those that make use of Proverbs in *Rallery*, I have already said, they ought to be well placed: And I adde hereunto, that they ought to come so naturally to the thing, whereof they are spoken, that those who hear 'em should wonder why they did not come into their heads; for then the more Popular, the better they are.

But in short, to speak of what is properly called *Rallery*, I say, that to *rally* well 'tis necessary to have a Wit full of fire, a very quick Fancy, a very nice Judgement, and the Memory filled with a thousand different things for to be made use of according to occasion.

Furthermore, it is necessary to know the World, and to take delight therein : And it's requisite to have a certain, gallant, and natural turn in Wit, and a certain bold Familiarity, which without holding any thing of Audaciousness, has somewhat which pleases and imposes Silence upon others.

Ha ! *Euridamia*, a person must needs be well stock'd with Wit to say what you say, resumed *Clearchus*.

For my share, said *Melinta*, I believe that if she would but lay aside her serious humour, no one soever would rally so agreeably as she.

A serious humour, resumed *Euridamia*, is not so great an obstacle as you imagine to ingenious Rallery : And I know a man who is now no more, that with a laughing and melancholy Air, and even with a kind of simple Meen, has said more pretty things, and made more Gentile Rallery than any one will ever say or do.

Nevertheless, added she, though I have made you see that I understand pretty well how people are to rally, I must repeat to you again what I have said, and what I maintain ; That people ought principally to be cautious how they rally their Friends. There is however a general Rule to be followed,

lowed, added she, wherein people cannot be deceived; which is never to say any thing of them which they are not willing they should hear; and never to say any thing to 'em themselves, that should be so sharp as to hinder them from taking delight in what is said to 'em; since 'tis in no wise just you should say any thing to your Friends which should divert others more than them, nor which should put them to the necessity of telling you your self things which would divert you also less than those who hear them. For in a word, Friendship is so nice, that one cannot betoo cautious of wounding it.

Besides, to speak rationally; it is by no means the lashing sharp things that make the gentile *Rallery*; and the delight those take therein whom they please, comes certainly more from the malignity of their inclination, than from the *Rallery* which diverts 'em; it being certain, that a meer Trifle turned pleasantly, is much more proper to make a diverting *Rallery*, than an invective Satyr would be, whose name is onely changed in calling it *Rallery*.

Besides, though a person should rally less well in *rallying* less maliciously; he is however obliged to take that course. For af-

ter all, it is no imperfection not to know how to rally, provided you understand Rallery: But 'tis a very great one not to be very scrupulous in Friendship, and to love rather to run the risque of displeasing a Friend than lose a Jest.

What you say, said *Melinta*, is so wise, I am ashamed of my self.

At least, said *Antigenes*, she says nothing that Reason can oppose.

I know it but too well for my satisfaction, replied *Melinta*; for if I would regulate my Mind according to what she has now said, I was never to say a word as long as I liv'd. Yet 'twould be a great pity to impose silence on you, resumed I, since there are few persons who speak so agreeably as you do.

But methinks, said *Antigenes*, that in examining Rallery we have forgotten to remark how it is of an excellent use amongst persons of the world, since it gives them occasion to say their truths even to a certain point, without their having any right to be offended at 'em.

Very well said, resum'd *Melinta*.

Yet methinks, said *Don Alvarez*, we have not discoursed of one part of Rallery, which consists in couching a very good thought in few words, whether it be pleasant or serious.

ous. For there are short and close ways of speaking, called pretty Jokes, which have very different Characters.

I am of opinion, said *Antigenes*, the serious are a kind of Maximes ; but whether they are serious or pleasant, they must please, surprize, and never be offensive : This sort of witty Lashes may properly enter into great publick Actions, and be used on a hundred different Occasions. But Mediocrity in this case is worth nothing. It is better to have none of 'em at all, unless they be excellent : Nor must there be too many of 'em.

According to this Rule, interrupted *Clarice*, who was in despair, this Conversation being so long ; Do not you think it justice to lay Rallery aside, the discourse whereof has overjoyed *Melinta* ; and to content me in my turn, *Don Alvarez* would give me the Character of some great Forreigner, that the Conversation may change Object ?

Pray, said *Antigenes* to *Clarice*, let me report something more upon this Subject ; for what I have to say inherits the being known.

Euridamia desired him to say what it was.

It is, said he, the saying of a great King upon Rallery.

Give me leave at least, interrupted *Clarice*, to ask you if it be the saying of a Prince dead or alive; and if it be of a Foreign Prince, or of some of our *European* Princes?

That is of no importance, answered *Antigenes* with a smile, knowing that *Clarice* did not love things remote: For what I have to relate, would be good in the *Indies* and in *France* too.

Tell it me then, replied *Clarice*, that we may lay aside *Rallery*.

I am willing, said *Antigenes*; and this is what I have to say. A Lady of a wonderful Wit, and very extraordinary Merits, having observed that the great Prince of whom I have spoken, had a natural inclination to *Rallery*, asked him one day in an occasion wherein 'twas to the purpose, how he could do that he never abandoned himself to it. He made her Answer with an admirable Wisdom, Because he accounted it unjust to pretend to *Rallery* without being *rallied*, to which a King ought never to expose himself; and moreover, a King's *Rallery*, even the least sharp, is never forgotten either by those who suffer it, or those who hear it.

It must be confessed, said *Clarice*, it would have been pity the Company should have
been

been deprived of so excellent an Answer : And if the Prince who said it reigned in any Country where *Don Alvarez* has passed, he would afford a very great delight in making me better acquainted with him : For I should be overjoyed if he would give us the Character of some great Foreigner.

Don Alvarez and *Clearchus* excused 'em-selves after so pleasant a manner, that *Clarice* could almost have been displeased, and not understood Rallery; insomuch as *Antigenes* taking up the Discourse after that the Company had admired this fine Answer :

I perceive, said *Antigenes* smiling, it is for me to do the honours of my House; but happily I can do them without pain: For since *Melinta* will suffer a Character, provided it be of some person elevated in Rank and Desert; and *Clarice* will onely abide things a little remote from us as to Time and Place: I have wherewith to satisfie 'em both, in speaking to you of the Prince, whose excellent and judicious Sentiment upon Rallery you have newly admired.

The same Consul of *Alexandria*, whom I spoke to you of not long since, and who sent me the King's Panegyrick translated

into *Arabick* by the Patriarch of Mount *Libanus*, has added them to the *French* Translation of an *Arabick* Manuscript, which is pretended to be a remnant of those Writings which the *Egyptian* Priests kept for their Kings. 'Tis from thence I have taken this saying; and according to the calculation of the Manuscripts to which I refer my self, the Prince in question lived about Fifteen thousand six hundred sixty five years ago. All the Company fell a laughing at so old a date.

But *Antigenes* rejoyned coldly, Do not laugh at this; for Manuscripts and Printed Books too do sometimes lye. But in truth the most ancient *Greek* Historian we have, and he who is called the Father of History, reckons Fifteen thousand years from their *Hercules* to *Amasis*. Now by our Manuscripts this Prince lived about Thirteen thousand four hundred years before *Amasis*. And by the most exact Chronologie, there are from *Amasis* unto us above Two thousand and fifty years: Insomuch, as joyning this time with Thirteen thousand three hundred years above *Amasis*, it comes to about the number of years I have told you: Being well understood, that a Calcul'ation of this nature, Five or six hundred years more or less are no great thing: And that
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when one has disputed five or six hours together, you will find, that it was full as good to know nothing at all thereof.

You see, said *Melinta*, Antiquity well settled, even at such a distance, I fancy *Clarice* will be satisfied with it. But have a care that I be so with this so remote a King: For if he had done nothing but built the *Pyramids*, which have been so much talked of, I could easily content myself without knowing any thing more of him.

And for my part, said *Clarice*, before you go any further, I would willingly know his Name; and also if that Manuscript gives some account of his Person, I should be very glad you would begin with it; for this sort of Pictures make the *Idea* of all the rest the more pleasing, and remains likewise more fix'd in the mind.

I shall tell you, answered *Antigenes*, all I know thereof. He was called *Sesostris* the Great, in distinction from that other *Sesostris* that is known in our *Greek* and *Latine* Historians, who was a mighty Prince, but (as our *Arabian* pretends) much below this former *Sesostris* the Great. So that they gave him, says he, the name of *Sesostris*, onely by reason he had some light resemblance of the Virtues of the former

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Sesostris. And this former by all that is said of him, is so perfect, that it may be suspected whether it be not a meer *Idea* of a Prince, rather than a real one, as some have said of *Xenophon's Cyrus*.

This is very promising, said *Clarice*; but how was he shap'd?

The Book does not onely say, replied *Antigenes*, he was the handsomest man in his Kingdom; but it addes, That he had never any Statue or Picture but it came short of him. That if a Stranger had arrived in his Court, and found him disguised and travestied in the Croud of his Courtiers, he would not have failed to have distinguish'd him by I know not what air of a Master, which told all the World 'twas he that was King.

That this Air was not however a forc'd and conceited Gravity, in not Frowning, as is that of most part of the *Eastern Kings*, who are hardly to be distinguished from their Statues when they do so much as shew themselves in publick.

That on the contrary there was seen in him and his ways all the liberty of a perfect Gentleman, and all the Dignity and Authority of a great Prince. And that his particular Character, when he was either amongst his Officers, or amongst Ladies, on
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with those he made use of, and to whom he gave his Orders in so many different manners, was I know not what Heroick Familiarity mingled with so much Grandeur, that people could less forbear Reverencing than Loving him.

'Tis well for us, said *Melinta*, this Prince lived Fifteen thousand years ago; for if he was still alive, we should find it very difficult for us to forbear going to see him, though we were to travel as much as *Don Alvarez*. And who knows but that we should have also some desire of becoming his Subjects?

But I apprehend, said *Clarice*, this Greatness it self, which appears in his least Actions, came from that he had done great ones, which prepossessing peoples Minds, made them find every thing great in him.

That's true, said *Antigene*; but particularly from a certain greatness of Soul, and an extent of Heart and Spirit almost without bounds, which equally embraced and contained all that can make a King esteemed and admired.

This Manuscript remarks; how though he had merited several times the name of a Conquerour, and by his inclination would have lov'd it perhaps better than any other.

ther, the Publick chose rather to call him Great, because there have been very Famous Conquerours very low in other things, but he was great in all.

The *Ægyptians* said for many years after his Reign, that their Nation held from him all, that had placed it above others; and that the Times were good or bad, according as the Princes deviated from, or approached his Conduct; That he had re-established the Authority of the Royal Government, before staggered; causing Justice to reign; Changing the manners of his Subjects; reforming the Laws; redressing and maintaining Religion; regulating the Revenues; nourishing and promoting Sciences and Arts. That on the other side, he had changed the whole method of making War; and taught his Successors what all his Predecessors had been ignorant of in that Art, which is the mystery of all others.

His Wisdom and Foresight were equal to his Prudence and Valour: And those who did not see the first Springs of 'em, took for unheard-of happiness, and for Miracles of a blind Fortune, the surprizing Effects of all these Qualities joyned together in so eminent a degree. Places before impregnable, were taken almost as soon as attacked.

attacked. The *Euphrates* and *Tygris* were passed like Brooks. The desolation of War fell onely upon the Enemy. Abundance marched with his Armies. The years had but one Harvest, but he found therein several Campaigns. The Winter which finishes those of others, often began his. One would have said that he commanded the Seasons: or rather, that by his Example he made all those he commanded to act like whole Armies, and do things above humane Forces; because that as he took to himself all the glory of such extraordinary and such laborious Expeditions, he likewise took upon himself the greatest part of the labour.

Amidst all this, the least intervals of rest had in his Court the advantages of a profound Peace. He made those mighty *Pyramids* you just now mentioned for the observing the motion of the Heavens, as likewise *Obeliskes*, Triumphant Arches, Palaces, Gardens, almost like those of Romances. But these were the Recreations of his Mind, and the least of his cares. His Feasts and publick Sights were answerable to this same Grandeur. But the constant magnificence of his Family, of his Court, of the Forces maintained for his Guard, and his immense Riches, which were sufficient for
all

all his designs. The prodigious mass of rare and precious things of all sorts that were shown in his Treasures, were a continual Spectacle which charmed Strangers, and attracted them from all sides of the World; and those who could see more nearly the Master of so many blessings, found them still much below him himself.

Every one in proportion to his understanding, discovered in him greater and more surprising Talents. The saying upon *Rallery*, which the Ladies have so much commended, he said it carelessly to a Lady of an infinite Merit, of a very elevated Wit and Judgement, whom he had chosen out of all his Court to form the first years of the Prince that was to succeed him. She said, that it was an admirable instruction for her self; and that she should esteem her self very happy if she could have taught the Son what she learnt every moment from the Father.

They say he left this same Prince his Son other Instructions in Writing, which the *Egyptians* kept amongst sacred things, and which they caused their new Kings to read solemnly upon the Throne it self before their Coronation.

All this is very charming, said *Clarice*; methinks it is the Character of twenty Kings

Kings in one alone. But at what Age did he do so many great things?

He began them, said *Antigenes*, at four and twenty years old, and was not forty when he said them and wrote them himself.

He succeeded to the Crown at the age of five years: And it was observed, as a preface of his Conquests, that the first days of his Reign were signalized by the gaining of a Battle. But Heaven, which often forms Great Men and Great Princes by adversity, thought fit to shewre it upon him at an Age when no body could impute it to his Conduct.

His Minority, as is usual in *Egypt*, was troubled by Civil and Forreign Wars, and the State saw it self upon the point of being subverted. The Civil War disappeared by the same degrees he grew up. The Forreign ended by new Conquests, and by his Marriage. Then he began himself to steer the Ship wherein he was before; and contrary to the inveterate custom of Princes of that time, who were but the Instruments of their Ministers, he made all his Ministers his Instruments. He would see all and know all, and did himself look all ways to the Helm. He hearkned to all his Subjects, who hitherto had hardly had any access to
their

their lovely Master. He made no other use of Pleasures than as a support and help to Labour. He regulated hours in each day for all the Royal Functions, and days for each sort of Affairs; and what was marvelous, suffering his Reason to govern more than his Inclination, all impatient that he was in that age of extending his Reputation by Arms, he applied himself as a King of Sixty years to regulate and reform the Bowels of his State, wherein that application was absolutely necessary, and as the foundation of all the great things he could do in the future.

He was happy in not waiting long for a just and natural occasion to make War. Then he flew like Thunder into his Enemies Countries, and made them see by the rapidity of his Conquests, that they gave him all that was theirs, in refusing him what was his Right by a legitimate Succession.

His moderation restored them by the first Peace what he might with Justice have kept. Envy followed so great a lustre, all the rest of *Africa* and part of *Asia* confederated against him.

The number of his Enemies did but augment that of his Triumphs, and onely out of the love he had to his People and
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the general Good, he did not offer, truly speaking, but gave once again to the world a Peace, such as he had resolved on it himself. So as in *Egypt* they took for a Prophet an ingenious man of that time, who from a ghastly solitude wherein he was when that King began to govern his State, foreseeing by the two or three first years what the others should produce, and describing in a kind of elevated Poetry his future Conquests, concluded with these Verses.

*Through all the Universe this glorious Prince,
More happy Halcyon days will so dispence :
His Goodness with his Justice will combine,
And in one League all Nations firmly joyne.
Yield, Romans, yield, I as a Prophet say,
This is the dawn of a much vaster Sway.*

Ah ! *Antigenes*, cried *Alvarez*, then there were *Romans* Fifteen or Twenty thousand years ago.

That is not the business, said *Melinta* ; but it is as the Proverb says, *A Lye had need of a good Memory* ; and *Antigenes* has forgotten, without thinking of it, the agreeable Fiction which I fancy we all understand, and which the pleasure we take therein hindred us from interrupting when
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he gave us this King of Egypt instead of ours.

That I avow, said *Antigenes*; but if I had not spoken of the Consul of *Alexandria*, of the Patriarch of *Mount Libanus*, of the *Arabick* Manuscript of *Sesostris* the first, and of Fifteen thousand years ago, *Clarice* would not have listned to me.

You're mistaken, said *Clarice*; for I listned to you still with more attention, when I understood the Discourse was meant of *Lewis* the Fourteenth; and there is not a person hears his Praise with more attention than my self.

You must at least confess, said *Antigenes*, that herein onely you prefer things present and near, before ancient and remote.

I am too downright, said *Clarice*, to deny it.

And we too downright, said *Antigenes*, not to acknowledge that the humour in this is almost your humour of all the world. And indeed, we admire, with a great deal of Justice, the Dialogues of *Plato* and of *Xenophon*. But if they returned into the world, and published Conversations, it would be to little purpose for them to couch therein all their Wit, and all the Wisdom of their *Socrates*; it is a great question to know if they would be read: And I am at least
much

much deceived if one part of the people would not find 'em very long and very tedious. Such an able man takes a great deal of pains in filling his Collections with what he finds proper for civil Life, in *Plutarch* or in *Seneca*: And yet if he meets with any Book wherein is represented to the life the manner of living of well-bred People, and wherein is given, especially to Courtiers and to Ladies, the best advice it is capable of receiving, he would hardly open the Volume, content himself with learning at the first Page that it is printed either for *Barbin*, or for *Corb  *, to look upon it thenceforward as one of the frivolous uselefs Works of our Age.

And we our selves, said *Polemon*, who should listen with so much curiosity to what one should tell us of the Gardens of *Semiramis*, and should see with so much pleasure those of *Tivoli*, because we are in these of *Antigenes*, we have contented our selves for two hours with this beautiful and agreeable Terrafs without seeing any thing of all the rest.

You are in the right, said *Antigenes*, and though what remains to be seen will not answer your expectation, it is but just to shew it you, such as it is. Then leading the way, he conducted us through Shades
of

of Jassimin and Honey-suckles, through Alleys of Chesnuts and *Acacia* set with rows of Water-works in form of Balisters, into very pleasant Gardens: At the end whereof is a little Grove of Fir-trees, with a great Oval in the middle.

But we were much surprized to find in a large green Harbour an *Opera* of his own invention, and very ingeniously design'd upon the subject of the Peace, and which could not have been better suted to what had been just before the discourse of the Company: For there were Gods and Goddesses disputing together who should have the greatest share in that great Event, and in general to the glory of the King, for Arms, for Laws, for Religion, for Sciences, for Arts, for Buildings, for publick Sights. All the Company then remembered that Score of Kings in one King alone, of whom *Clarice* had spoken. They commended the magnificence of *Antigenes*, and especially his Wit, for having known so well how to satisfie such opposite Palates as those of *Melinta* and of *Clarice*, who agreed together with all the rest of the Company, in giving him the Eulogies he deserved.

THE

THE
BATHS
 OF THE
THERMOPILÆ.

To the
 Princess of *MILETUM*.

IF it lay in my power to disobey you, Madam, I would not undertake to give you the description of the most observable Occurrences at the Baths you have heard so much talk of: And yet if you could be contented with a small Relation of things in general, perhaps I should not find it so difficult a Province; but I have your commands to give you the Characters of the Principal Persons who met at that place. You are desirous to know every word of a Conversation which is
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become famous by those among whom it passed, and you would not willingly be ignorant of the least Circumstance of a small adventure, which indeed is not unworthy of your curiosity.

You would likewise have me tell you all I know of *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* had declared the wisest of all men.

In fine, you demand a kind of Journal of all the remarkable Circumstances I have seen or heard of at the Baths. All this, Madam, is above my capacity; but as I am infinitely your Debtor, you must be obeyed, though without Order and without Ornament. I shall then begin with the description of the place where the Baths are, before I undertake to represent to you the principal Persons I saw in that place. You must know, Madam, that pretty near the Mountain of *Thermopila*, which divides *Greece*, and which onely leaving a difficult and narrow passage, through which one may go from one side of *Greece* to the other, seems to aim at the fortifying it equally; there is a Town called *Alpena*, where you find a great number of very convenient houses for those who go to the Bath.

But as for the place where they Bathe, it has

Has without doubt something both salvage and agreeable.

And indeed, when you are in that narrow Passage which goes from one side of Greece to the other, you see on the West-side an inaccessible Mountain environed with Precipices.

On the East-side you have a view of the Sea, and a kind of Maritime Marsh so full of Springs and Reeds, there is no going to it. True it is, that descending somewhat lower on the side of *Arhemisia*, there is a Meadow extremely pleasant: For it has not onely the prospect of that great wild Mountain, and on the other side the Sea for an object; but it has likewise an infinite number of Trees planted regularly which surround it.

As the Baths are properly in that place, care has been taken to gather all the Waters of it together, which might have rendred it muddy, as well as the Marsh which touches it. So as having brought into that place those famous Waters which serve for the Baths, they have made at the two ends of the Meadow above a hundred Fats of Marble, wherein they let when they please as much Water as is necessary for Bathing. Inasmuch, as the most part of persons of Quality who go to those Baths having ma-

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gnincent Tents for the covering of those Fats, the prospect is very agreeable. And as those Waters are naturally lukewarm, they must of necessity bathe in the place it self.

This does not hinder the Ladies from being as much in private as if they were in their own Chambers. For besides that the Tents appointed for the Men are at the other end of the Meadow, and that a man would pass for mad and extravagant if he should be wanting in the respect that is due to Ladies; There are likewise long and high Balisters which divide it, and where are Guards as long as the time of Bathing lasts. Insomuch that the Men conduct the Ladies onely to those Balisters; after which they go into their Tents, where they are at full liberty. Besides, the men do not bathe at the same time; for they go to the Baths in the Morning, and the Ladies towards the Evening. And when they go out of their Tents, the Men who have Friends of the other Sex, or Mistresses, go to receive them at the Doors of the Balisters for to conduct them to their Chariots, which are ranged along the Meadow, from whence they go a walking on the Sea-shore, when they are not willing to return too soon to *Alpena*.

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The conveniency of these Baths is, that they oblige people to nothing but Diversion. There is likewise this in particular, that it is the general opinion they are more proper for the preserving Health and Beauty, than to cure those who are sick: So as that great Assembly of men and women who flock from all parts of *Greece* during three moneths of the year, do render this place very agreeable. For at their entrance into *Alpena*, they renounce all manner of Melancholy: And of what Country soever a person is, he must also renounce the Customes of the place where he is born, and live according to the use of the Bath, which without settling and imposing any thing against civil Decency, allows of all the Pleasures which are not forbidden by Virtue.

There are excellent Musicianers of all sorts, Painters, and sometimes Comedians too, who recite in some occasions the finest Pieces of *Euripides* his Works. But since the Baths have been settled in that place, there was never perhaps a year that there was so great a Rendezvouze at the Bath of so many persons of Quality and of Virtue. And indeed there was of 'em from all parts of *Greece*; from *Athens*, from *Thebes*, *Megara*, *Sicyon*, *Argos*, *Mycenæ*,
F 2
Chalcis,

Chalcis, Delphos, Thessalia, and likewise from *Sparta*, though in a smaller number, by reason of their austerity.

Besides, the custom of the Baths is, that all the Ladies are dressed after the same manner; and for their conveniency they have invented a very gallant sort of habit which resembles that of the Nymphs of *Diana*, which without having much variety, is very becoming, and does not want Magnificence.

Thus, Madam, you have an account of the place where the Baths are, and the way of their living there: And I must likewise tell you now who were the principal persons I met with in that place. The Princess of *Sicyon*, who is a person of great merit, was there before I came: She is very handsome, has Wit and Virtue, and is a great lover of the Conversation of ingenious people, yet without shewing either too much or too little Wit. And indeed it was commonly at her house that all the choice persons met at the hours that were not for Walking; that is to say, before or after bathing.

There were five or six *Athenian* Ladies, who might dispute for Wit and Beauty with all the rest; But among others, a Lady called *Melicrita*, who has Charms that cannot

cannot be exprest; whether as to her Beauty and her Wit, whether as to her Humour and her Carriage: and she was my darling Friend at the Bath, as well as at *Athens*. There was likewise a Lady of *Corinth* called *Eupolia*, who has a great stock of Merit. She knows almost all things, without pretending to Knowledge; but does so dread Death and all manner of Dangers, that this fearful humour, as it makes her spend many hours very ill, so it gives occasion to her Friends to teize her often for it after an agreeable manner.

She had a Relation with her of a facetious humour, called *Hiparetta*, who gave us a thousand Pleasures in several occasions, and is likewise very handsome. The famous *Aspasia*, so knowing that *Socrates* confesses to have learnt from her the Art of Speaking well, was there for some days: and some of the most virtuous Women had the curiosity to see her; though the assiduity of *Pericles*, and other great men of all Nations, have given occasion to Calumny to suspect her Virtue: But for my part, I did not think fit to make her a visit.

In exchange, we saw there four of the Virgins of *Minerva* of *Athens*, who liv'd with great reservedness; for they onely received Ladies

at their House; and saw no men, unless they were their Relations, upon occasion at the Ladies Houses where they made Visits, or at the Temple of *Minerva*, near which they were lodged. Amongst these four was the generous *Theano*, whom I shall speak of in the sequel.

The Wise and Beautiful *Areta*, Daughter of the famous *Tbucydides*, of Royal extraction, was likewise there, whose Merit is known and admired by all *Greece*. I should never have done, if I would speak of all the Ladies in particular.

But it is very just that I dwell a little longer in my account of some men of an extraordinary Merit; which you will grant, Madam, when I shall tell you, that *Xenophon*, *Alcibiades*, *Theramenes*, and *Euripides* were there, all Friends of *Socrates* the wise: that *Lisander* was there some days, as well as *Thrasylbulus* and *Philocles*; for most of these Names are famous through all the Earth.

I knew them much better at the Bath than before; one knows in that place the History of all the principal Persons who are there. One knows, I say, their Amours, their Intrigues, their Ambition.

A secret Enemy of *Alcibiades*, called *Androcles*, being there, was the Satyrical Historian

rian of that fine Assembly: and a Lady of *Sycion*, called *Chryfila*, was the true Historianess. From her it was I learnt *Lisander* came with no other intent to the Bath than to exasperate *Alcibiades* against *Athens*.

Androclus proceeded much farther; for he said, that *Alcibiades* had been *incognito* at *Sparta*; and as he is admirably beautiful, well made, and of a good Meen, has a facetious, gallant, and infinitely agreeable Wit.

Androclus added, that the Queen of *Lacedemon* was in love with him; and that Love would take him away from the *Athenians* under the appearances of Ambition, or that Ambition would oblige him to feign the being the Lover of that Princess.

But to finish the Portrait of *Alcibiades*, I must needs say he speaks something low. But as it is without affectation, this slight fault does seem to soften his Voice, and is very becoming him. He is magnificent in Moveables, in Equipage, and all his Actions do favour of his high Birth.

He has all the violent Passions, yet has been seen to have had two or three Mistresses at a time. But as Ambition is the ruling Passion of his soul, he is ever ready to quit

all his Mistresses for the giving that consent. Besides, he knows how to change his manners as he pleases. He can live without pain after the *Laconian* manner, nice and voluptuous in *Ionia*, loving good Cheer and Horses in *Thrace*, magnificent among the *Persians*, taking pleasure in giving Feasts to the people; and with all this very valiant, and a great Commander both at Sea and at Land.

But as he mingles gallantry in all he does, he had at the Army a golden Crown whereon, instead of a Warlike Device, was a little *Cupid* carrying a Thunderbolt, intimating by words which I have forgotten, that the God of Love was more formidable than *Jupiter*.

But what is most to be admired is, that his impetuosity has ever been suspended in the presence of *Socrates*, whose Virtue fixed his humour for a time. True it is, this Friendship was cemented by reciprocal Obligations. And indeed, at the War of *Potidaea*, wherein *Alcibiades* did wonders, *Socrates* always followed him. But *Alcibiades* being wounded in a very dangerous occasion, *Socrates* cast himself between the Enemies and him, and hindred his being taken Prisoner.

The Prize of that Battle belonged to
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Socrates ; but he was nevertheless the first who said it ought to be given to *Alcibiades*.

But to return to *Androcles*, he told us likewise, that to what place soever *Xenophon* went, he was followed by a Lady of a great Merit, called *Philefia*. And indeed we saw her arrive at the Bath some days after *Xenophon*.

If a violent Passion could be excusable in a Lady, the Merit of *Xenophon* would excuse *Philefia* ; for there is not a man in the World better made, nor of a greater Air, no not *Alcibiades* himself. His Humour is more sage, and more reserved. His Wit is agreeable. He speaks as he writes, and he writes better than any man soever : And truly he has been called the Muse, and the *Athenian Bee*, to shew the sweetness of his Style. His Heart is as perfect as his mind, being solidly Pious without Ostentation. He is as renowned amongst the great Captains, and amongst the great Philosophers, and the best Historians.

He is not one of those Bullies who only esteem their own Valour : Nor is he a Writer who would attribute to himself the Works of others. For I have heard him say, that in the Battle of *Delion*, so fatal to the *Athenians*, *Socrates* per-

formed wonders in his own person; and that finding himself engaged and hurried away against his will; by those of his own Party, he retired slowly, yet facing the Enemy and fighting like a Lion. *Xenophon* said; that *Socrates* in that condition having found him entangled under his Horse, and wounded; he disengaged him in spite of the Enemies, and took him upon his Shoulders until he was far enough from 'em as not to fear they would kill the man, whose Life he was desirous of saving.

Xenophon told me this after an Heroick manner; and all Greece knows never any other did so highly commend the Works of *Thucydides* as himself.

Xenophon loved Hunting and Horses, and all Military Exercises. *Alcibiades* loved them likewise: but his humour is very impetuous; and his Pleasures are very often dissolute, and very changeable. Magnificence attends him in all places; and never any besides himself has had Seven Chariots at the Olympick Games. Yet these two men, alike in some things, and so different in others, were intimate Friends of the wise *Socrates*.

As for *Lisander*, who is of the Race of *Heraclides*, as he has been brought up in the simplicity, not to say politick Poverty, of
Sparta.

Sparta, his Character is very different. But under that seeming modesty he conceals a great deal of Pride. And very far from refusing a Throne if he could attain it, he would not refuse an Altar, nor all the Homages that are paid to the Gods: Having likewise been suspected of endeavouring to suborn in several places those who render Oracles, for the attaining of his ends.

You may easily judge, Madam, that this variety among these Great men rendred the Society the more agreeable. The famous *Euripides*, *Socrates* his Friend to such a degree, that the envious said this wise Philosopher has some share in his Works, was likewise at the Baths. But understanding people onely believe, he has given him good hints and Counsels. His Birth is without doubt obscure, but yet he has a Haughty, Melancholy, and Arrogant Air: And his great Merit gives him a certain Noble Audaciousness which is not unpleasant, for that the beauty of his Wit and of his Works do maintain it; and is however civil, and understands Conversation aright.

He gained all the Prizes of the Exercises during his younger years; and has vanquished several times by his fine Tragedies, without

without there appearing in his Eyes any motion of Joy for the Victory he had gained,

It could not be observed either by his Actions or his Words, that he was a lover of Ladies; though the famous *Sophocles* has formerly reproached him, that he onely hated them upon the Stage. But though there are some places in his Works where there is Love, yet he is no professed Gallant.

Androcles said likewise, that part of his trouble came from his being unhappy in a Wife, as well as *Socrates*; And that it was after a much more cruel manner.

As for *Philocles*, he had wherewith to please, without having any extraordinary qualities. He had no Imperfections; his Heart, his Wit, and his Person, had an equality of Merit which suited to all the World, and disgusted no body.

Thrasylbulus has also Merit, Wit, and Valour; but he is something unequal in his Humour, and a little too haughty: But as for *Theramenes*, Madam, I dare not hope to represent him to you well; and we may say he has all the great Qualities of the others, without having any of their Imperfections: and he unanimously passes for a man of the most honour in *Athens*, and the

the most solidly Virtuous, and likewise one of the most Valiant: having moreover all that can render a Virtue charming in a person of Quality; good Meen, a noble Air, an ingenious Physiognomy, speaking well, an agreeable Humour without being Comical, and of a Probity that cannot be surpassed: And indeed, he has as much share in the Friendship of *Socrates* as *Criton*, *Cebes*, *Simmius*, and all the others I have named.

These, Madam, were the principal persons at the Bath. I add, that as long as the Ladies were in their Tents, there were Consorts of Country-Harmony all along the Balisters; and when they were at *Alpena*, they had Harps and Voices.

Alcibiades having a fancy of not being able to endure Consorts of Flutes in his presence, by reason those who play upon them have their Faces disfigured; This is to such a degree in his head, that he says he will have them banished from *Athens*, and shall have *Socrates* on his side. *Socrates*, I say, who has not an unfociable virtue; who has not even despised Dancing; who complies with the innocent joy of the Feasts of men of Merit, who have so great a respect for him, that he alone has more share in the Conversation than all those
he

he meets with. But, Madam, for the better understanding of what I have to say to you in the sequel, I must bring you back to *Athens*; and having to tell you what passed at the Baths, I must inform you of what passed in that famous City where *Melicrita* and my self were born.

You must know then, that *Theramenes* had been long very much in love with *Melicrita*; and that their adventure, though without great Events, merits you should know the beginning of it: For to take pleasure in the sequel in what I have to acquaint you concerning it, I shall tell it you then in few words, and then will bring you back to the Bath.

The Father of *Melicrita* being the Neighbour of *Socrates*, and of *Theramenes* likewise, we may say the praises this Great man gave them from their Infancy, made them esteem one another; but with this difference, that the esteem of *Theramenes* became a violent Passion which he durst not unboesome, and the esteem of *Melicrita* was followed by a great inclination, to which her Reason gave bounds; thinking sometimes rather to become one of *Minerva's* Virgins than to marry, because the Merit of *Theramenes* made her fear that her heart would engage it self more than she was wil-

willing it should. Besides, the Mérit of *Theramenes*, whereof I have spoken to you, retained her.

Alcibiades was for some time in love with her after the death of his Wife, who lived in that State but two or three years. But she was not afraid of loving him, because she knew he was capable of having more than one Mistress at a time; and though he promised her she should ever be the first in his Heart, she with ease rejected his Passion.

Thrasylus loved her likewise; but he had a Mistress, and it was an obstacle for her. Besides, he is something too arrogant, and a little fantastical.

As for *Androcles*, he had two, and had too little Virtue.

There was not one besides *Theramenes* who seemed to have no other Passion. But she was perswaded in general, there was not a man who would love but one person all his Life; and she would not expose herself to the not being beloved any more, or to the being less beloved.

But, said I to her one day in favour of *Theramenes*, whom I infinitely esteemed, Do not you see that *Socrates*, the wisest man that ever was, is married?

But can you be ignorant, answered she,
that

that he is unhappy in being so? And do not you know what he has said to one of his Friends, That whether we Marry or do not Marry, we always repent? and Repentance for Repentance. I love rather not to marry at all.

You know, added she, that when *Alcibiades* was first married, he was very much in love with his Wife. You know she was Beautiful and Virtuous, of great Quality, and abounding in Wit: For though I was very young, I remember her well enough to know she was very Charming; yet he gave her so much Jealousie, that she parted from him and left him.

I know it very well, said I to her; but notwithstanding her Jealousies, he loved her still; and to such a degree, that he seiz'd on her by force, and brought her back to his House.

That I grant, answered *Melicrita*; but she quickly died there of grief: and as soon as she was dead, he fell in love with me, or pretended to be so.

I know it very well, said I; but *Alcibiades* and *Theramenes* are of a very different humour.

You know, added I, that since you have seen the World you have constantly been beloved by *Theramenes*: He has shewn you his

his Love by a thousand Cares. All that can please and divert, he has done for you. He has never been wanting in any thing : Why then, my dear *Melicrita*, will not you render him happy ?

Shall I, said she, embracing me, and blushing at the same time, discover to you my Secret, upon condition you will never reveal it ?

I do solemnly engage it, said I to her ; and I will not fail my word.

Well then, replied she, I will confess to you ingenuously, that if *Theramenes* had no passion for me; if I had not a great esteem & a great inclination for him; and that I could resolve to marry, I would accept him for my Husband : For in short, a man of honor does always live well with a rational person : And when it is so, a Woman of good Sense, who loves her Repose and her Reputation, ought not to make a hurry though her Husband should have some Gallantry. For her own sake she ought to be ignorant of it as much as she can ; and when she can no longer doubt of it, not so much as torment her own Husband.

But when there has been a mutual Love before Marriage, it is not possible to suffer an infidelity with patience : And nothing seems to me more insupportable, than, to be

be jealous of a Husband whom we must love and respect be he what he will. When we are jealous before marrying a man, we complain, we hate, or despise : But a Husband, with whom we are to live until the very last moment, and live in peace, if he should no longer love what he is always obliged to love, is, I must confess, what I cannot suffer the thoughts of, nor expose my self to that misfortune : and I should prefer the being *Theano's* Companion amongst the Virgins of *Minerva*, before being the Wife of *Theramenes*, if I was necessarily bound to chuse one of the two.

Cease then, *Theolinda*, said she to me, speaking to me in favour of *Theramenes* ; I know but too well his Merit, and the Passion he has for me : And would to the Gods I knew neither the one nor the other.

And for the discovering to you all the delicacy of my Sentiments, which perhaps you will find capricious, know, that the tenderness of *Theramenes* his heart is what most allarms me. For, my dear *Theolinda*, he has naturally a passionate Soul ; and I am likewise something afraid that I am as much indebted for his Love to his Temperament, as to my own pretended Merit. His looks, his words, his Letters, all is full of Passion ; And when I think what my
grief

grief would be if I saw him have for another the same tenderness he has for me, I confirm my self so strongly in the resolution of not marrying him, that nothing can make me change.

But can you marry another, said I to her?

In no wise, answered she; and it is for that reason I am making a strict Friendship with *Theano*. For if I had the misfortune to lose those I owe my life to, I would go demand the veil of her.

In fine, *Theolinda*, this is all the Secret of my Heart, which I pray you not to reveal to any body without exception, according to your promise: For I would not have *Theramen*es know the inclination I have for him.

You raise my pity, said I to her, seeing you so disquiet your self, and upon such ill-grounded fears.

Ah! I beseech you, replied she, observe but the Conduct of all those you are acquainted with. You know there is a Miss here, whose extraordinary Beauty attracts all the men in general, married or unmarried. *Aspasia* with her Wit, has done no less than *Diodota* with her Beauty.

The greatest men have had a weakness for these two Women without Virtue, principally the former. And would not you have

have me fear that *Theramenes* should be weak, as well as a thousand others have been ?

No, no, pursued she, whether Capriciousness, or Reason, you shall not change my Heart.

As she was saying these last words, *Theramenes*, *Alcibiades*, and *Androcles*, came into my Chamber : And as the last is a great lover of telling all the news of *Athens*, he told us, that *Socrates*, all-wise as he is, had had the curiosity to go, with three or four of his Friends, to see the Beauty of *Diodota*, while an excellent Painter was drawing her Picture.

Androcles said this with a malicious smile, as not finding this curiosity worthy of *Socrates*. *Melicrita* looked upon me then with an Air which suited with her secret Sentiments.

And *Alcibiades* following his facetious humour, said he was something surprized at this ; for that *Socrates* had told him a hundred times, he was to fly from Beauty.

But *Theramenes*, perceiving that *Androcles* would have made a poyson of that Curiosity, broke silence, and said, he just came from seeing a Friend of *Socrates* who had been at the Visit he had made ; and that

that he had had no other designe than to know if *Diodota* had Wit enough to reform her ill Conduct. And indeed, Madam, *Socrates* spent all his Life in inspiring Sentiments of Virtue into all those he sees. Insomuch that at the first, according to his way, he had rallied with that Woman for the taming her.

But after, having well observed that her Wit was not worthy of her Beauty, he ridicul'd her, deploring the misfortune of that Woman, who having wherewith to make her self adored, made her self despised by all the Earth.

I looked upon *Melicrita* in my turn, to see in her Eyes if the virtuous Sentiments of *Theramenes* did not please her. She blushed, and would dexterously have turned the Conversation upon another Subject.

But is it possible, said I then, that people should call Love the Passionate Sentiments that men have for such a Lady as *Diodota*, who would willingly be beloved by all those that see her, without being cruel to any one of her pretended Gallants?

If it be Love, said *Alcibiades*, it is at least a transport of a weak and passionate Heart.

Truly, said *Melicrita*, you give that weakness a very soft name. He who can love one

one

one of those Women without Virtue, is not virtuous himself.

But, Madam, resumed *Theramenes*, Do not you know, you who love all fine and ingenious things, and understand them so well too; you, I say, who esteem *Euripides* so much, do not you know what he has asserted in one of his finest Pieces, that there are two sorts of Loves?

If I did know it, replied she, I have forgotten it; but I do not believe to have seen it. I then desired *Theramenes* to tell us the passage if he remembred it; and seeking a moment in his Memory, he recited these Verses drawn out of a much larger Work.

The Sentiments of *Euripides* upon
Honest Love.

*Two sorts of Love in humane Breasts do reign,
And o're their Minds a different Empire gain
Venus the wanton Parent of the one,
Does from the frothy Ocean bear her Son,
Who with thick foggy Thoughts our Souls in-
spires,
And preys upon us with material Fires.
Th' other adorn'd all o're with perfect Grace }
Is of a pure, Divine, and heavenly race, }
That in the filthy muddy senses has its place. }*
By

By Beauties treacherous Charms it does betray,
 And makes of sensual an Fools an easie prey,
 And Reason our best Guide does still annoy;
 By too much sense it does all sence destroy.
 But with this Love all Virtues do combine,
 And real Modesty does with Prudence joyn.
 This is their fate, alike they seem to be,
 Yet the one being mortal, they disagree;
 For the other is endu'd with Immortality.

These Verses are out of *Enripides*.

I had not seen those Verses, said *Melicri-
 za*; but I believe *Enripides* has made them
 to shew that there ought really to be two
 sorts of Love, and that this does not prove
 there is so.

Before that your indifference, Madam,
 said *Alcibiades*, had taken from me all
 hopes of being looked upon favourably by
 you, I should have allowed of *Enripides* his
 distinction. But as I dare not now own
 any more than Respect and Admiration
 for your Ladiship, I confess sincerely, said
 he rallying, to perplex *Theraments*, that I be-
 lieve but one kind, which varies a little, ac-
 cording to the persons we love. But at
 the bottom there are many more Loves
 which die, than Eternal Loves.

It is not sufficient to say, said *Therame-
 nes*, Love varies according to the persons
 we

we love : For I believe it may be more truly said, Love varies according to the person who loves ; since it is properly the Heart of a Lover which renders Love either inconstant or faithful.

And indeed when we are born to love well, the indifference and cruelty of the Person beloved, do not make Love die. And on the contrary, the Beauty, Wit, Virtue, and even the most tender Correspondence, cannot fix a heart naturally unfaithful : there must then needs be a frivolous Amour, such as *Euripides* describes it ; and a virtuous Love, such as he represents it to us.

I assure you, resumed *Melicrita* rising, to break off the Conversation, that the Loves in Verse and in Prose are very Chimerical Loves ; and what Love there is in the heart of all men, is very light and very frivolous.

You speak too generally, Madam, replied *Theramenes*.

I am of your opinion , resumed I ; and a general Rule must never be made in any thing.

This *Alcibiades* agreed to ; and *Androcles* durst not oppose it. But at length *Melicrita* went away, without suffering any of the men in my Chamber to lead her to her Chariot, refusing them all equally.

But

But, Madam, not to abuse your patience, during six Months *Theramenes* forgot nothing of all that Love can inspire into a very witty man, for the obtaining *Melicrita's* Consent to demand her of *Aristocrates* her Father. She would never allow him to do it; nay, stretched her cruelty much farther: For she forbid it him so absolutely, that he durst not disobey her. And besides, he would only owe her to her self.

He sometimes discovered, in spite of *Melicrita's* endeavours, that she did not hate him; But he was so much the more unhappy. He sought to divert her by Feasts, by Musicks, and by a hundred ingenious Gallantries. He attempted to touch her Heart by passionate Letters, by Tears, by Sighs, by tender and touching words. All this was to no purpose. Insomuch, as lying under these unhappy circumstances, he resolved to endeavour the curing himself by absence.

Socrates, having no fancy for Voyages, did all he could to divert him from this design; and blamed in his presence the excessive Curiosity of great Travellers, as well as that of all the Philosophers who had preceded him: For all the world knows *Socrates* values nothing but Morality; and

G

be-

believes it a thousand times more necessary than so many uncertain Knowledges which the most part of men make the business of all their Lives.

Theramenes did not tell *Socrates* the true cause of his design: But he resolved to pursue it; and departed without being able to take his leave of *Melicrita*: For she carefully shun'd him, for fear he should see in her Eyes the secret of her Heart. But he wrote to her, and the Letter was delivered her on the morrow after his departure. The Letter was as follows.

I depart, Madam, that I may not importune you any more with my Passion: and though I am perswaded my absence will not be sensible to you, I easily perceive yours will be so cruel to me, that Death will quickly put a period to my Sufferings. Perhaps, Madam, when you have lost me for ever, you will perceive I merited a less rigorous treatment. Be not offended if I entertain so light a hope, since it is the onely recompence I can pretend to, for the most violent and most constant passion that the heart of man was ever capable of.

Theramenes address'd to me his Letter, and desired me by another to deliver it to her; for he was very much my Friend:
And

And though I had inviolably kept *Meliorita's* Secret, he knew well enough I blam'd her carriage towards him.

But in short, he departed, I delivered his Letter; *Meliorita* would not read it, but I read it to her. She blush'd, she sigh'd; and I perceiv'd she could hardly conceal the trouble of her Heart. We were interrupted, and she avoided during several days to speak to me in particular.

But this was extraordinary in this occasion, that she treated those who were in love with her much worse since *Theramenes* was absent, revenging her self upon them for the torment she suffer'd in not daring to abandon her Heart to the inclination she had for him.

But in a short time after, *Athens* was expos'd to two the greatest Calamities in the World, War, and Pestilence, wherewith it had long before been menaced by an Oracle.

I shall say nothing to you of that War, since you are perfectly inform'd of all its Events. And I have already told you, that *Alcibiades* and *Socrates* signalized and distinguished themselves therein after such a manner, as that they were not to be equalled by any other.

These two misfortunes together, put *A-*

thens into a great Consternation : all those persons who had Country-houses , retired to them : But the Air being infected , they met with the Pestilence in all places. The Contagion was brought into the Camp before *Potidaea*, where many died of it. Almost all those died who had any understanding in Physick, so as people died without help : And this had so much the Air of a Divine Punishment , that publick Prayers were made in all the Temples ; but the Mortality was so great, that few people were seen there.

It was not, as formerly, a popular Malady ; persons of the highest Quality were attacked by it as well as others.

Thucydides had that terrible Disease, but recovered. My Husband died of it in the Army, being very young ; so that I retired with *Stebonia*, *Melicrita's* Mother, into the Country.

Socrates was almost the onely man of all those who were at the Army, who was spared by the Infection ; and this was attributed to the protection of the Gods, and his great Sobriety.

Melicrita has confessed to me since, that sometimes she was very glad her cruelty had banished *Theramenes* from a place where he might have perished either by War or by

by Pestilence ; but she knew not that the same Passion which had sent *Theramenes* away recalled him, and exposed him to the same dangers which she thought to have made him avoid.

And indeed, Madam, as soon as *Theramenes* had notice his Country was in War, and his Mistress exposed to the Pestilence, he changed his Course and Design, how far off soever he was, and returned with much more diligence than he went away.

But to shew that the Love of *Melicrita* had more share in his Return than the love of Glory, instead of going directly to the Army, he approached *Athens*, to know where she was : But he found there a hideous Solitude, and more dead Corps than living Bodies.

They told him I was with *Melicrita* in the Country ; that *Stenobia* was very sick, though not of the Contagious Disease : And that *Melicrita*, having had news her Father was taken with the Pestilence, in his return from the Army ; his Domesticks all dead of it except a young Slave ; and that knowing the lamentable condition her Father was in, she would have left me with *Stenobia*, and gone to *Aristocrates*, if I had not hindered her from so doing.

Theramenes, hearing all this, forced, as I may say, by great Presents, the onely Physician who remained at *Athens* to go with him; and wrote to *Melicrita* in these terms :

Love, Madam, banish'd me from my Country ; the same Passion calls me home, that I might have the Consolation to see my self near you, and endeavour to succour him to whom you owe your Life. Continue with *Stenobia*, Madam ; I am carrying to *Aristocrates* a very able Physician ; I steal him from a great City , but I value you above all the World. If I can by my cares save *Aristocrates's* life, and that his Disease does not prove Contagious to my self, I will go seek Death in the Army ; too happy in having rendred you a Service which perhaps will be the onely one of all my life that will be acceptable to you.

Theramenes used all possible precaution in writing to us. He came from a good Air, took a Table-book out of such things as had not been in *Athens*. He sent them by a Slave he had brought with him from the Country he came ; and went directly to the place where he knew *Aristocrates* lay ill.

I forgot to tell you that I received *Theramenes's*

Theramen's Packet as I was weeping with *Melicrita*, who underwent a mortal Grief, knowing that her Father, whom she tenderly loved, had so terrible a Disease without having any help. All his Servants were dead at the Army; and not a man could be found to be sent to him; we had onely Women, except an old Domestick who was not in a condition to undertake a Journey. All the others were fled away, and I could not divert her from going, without knowing however how she should get to *Aristocrates*.

In that condition we received *Theramen*'s Messenger as a Messenger from Heaven. And when she knew the care this generous Lover had taken to procure her Father a Physician, and that he was going to expose himself to the Pestilence for the love of her; It must be confessed, said she, that this action is admirable! and without saying a word more, she went to acquaint *Stenobia*, her Husband would not die without help, and that *Theramen* was going to him.

This News gave so much joy to that virtuous Woman, that her Fever diminished two hours after.

I then represented to *Melicrita* all I thought capable of moving her; but she was ingenious in tormenting her self: Do

not you see, said she to me, that it is not now a fitting time to speak to me of *Theramenes's* Passion? Perhaps he came too late; perhaps it lies not in his power to save *Aristocrates*: And perhaps, alas! added she sighing, he will meet with his own death in endeavouring to render me a great Service; which would be to me a greater misfortune than I can express.

In fine, notwithstanding the severity of my Conduct, added she blushing, I love *Theramenes*; and it is onely the tenderness of my Heart which has made me treat him so as I have done.

What touch'd her still more, is, that I knew from the Messenger *Theramenes* had sent us, and who had Wit enough, that his Master had been under a mortal Melancholy during his Travels, not having had the least curiosity, wandring almost here and there at hazard, yet still going farther off.

In the mean while we knew not what course to take for to hear from *Aristocrates* and *Theramenes*: But the Slave he had sent us offered his service, which we accepted: and *Melicrita*, after having twenty times changed her Resolution, wrote these few Lines to *Theramenes* by *Stenobia's* Command.

I obey a Mother, whom your generous action does restore to life again, only in hopes you will save that of Aristocrates; and I thank you on her behalf with all possible acknowledgement. I have not the power to tell you my own Sentiments, in the uncertainty I am under of the success of the finest action in the world: and I leave Theolinda, generous Theramenes, to tell you better my sense in this sad occasion.

And indeed, I wrote to *Theramenes* after a more endearing manner: but before he could receive our Letters, a great deal of time was spent; for that young Slave was seized on by the Governour of a Castle, because it was known he had passed through *Athens*: So as that he was kept to be purified in a Separate Lodging.

During that time, *Melicrita* suffered all the grief that Friendship and Love can inflict, by the sentiments of Fear she had both for *Aristocrates* and for *Theramenes*. But at last, though a pretty while after, we received a Packet from *Aristocrates*, without knowing from whence it came: For he who brought it had received it from another.

It was I who opened it: I first saw a

Letter from *Aristocrates* to *Stenobia*, but very short. I gave it her, and she commanded *Melicrita* to read it to her. She found therein these words.

Aristocrates to Stenobia.

I owe my Life to the most generous of all men : But I owe at the same time Melicrita to Theramenes. He has not asked her of me out of the respect he had for her ; but having been informed that he has been long in love with her, and having nothing more precious to give him, I design her for him. Dispose her to obey me. The least she can do for him to whom she owes her Life, is to consent that I give her to him who has preserved mine.

Stenobia, transported with Joy, look'd upon *Melicrita*, and told her, she did not believe it necessary for her to joyn her Commands to those of *Aristocrates*.

But, to tell you the truth, *Melicrita's* Heart was so sensibly touch'd, she was not able to speak ; and yet her former Sentiments, in the midst of her Joy, made a shift to find some place in her mind. She answered with great modesty and submission to *Stenobia* ; adding onely, that since

The-

Theramenes had not yet demanded her of *Aristocrates*, there was nothing to be decided in the case. During that, I read what *Aristocrates* wrote to me. I saw by his Letter, that assoon as *Theramenes* had seen him cured, he had taken the resolution to go to the Army, without daring to write to *Melicrita*, or come to see her, for fear of bringing the bad Air. Insomuch, that after having satisfied the Love he had for *Melicrita*, he was resolved to go where the love of his Country called him.

He had received a thousand Caresses from *Aristocrates*, but had said nothing to him concerning *Melicrita*: And it was not till after his departure, that a friend of *Theramenes*, who was come to see him from the Army, acquainted him with his Passion for his Daughter. So that *Theramenes*, though very glad in having saved his Mistresses Fathers Life, was still ignorant whether this would render him the more happy; for he had not yet received our Letters. He durst neither write to us, nor come to see us: and in short, he went away very sad and disconsolate.

As the Pestilence was in the Camp as well as at *Athens*, he was afraid of letting us hear from him.

He signalized himself in the Army assoon

soon as he was there : but he unfortunately engaged himself so far in one Encounter, that neither his own Valour, nor even that of *Socrates*, could hinder his being taken by the Enemies, after having been dangerously wounded.

I leave you to think, Madam, what was *Melicrita's* grief, when upon *Aristocrates* his return we were acquainted with *Theramenes's* Wounds and Imprisonment.

This grief was so much the more sensible, in that it had succeeded the extream Joy which she had for her Fathers arrival, whom she tenderly loved, and by whom she was likewise tenderly beloved.

She had at least the Consolation of having the liberty to shew part of her grief. For *Aristocrates* was so afflicted, and *Stenobis* also, that they would have taken it very ill if *Melicrita* had not shared in their affliction.

But as she is a very discreet and modest Person, she onely let 'em see a grief of acknowledgement, if I may so term it. But when we were alone, she afflicted her self to excess. She accused her self of being the cause of *Theramenes's* misfortune, and was not to be comforted.

In the mean while, *Aristocrates* took all the care imaginable to know what state his Wounds

Wounds were in, though it was something a difficult matter, for that he was carefully guarded by the Enemies. But as Love attains all it aims at, *Theramenes* gained one of his Guards, encharged him with a packet which that same Keeper had furnished him with an opportunity to write, and sent it me. We were then in the Country: There was one Letter for *Aristocrates*, one for *Melicrita*, and another for me.

That of *Aristocrates* was full of Esteem; Friendship, and Respect: Mine, all full of Intimacy; and that to *Melicrita*, of an amorous and tender style, but still despairing of his happiness, and desiring nothing but Death, if he could not be happy by her own will. For though he knew not what *Aristocrates* had done in favour of him, yet he was of opinion he would hardly have refused him *Melicrita* if he had asked her of him.

But, Madam, not to abuse your Patience, I will tell you, that from time to time we had news from *Theramenes*; but we found it impossible to let him hear from us. Yet he had one Consolation; for the young Slave we had sent back to him, and who had been stayed by reason of the Pestilence, having at length been delivered, and had information of his Matters being in Prison, he

he was so zealous for him, that he went to the place where he was in Custody.

As he knew the Language of the Country, he pretended to have made his escape out of the hands of the *Athenians*; and in short, went so dexterously to work, that he became one of *Theramenes* his Guards, and delivered him the Pacquet he had in charge.

Melicrita's Letter and mine revived his hopes; but nothing could then restore him to his Liberty, though all things were offered to the Enemies for that purpose. This put *Melicrita* into so profound a melancholy, that her Health was altered.

The Pestilence diminished by little and little, and did at length quite cease at *Athens*. Nevertheless I could not resolve to return thither so soon, but I took the resolution of going to the Bath; and *Stenobia* and *Aristocrates* forced *Melicrita* to go along with me.

But as the Peace was concluded at that very time, *Theramenes* was set at liberty, and he went to *Aristocrates*, thinking to have found *Melicrita* there likewise. *Aristocrates* received him as a man to whom he owed his Life. *Stenobia* made him a thousand Caresses: And as *Aristocrates* was penetrated with the service he had rendred him, he spoke

spoke to him after a frank and open manner, and asked him if his Daughters Rigour, which he had heard of, had not extinguish'd Love in his Heart.

Theramenes knew not what to answer, for fear of offending *Melicrita*; but at length confess'd he had for her a Passion full of respect, which would last as long as his Life.

Aristocrates then embracing him, told him, that he would bestow her upon him with all his Heart, and with all his Estate; and that *Stenobia* should approve of what he said.

Ah! generous *Aristocrates*, cried he transported with a Joy which was nevertheless mingled with Grief, You do not know my unhappiness; and to discover it to you entirely, know, that if *Melicrita* does not give her self, I can never be happy. I should rather chuse to die of Despair, than you should force *Melicrita* to obey you. 'Tis her Heart that I seek; without it, her Beauty, Merit, and all the Estate you offer me, would not hinder me from being miserable.

But permit me, added he, with a very touching Air, to endeavour the winning her without constraining her; and allow me to go to the Baths of *Thermopile* with
your

your approbation and consent. With all my heart, said *Aristocrates*; and if my Daughter is so ungrateful as not to love a man of so much honour as your self, to whom I owe my Life, and to whom I give it, I will adopt you for my Son, and no longer look upon her as my Child.

In fine, *Theramenes* ravish'd with Joy, desired *Aristocrates* he would not send us word of his return, that he might surprize us the more agreeably.

It is time, Madam, that I bring you back to the Bath according to my promise, and that I tell you *Theramenes* put himself into a magnificent Equipage; Hopes had revived again all his gallant and agreeable Air.

As he knew the custom of the Bath allows of Serenades and Musick-Entertainments, he sent two days before his arrival one of his Friends, a very ingenious person, who bespoke all the excellent Musicians at the Bath, and rendezvouz'd them in the dusk of the Evening. *Theramenes* came to 'em without their knowing him, and brought 'em before our Windows. This surprized us extreamly: For *Melicri-
ta* had avoided all manner of Pleasures. The Harmony was admirable: and ended by a thing which perplexed us much more;
for

for as this Friend of *Theramenes* has one of the finest Voices in the World, he sung a Stanza of a Song several times, his Voice being seconded by very soft Instruments.

A SONG.

*Bless'd be the day, bless'd Object of my love,
Which to both States did a calm Peace restore.*

*Oh Gods, to me may it so happy prove,
That from my Breast it may remove
My differing Passion, fierce Allarms,
That I more nigh can your bright Eyes adore,
Gaze and admire all that vast stock of charms.
Duty and Honour forc'd me from your sight,
Amidst the horror of a Martial Field;
I could but take the sad delight
To kiss your Name engraven on my Shield.
In Fights and Prisons Death I oft did court,
That welcome Guest, alas, to me,
Though it to win in vain was all effort.
Though from Wars dangers, though from
Prisons free,
I'm sure to wear your Chains to all eternity.*

This Song being ended, all the Instruments renewed their Harmony; and going off by little and little, left in us a great curiosity:

riosity: For the rumours of the Peace being concluded, did still pass for very uncertain with us at that place.

Melicrita had some *presentments* of the truth, without imparting 'em to me. But the next Morning, as we were ready to go to the Temple, we were very agreeably surprized to see *Theramenes*, who gave a *Pacquet* from *Aristocrates* and from *Stenobia* to *Melicrita*.

This Interview had something so touching, that I cannot express it to you: The Looks, Air, and Words of *Theramenes*, did shew the Love he had in his Soul: and *Melicrita's* modesty, all great as it is, could not hinder but that there appeared in her Eyes a certain emotion full of tenderness, which was infinitely pleasing to *Theramenes*.

I shall not tell you what those two persons said to one another. *Aristocrates* and *Stenobia's* Letters were a command to look upon *Theramenes* as a man to whom they yielded all the power they had over her.

Melicrita blush'd at reading 'em: But as *Theramenes* did very much suspect what made her blush; No, no, Madam, said he to her, do not fear I will abuse the power which *Aristocrates* and *Stenobia* have over you,

you, and which they told me they would employ in favour of me. I will onely owe you to your self; and should rather chuse to die a thousand times, than constrain you.

But *Theramenes*, said she to him, in some disorder; you do not think I owe you the Life of the best Father that ever was: Could I disobey him, though I were still afraid of an engagement which lasts all one's life?

Ah! Madam, cried he, you owe me nothing as *Aristocrates's* Daughter; but you owe yourself to the constant Passion I have for you.

As I knew I should oblige *Melicrita* if I interposed in the Conversation; I told *Theramenes*, having for him his own merit, the great Service he had rendred, his Affection, and the Authority of *Aristocrates* and *Stenobia*, he might entertain all manner of hopes; that, methought he had nothing more to do than relate to us his Imprisonment, and wait peaceably for our return to *Athens*; and that in the mean while it was time to go thank the Gods for his Liberty.

Accordingly, we went to the Temple; and the rest of the day *Theramenes*, after having entertained *Melicrita* for some time,
while

while I discoursed his Friend, related to us all he had suffered during his Imprisonment.

And as he highly commended the merit, virtue, and goodness of the Wife of him who commanded in the Castle whereinto he was carried Wounded and detained Prisoner, confessing generously, he owed his Life to the care she had taken of him; I took notice this Discourse made *Melicrita* blush; there passing then in her mind some Sentiments which had like to have renewed in her Heart the fear of marrying a Lover who might not love her, or love her less after having married her. But she concealed this weakness, and even resolved to vanquish it. She made such an Answer to *Aristocrates's* Letter as becomes an obedient Daughter, and lived after a very affectionate manner with *Theramenēs*.

All the men of Quality at the Bath made him a thousand Caresses. The Princess of *Sicyon* seem'd passionately desirous to be acquainted with him.

All the Ladies in general were the same; and as the noise began to spread abroad that he was to marry *Melicrita*, as soon as ever we were returned to *Athens*, all the Men made their Compliments to *Theramenēs* upon that occasion; and all the Ladies did

did the like to *Melicrita*. As *Alcibiades* had been in love with her formerly, he said the most pleasant things imaginable; wondring how it was possible, that still admiring *Melicrita*, he was not jealous of *Theramenes*'s happiness.

Androcles, who still loved her, and hated all those who looked upon her, was very much troubled at his Rivals return.

Euripides, finding no happiness in being married, did but faintly rejoyce at the Marriage of his Friends: Besides, his gloomy humour made him seldom rejoyce at any thing.

But *Xenophon*, having a very tender Heart, did with delight espouse the Sentiments of those two persons, and contributed very much to all the Parties of Divertisement that were made at the Bath.

Several Balls there were at the Princess of *Sicyon*'s House. *Theramenes* gave several Feasts, as well as *Alcibiades*. *Thrasylbulus* appeared there very indifferent. *Lisander*, to follow the moderation of *Sparta*, contented himself with being at 'em, without giving any. *Androcles* criticiz'd them all very malignly; and the diversity which was to be met with amongst all those persons, rendred the Conversation the more agreeable.

One

One would also have said, that Chance did every day furnish us with some new and extraordinary Scene. And indeed, as we were one day a walking, we saw *Euripides* surrounded with eight or ten Souldiers upon their Knees, who seem'd to thank him for some considerable matter. He listened to them with great gravity, according to his humour, and made 'em a sign to rise.

We had the curiosity to know what was the business; but were quickly informed of the truth by the principal among those Souldiers, who knowing *Theramenes*, for that he is an *Athenian*, came and desir'd him to help them thank *Euripides*.

But what Obligations have you to him? answered he him.

We all owe him our Liberty, replied this Souldier: For we were Prisoners of War in *Sicily*, and so ill used, that we had lost all hopes of ever coming out of Captivity.

But how can he have freed you at so great a distance? interrupted I.

For that, Madam, replied he, his admirable Verses are the ruling Passion of the Prince whose Slaves we were: And as one of those men you see, and my self, know many of 'em, and that we recited them pretty

pretty well ; that Prince having heard of this , would needs see us , and commanded us to rehearse 'em in his hearing. We obeyed him ; and he was so charmed, that crying out generously , The Gods forbid, said he, I should load any longer with Chains persons whose Memories are filled with so many fine things.

Go, said he, you are free ; and tell *Euripides* from me, that if he will come to my Court, he shall reign there more than my self.

While this *Athenian* was saying this, *Euripides* came near, almost out of Countenance at so great an honour : And we had further information , that these Souldiers had been loaded with Presents : That in consideration of those who had recited the Verses, that Prince had delivered all their Companions ; and that *Euripides* would find at his return to *Athens* many more who had taken another way thither.

Areta, *Thucydides*'s Daughter, who was with us , would needs know what those Verses were they had recited. They made answer, they knew almost entirely that admirable Tragedy of the *Phenisses*, which passes for the Master-piece of *Euripides*.

All the Company admired this generous action of that Prince of *Sicily* ; and concluded

cluded, men were capable of Passion for many very different Objects. Some love Poetry, others Painting, others Musick, and a hundred other things.

For my part, said *Alcibiades*, I have lov'd all these in their turns, even to the committing Injustice. For all the world knows I confin'd an excellent Painter in my house at *Athens*; constrain'd him to paint it from one end to the other against his will. And as he was the most Libertine of all men, so was he the most unhappy. But giving him to understand that he should not be paid until he had finish'd his work, he worought with an unparallel'd diligence, demanding no other recompence for his labour than his liberty.

You do ill to stop there, said *Theramenes*, seeing *Alcibiades* held his peace. For after having begun this Adventure by a violence, you finish'd it by such a liberality, as that you gave four times more to the Painter than his labour was worth.

I assure you, resum'd *Alcibiades*, that the same Passion which made me commit an Injustice in confining him, made me liberal in rewarding him, by reason I was charmed with his work.

During this, *Euripides* was discoursing those Souldiers who were delivered. But the

the Princess of *Sicyon* coming to walk in that place, joyned the Company, who went to seat themselves in a large green Bower, which that Princess had caus'd to be made for reposing in the shade: There we saw the Sea pretty near, Trees on the right and the left; and in short, a wonderful Prospect. Seats there were all around; and a finer place could not have been chosen for entertainment.

It seemed likewise as if Chance had made an agreeable choice of the persons which compos'd the Company. The Princess of *Sicyon* had with her that lovely Lady of *Corinth*, called *Enpolia*, whom I have already mentioned; who with a thousand great Qualities which render her admirable, is to excess afraid of Death.

She was also accompanied by *Areta*, Daughter of *Thucydides*, and by *Hiparetta*, whose humour is charming: and I had *Melicrita* with me, who that day appeared in all her Beauty. For as she was at length cured of part of her Fear, Joy sparkled in her Eyes, and she was not to be seen without being admired.

As for the Men, *Alcibiades*, *Theramenes*, *Xenophon*, *Lisander*, *Thrasylbulus*, *Enripides*, are those who were at this Conversation.

H

At

At first the Discourse was upon those Souldiers who were set at liberty : Whereupon, said the Princess of Sicily, it must be confessed that *Athens* is fruitful in extraordinary men. But not to speak of those who are here, I must own I cannot sufficiently admire all I have heard say of *Socrates*.

You have reason for what you say, Madam, resumed *Xenophon* : For *Socrates* is incomparable in Virtue, and in Knowledge. But as I remember, said she again, I have heard he does not over-much approve of all those Sciences which have taken up all the Lives of the Learned who have gone before him.

True it is, said *Theramenes*, that the knowledge of the Secrets of Nature is not his ruling Passion, though he has a great understanding therein too ; and he is the first who has preferred Morality before any other part of Philosophy.

He says the search of natural things is full of doubts, and followed with errors : That the true Science of Morality is indubitable in its Maximes ; and that the knowledge of Virtue is certain, solid, useful, and pleasant.

This seems to me very fine, said the Princess. But who are the principal Friends of this man ?

The

The principal Men of all Greece, Madam, replied *Alcibiades* : For besides *Xenophon*, *Theramenes*, and *Euripides*, who are here, the famous *Cebes* is one ; and *Simias* of *Tebes*, *Criton*, *Clerephon*, *Phidon*, *Cheretrates*, all excellent men.

But amongst all these, Madam, I find my place in his esteem : and such as I am , I may boast of having a share in his Friendship.

Truly, said *Eupolia*, I should not over-much fear the severity of *Socrates's* Morals, since he has such Friends as you.

No, no, Madam, said *Theramenes*, *Socrates* Virtue is not to be dreaded ; it is too solid to be unpracticable, rough , and forward. He corrects his Friends at the same time he diverts 'em, and without putting 'em out of humour ; and instructs 'em rather more by his actions than he does by his words.

Yet people say, replied she, that he speaks a thousand fine things.

That is true, said *Euripides* ; and one would say he says 'em without thinking of 'em ; for he makes use of the plainest things to inspire the most noble Sentiments.

Truly, said *Melicrita* , I have heard him say a hundred things of that nature, when

he came to see my Father, who was his near Neighbour : And I remember *Aristocrates* was one day complaining of the little care his Friends had of him.

You ought not to wonder at that, said *Socrates* ; for to speak in general, men have more care to cultivate the Trees of their Gardens than their Friends. Yet this is a great folly ; for the fruits of Friendship are much more useful and more agreeable in the commerce of Life, than the most delicious Fruits which the finest Trees can afford us.

True it is, said the Princess of *Sicyon*, that this has an Air of simplicity, but yet conceals a very true and very noble sense.

I have heard *Socrates* say another thing, resum'd *Xenophon*, looking upon the Princess which you would be glad to know. You, I say, Madam, who take so much care of the Prince of *Sicyon*'s education. For *Socrates* looking upon a *Sculpteur* who was working with great attention, said to me, in making the application of his thought to one of our mutual Friends : Do not you wonder as well as me, said he to me, to see this Workman take so much pains to make a gross Stone resemble a man ; and that our Friend who has children is not at all concerned though he sees 'em as stupid as Stones, and takes no
care

care to order it that they may be truly men?

Ah! *Xenophon*, cried the Princess, this is a very fine Reflection! and how useful would it be if all men would make the application of it to themselves, and particularly all Princes?

For my part, said *Alcibiades* smiling, I remember *Socrates* has told me a thousand times we are to fly from Beauty; yet I am in a place where there is more of it than in all the rest of *Greece*.

But, said the Princess, I would willingly know if this Wise man has no weakness he may be reproached with?

No, Madam, resum'd *Alcibiades*. Now for self-interest, I have declared a hundred times, that *Socrates* is as invulnerable to Presents as *Achilles* was in War. Neither has he any thing of the Satyr; and is above all that can be said against him.

And to say something more, he suffers patiently his Wife, than whom never was there a more fantastical nor a more extravagant person. But his Moderation is what I most admire; for he is content with so small an Estate, that he is not to be sufficiently admired: Yet he is gay, and of a very agreeable humour; and we may say in short, that he is as great a Physician for

all the maladies of the Mind, as *Hippocrates* was for all the Diseases of the Body : with this difference , that he cures after a more gentle manner.

And truly, added *Alcibiades*, I know by experience , that he knows how to check the sumptuosity of his Friends without displeasing 'em. For I remember that passing one day in that place where are the richest Merchandizes of *Athens* ; and seeing a great quantity of *Tyrian Purple* , and other very fine and rich Stuffs : Oh ye Gods ! cried he, looking upon me with a smile , how many things are here that I have no use for ?

I understand you, said I to him laughing as well as he ; and when you have rendred me as wise as you are, I shall slight 'em too. But in the mean while pardon me if I cannot be without 'em.

But pray you, interrupted *Hiparetta* , tell me if this Great man has not some Secret against Fear : For if he has one, instead of coming to the Baths of *Thermopila* , I shall advise *Eupolia* to go to *Athens*, since it is the onely defect that can be found in that admirable person : But Fear renders her so unhappy, that it would be the rendring her a great service.

All the Company laugh'd at what *Hiparetta*

retta said, by reason they all knew excessive Fear was the onely thing to be found fault with in the lovely *Eupolia*; so as all the Company was disposed to pursue the Discourse *Hiparetta* had started.

But is it possible, said *Eupolia*, Fear is so blamable as *Hiparetta* does believe it?

I am of opinion, said the Princess, that before you speak of any kind of Fear in particular, it would be requisite to examine more strictly what Fear is in itself; which so many illustrious Friends of *Socrates* as are here are very proper to define.

This might likewise be useful to the lovely *Eupolia*, added she, who perhaps does not too well know what troubles her so often.

I must in good earnest confess, said *Eupolia*, that I know better I do fear, than what makes me afraid; and that I do not decide if it is my Reason or my Imagination.

Since it is so, said *Alcibiades*, we must content the Princess; and let every one say precisely what Fear is.

The word *precisely*, said *Hiparetta*, seems to me too strong: And I am much mistaken, if all this honourable Company can make me know it clearly: for I apprehend it to be a very suddain motion, which does

not always leave the Reason at liberty.

I am perswaded, said *Euripides*, that *Hipparchus* speaks very judiciously ; for Fear in it self is very difficult to define, because it has also very different sources. And people would be little better instructed by ones having said in general, that Fear is nothing else than the apprehension of an evil that may happen to us. And I believe it is more easie to know it by its effects, than by it self.

And then the great courage which is opposite to it , may likewise serve to make it known by its opposition : For that principally consists in not fearing even horrible things ; Whereas blamable Fear consists in apprehending such things as are not at all to be feared.

When Fear proceeds even to horror, said *Alcibiades*, there is nothing more terrible : And I believe that object very proper to cure those who are susceptible of it.

And indeed, said *Theramenes* , we see those who are possessed by it have a mortal paleness in their Faces: their Eyes open and staring , without seeing any thing; their Mouths half open , without being able to cry out ; with such an Air of Distraction and Consternation, as it is easie to know excessive Fear distracts their Reason, and makes their Hearts fail 'em. When

When Fear is moderate, said *Euripides*, it causes those it seizes to run, and even to fly: But great Fear does as it were strike dead, and renders motionless. And we may conclude from its contrary effects, it is not what people would have it to be.

I have seen men in the Army, said *Lisander*, whom excessive Fear has forced to be valiant; but commonly it is the source of Cowardise.

Fear, said *Xenophon*, is in such ill reputation, that in all Times and Places where Sacrifices have been made, the Priests would never make use of timorous Victims: which have ever been imputed as unworthy of being offered to the Gods.

I assure you, said *Eupolia* laughing, I had not made that Reflection; but I perceive if I had been in *Polixena's* place I should not have been sacrificed.

Fear, said *Xenophon*, does not onely magnifie evils, it multiplies 'em; and knows likewise how to perswade those it possesses, that what is good is evil, or may become so.

All other evils have bounds, pursued he; Fear has none at all; For it often makes us apprehend what is not; what will perhaps never happen; and even what never can come to pass.

H 5

Yet

Yet it is natural to fly from Evils, said *Eupolia*.

True, resumed *Melicrita*; but Fear meets 'em, and invents false ones, which nevertheless do cause real Grievs.

That is very well observ'd, said *Theramen*: And we may also adde, extream Fear does neither suffer the Memory, the Judgement, nor Will, to prevent the mischief it causes men to apprehend. It often happens, but not always, that Fear proceeds as much from want of Judgement as from want of Heart; and what proves this, is, that the evils which Fear causes men to foresee, are more great and numerous than those which can really happen.

Fear, pursued *Alcibiades*, is the most usual Source of the Apparitions which are so much talked of in the World; and there is no Passion which makes so sudden a subversion of the Reason. In War, Cowards take Trees for Cavalry. The Dust which is raised by a Flock of Sheep, puts sometimes a disorder into an Army, when panick fear seizes on the Souldiers Hearts. And, as I have already said, there is no Passion so powerful as Fear, no not Love it self.

Ah! as for that, said *Eupolia*, I comprehend methinks sufficiently, why it is more diffi-

cult to resist Fear than the most tyrannick of all Passions, which is Love. For as I try it in my self, as soon as Fear seizes on the Hearts of those who are very susceptible of it, it disturbs their Reason; whereas generally speaking, the first moment of Love does but begin to seduce it.

That is very well observed, said *Alcibiades*: And we may adde, methinks, that as soon as Fear arises in a Soul disposed to receive it, it is great and terrible from that very first instant: And the Imagination accommodating it self to it, and following the weakness of a timorous Heart, not onely multiplies the Objects, but aggrandizes 'em, and makes 'em Monsters; which the Reason, being subdu'd, cannot surmount, nay sometimes not so much as struggle with.

But pray, cried *Eupolia*, it is my Heart which begins to fear, and not my Mind. But from the very first moment that Fear seizes me, I know no more what I say, nor what I do: And sometimes I cannot comprehend why all the World is not as much afraid as my self.

There is, methinks, said *Theramenes*, a very remarkable Circumstance against Fear; which is, that the panick Fears which happen in Armies and amongst people, passes for Divine Punishments.

Yet

Yet I assure you, interrupted *Eupolia* smiling, I do not think my self so criminal towards the Gods, as to be punished with Fear : And I would rather own it to be a Weakness than a Punishment from Heaven.

But still, said the Princess, would I willingly know if all sorts of Fears are blamable.

In no wise, Madam, answered *Xenophon*. But we must know when to be justly afraid. Fears that are just, and bounded by Reason, are praise-worthy ; the others are weak and childish. Who fears nothing is void of Reason : For Earth-quakes and a thousand other dreadful things are to be feared. But properly speaking, blamable Timidity is that which causes us to fear what is not to be apprehended.

Methinks, said *Arete* with her usual modesty, we may remark one thing, which is, that of all the Passions, Fear is the onely one which does not give one sole moment of Joy. Anger, Hatred, Envy, Covetousness, Revenge, how violent and unjust soever they may be, give sometimes Pleasure even in their Fury ; but Fear can never afford any, and it even poysons all the Presents that Fortune can make : it being certain there are no agreeable Blessings to those
who

who are always afraid of losing 'em.

But after all, said *Theramenes*, there is a Fear which proceeds from a source altogether Noble, which is Love: and this I maintain to be just and laudable; and which is found in the Hearts of good Subjects towards their Kings; of good Citizens for their Country; of Children to their Parents; and in general, in that of every one who knows how to love, whether in Love or in Friendship.

That I grant, said *Xenophon*; but that kind of Fear, very far from disturbing the Reason, helps the Judgement, and fortifies Virtue: And I boldly aver, that Fears of that stamp, bounded by a right reason, ought not properly to be called Fears; they are rather wise Reflections.

The most just of all Fears, added he, is without doubt that of the Gods; and yet that must have its bounds: For it must be moderated by the hopes we ought to have in their goodness.

In a word, excessive Fear is always blamable: and a Great man of my acquaintance advises the fearing Vices, and not to fear Dangers or Misfortunes: For if they are inevitable, we must prepare for 'em, and rest contented: And if we may avoid 'em, we must endeavour to do it without disturbing our selves by Fear.

That

That is very easie, resumed *Eupolia*, for such *Heroes* as you to say ; but I am perswaded there is a thousand things which Ladies may be allowed to fear.

For by example, pursued she, how is it possible for a virtuous Woman, and one who loves her Reputation, not to be afraid of Detraction ?

I am not of that opinion, said *Melicrita* : she ought to look upon it with contempt, and onely be afraid of deserving it.

Melicrita is in the right, said *Hiparetta* ; but I am perswaded we ought to be allowed to fear being deceived.

I am too happy, interrupted *Eupolia*, that I can oppose some sort of Fear. But in this occasion I oppose it ; and I maintain, that to be always afraid of being deceived, is the way to be so often.

There is likewise a kind of Fear which I find blamable, added she, which is that which makes certain people fear they are laugh'd at.

Ah ! as for that, said *Hiparetta*, it is ridiculous. But I know others whom I do not think over praise-worthy ; which are those persons who are always fearful of doing wrong, or speaking ill ; and who, through this fear, take a wrong Byass in all they say or do.

The

The Fear you speak of, resumed *Xenophon*, is sometimes met with in the minds of persons of Merit, who can never take a wrong Byass in any thing they do : And who nevertheless, whether in Writing, in Speaking, or in Acting, are fearful they do not fill the Idea they have of things they would write, say, or do.

Ah ! as for those People, resumed *Alciades*, I may assure you, it is the Idea they have of 'emselfes which prepossesses 'em; and their Fear most commonly is not Modesty, but Pride ; because all seems below 'em.

And I would willingly ask 'em, if they would do better than they are able ? But for my part I find there is courage in despising Reputation to a certain point, and not to believe all is lost when one has once committed a fault ; as if there was any one person in the World that is not subject to failing.

In a word, I find it much more just to have some confidence in one's self.

You have reason in what you say, re-assumed *Areta* : For I have a Friend whom all the World esteems, yet never could be satisfied with himself : And he does not esteem himself, unless it be when he knows from others that the World is satisfied with

with what he writes, or with what he does.

I assure you, said *Alcibiades*, if I had not some esteem for my self, never should I say or do any thing of value.

But yet, methinks, said *Hiparetta*, there is less danger in distrusting our selves a little, and in fearing not to do well enough what we undertake, than to esteem our selves too much, and confide rashly in our own Capacity, and always take our own first Thoughts for the best: For I believe one may very often be not onely one's first, but one's onely admirer.

What *Hiparetta* says, resumed *Therame-nes*, is well remarked. Yet I believe, to speak rationally, a man of Honour who has solid Merit, may esteem himself with reason, and confide in himself: since after all, the Master-piece of Humane Wit consists in knowing one's self well. I do not onely say in knowing our Imperfections to amend 'em, but likewise our good Qualities, upon condition, that whatsoever advantageous knowledge a man may have of his own Merit, he does not admire himself: For I maintain, the greatest Wit in the World must ever see something beyond what he does.

And I am sure, the famous *Phidias*, whose
Repu-

Reputation goes through all the Earth, did never make a Statue that fill'd the Idea he had conceived of it, no not even that Ivory-*Minerva*, so renowned, that it is the admiration of all those who see it. But *Phidias* has nevertheless proceeded boldly on in his Work, and has surpass'd all others, yet without surpassing himself. So as I conclude, there must be an intention to do well, without always fearing to do less well: For Fear disturbs and dejects the Mind of whosoever is possessed by it.

Nevertheless, said *Alcibiades*, this Fear so decried, and so worthy of being so, has met with such fearful men as to build it Temples; and with allusion to it, to build the same to Paleness.

That is pleasantly remarked, said *Euripides*; but I am perswaded this had a moral and hidden Sence, which those who built 'em might have explained.

I should have some desire to know, said the Princess, if the Fear which causes Blushing is more excusable than that which causes Paleness.

Do not doubt it, Madam, said *Theramenes*: For commonly that which causes blushing, does proceed from bashfulness and a modest shame: Whereas that which causes Paleness, shews that all the Blood is

re-

retired to the Heart, for the supporting its weakness.

But in a word, added he, there is no better Preservative against Fear, than to prepare one's self for all events.

For my particular, said *Eupolia*, Anger does hearten me more than Reason; and People are undoubtedly more susceptible of Fear in some occasions than in others.

Truly, said *Alcibiades*, Fear is more or less powerful in one and the same person, according to Ages, and even according to Occasions. Childhood and extream Old Age are proper to Timidity: One is less fearful in health than when one is sick; the temperament does contribute very much thereto. And there is a natural Valour, one of Ambition, one of Experience and Habit, one of Reason, one of little Wit and Brutality. There is likewise a diversified Fear, according to what I just now said.

This is to be admired, said *Xenophon*, that this Fear, against which we speak, produces the finest effects imaginable for Eloquence, when one has the art of inspiring it to the purpose.

That I grant, said *Euripides*; for when a good Citizen can by the force of his art fill the Hearts of the People with the fear
of

of Slavery, he disposes them to accept of a Master.

That I have had but too much experience of, said *Alcibiades* : But when likewise a General of an Army knows how to inspire Courage into his Souldiers by the contempt of their Enemies, he takes a directer course to Victory than if he made 'em afraid of 'em. And this shews there is no general Rule but has an Exception.

But after all, said the Princess, you must allow there are rational apprehensions, provided they be limited.

That has been already said, Madam, replied *Xenophon* : But rational Apprehension is very different from Fear.

But, interrupted *Hiparetta*, may not we say that Hope is a kind of Preservative against Fear in ordinary occasions ? For if we are sick, we hope to recover : They who plead a Cause, are in hopes to gain the Process,

I assure you, interrupted *Empolia*, that Hopes without Reason, are little better than an ill grounded Fear ; and I can hardly believe but that in affairs of the World Fear is the better Byass.

For my part, said *Theramenes*, I agree, that in Love Fear has sometimes more tenderness than Hopes. But in affairs of the
World

World I take Hope to be more reasonable and more necessary than great Fear.

But Fear, said *Eupolia*, makes us foresee misfortunes, and may make us avoid 'em.

A too fearful foresight, replied *Alcibiades*, is on the contrary the occasion, that People thinking all lost, do nothing for their safety: Whereas he who knows the Danger, and has some hopes of escaping it, is contriving in his mind the means of ridding himself out of it: He acts, goes, comes, and by much hoping he escapes the Peril: Whereas those people who despair of all, fall asleep, as I may say, in their misfortune, and never get out of it.

For my part, said *Eupolia*, I must confess I am born with Fear; and that it is onely by the effort of my Reason that I resist it. For first of all, I fear Death in all kinds: I fear Old Age, Poverty and Grief.

I sufficiently comprehend all those Fears, resumed *Alcibiades*; but those are not what I meant in my Discourse. I mean those which make People too much afraid of what is to come, and which will never allow 'em to hope for any good success in the things that are expected, or in those they have undertaken.

But why do not you tell her, said *Hiparetta*,

retta, that those Fears *Eupolia* has newly mentioned, and which seem to her so well gounded, are most commonly useles? The infallibility of Death ought to have banished from her the excessive fear of it: and for my part, I hate it more than I fear it.

As to Old Age, it is much the same: and I fancy I may say, that the aversion I have ever had to Death, makes me the less apprehend all the mischiefs that declining Age can be attended with.

But as for Poverty, when it is extream, I confess I allow the fearing it as well as Pain and Grief. The first puts Virtue to the trial after a hundred different ways; and the second is the Master-piece of Patience.

Yet it must be confessed, said the Princess, that there are such unhappy persons, that it is difficult for them to entertain the least glimpse of hopes: For all seems to them so contrary, that what would make the happiness of another, proves their misfortune.

For to have always hopes, resum'd *Alcibiades*, it is not onely necessary to consider the detaile of things in hand; you must once in your life have made reflection upon the World in general. You must have obser-

observed the instability of Fortune, the caprice of Events, the precipitate falls of some, the great advancement of others, the variety of mens humours, which change when least expected.

One must, I say, have taken notice, that most commonly the events of Life depend on Love, Hatred, Ambition, Interest of Persons you are not acquainted with. Peace or War do produce a thousand changes in the Fortune of People who have not the least share in the Government. Thus we ought at least once to be perswaded, a thousand things may happen, whether good or evil, that cannot be foreseen : and by consequence, never despair of any thing ; and on the contrary, be always in hopes. And to speak equitably, there is often reason in hoping without reason ; because most of the great Events, I say even the most happy, do sometimes happen against all appearance. For what the Winds do at Sea, Fortune does at Land : And I have heard an extraordinary Wise man say, that it is convenient to do in Life, what a good Pilot does in a Ship when the Wind is contrary. This does not make him abandon the Helm.

On the contrary, he does as it were wrestle with the Tempest : and when all appearances

pearances are against him ; when the Sails are torn away , the Masts broken, and that he floats at the mercy of the Winds and Rocks , he is still in hopes either that the Storm or a puff of Wind will carry him into the Haven.

This Discourse, said *Lysander*, is very becoming *Alcibiades* ; and a man must have been acquainted both with good and ill Fortune, to speak in this manner.

All the World knows, said *Alcibiades* , that my Enemies, or my Envyers, accused me of having thrown down the Statues of *Minerva* and of *Ceres*. Never was any thing equal to the Peoples fury excited by those I mentioned ; yet I was in hopes the truth would be known : And it was the pleasure of the Gods, that a man saying he had known me by the Moon-shine, was confounded, and known for a false Witness ; for the Moon did not then shine.

And the generous *Theano*, who is now at the Bath, when she was ordered, and all her Companions, to make imprecations against me, made answer, that she had not lifted her self amongst *Minerva's* Virgins for to curse Men, but to praise the Gods. If she had had such a fearful Soul as the beautiful *Expolia*, added he smiling, she would have obeyed that unjust command.

I know not what I should have done, said that lovely person. But after all, the Fear which disturbs my Repose, is the justest of all Fears : Since to speak exactly, it is the fear of Death which deprives me of all the sweetness of Life.

Give me leave, Madam, said *Alcibiades*, to relate to you what I have heard *Socrates* say several times. Which is that who fears Death, seems to be Wise and is not so, because he fears what he cannot avoid : And that Fear is onely excusable, when it excites the seeking out Remedies to the Evils that are feared.

But by what I perceive, said *Eupolia* to *Alcibiades*, you then fear nothing in the World.

Pardon me, Madam, replied he suddenly, I fear *Sociates* when I do any thing I can reproach my self for. But as for Death, and all that Fortune can do, I do not it in the least.

For my part, said *Hiparetta*, I hate Death to such a degree, that for fear of making it come too soon, I have taken a resolution not to dread it. For there is certainly nothing so bad for health as the fearing it too much.

I am still more happy than you, said *Alcibiades* ; for I neither fear it, nor do I hate it.

Ah !

Ah! as for hating it, resum'd *Hiparetta*, I hate it horribly, and I think I have reason in so doing: For it is a rash indiscreet sort of thing which ever comes too soon; comes always unseasonably; disturbs all the sweetness of Life; separates Friends and Lovers; respects nothing; destroys Beauty; laughs at Youth; and is never to be prevailed with.

You say true, answered *Xenophon*: But it has likewise this advantage, that it equals all men; cures all Evils; is the end and term of all Misfortunes; and puts those it attacks in a state of suffering no more. It cures the Ambitious; puts a period to Love and Hatred; appeases all the Passions: and this so great and horrible Evil is an Evil of an instant; and which, by reason of its infallibility, ought not to be called an Evil.

On the contrary, said *Eupolia*, it is for that reason that Death is the more formidable to me: For if it was uncertain, Hopes would cure me of part of the Fear I have of it. But when I think one may die every moment, and that we may die after a thousand different manners, I find my Heart as it were struck with Lightning, and I am bereft of my Reason.

You are then very unhappy, replied the Princess.

I

Sh:

She is much more so than you can imagine, said *Areta* : Principally having a lively Imagination, she sees dangers where there never were any.

In good earnest, said *Hiparetta*, I fancy there is more prudence than people do imagine in being rash and unthinking : For when we proceed to dive so far into things, we do our selves more hurt than good.

But, added she, speaking to *Eupolia*, you are not always in fear: For when people are well, are neither upon a River, nor at Sea, not even in a Chariot, but in one's Chamber in good Company, and good health, we ought not, methinks, to be under such apprehensions.

Ha ! *Hiparetta*, resumed *Eupolia*, you know not what it is to be afraid of dying, if you imagine there are none but present dangers which are tormenting.

And indeed, said *Euripides*, I saw *Eupolia* the other day troubling her self at the news of the death of a man who had liv'd neer an Age.

For my particular, said *Theramenes*, I have seen her lose an excellent Collation, for that it thundered.

For my part, said *Hiparetta*, I know very well she refused to come one day to a very agree-

agreeable walk, onely because she must have crossed a River.

Pray you, resumed she agreeably, do not take so much pains to sift your Memory for all that I fear ; since I know it much better than you. And now I find you have a mind the Princess, and all the persons here, who are but little acquainted with me, should know my weakness ; I will confess to you all I am afraid of : I fear all Diseases in general, great and small ; I fear Thunder ; I fear the Sea and Rivers ; I fear Fire and Water, Cold and Heat ; the Screens or Blasts, and Mists or Fogs ; and I am afraid the Earth should happen to tremble here as well as in *Sicily*.

Moreover, I know to my misfortune all that has ever been said of Presages ; and I know it to my torment. And to say all in few words, I fear all that can directly or indirectly occasion Death.

But cannot you call to mind, said *Alciades*, that fear of Death does alter Health, and may make one die the sooner, for the curing your self of so many Fears ?

Cannot you think, added *Melicrita*, all those Fears are useless ; that if the Earth is to tremble, it will tremble in spight of you ; that if the Thunder is to fall, it will perhaps rather fall in the place you shall chuse

for your asyle, than in that you quit? And cannot you, in short, submit your mind to the will of the Gods?

But cannot you your self conceive, retorted *Enpolia*, that if I could do otherwise I would? Do you think I am bereft of all Reason? And do you think I do not sometimes see I am to blame? But after all, at the same time my Reason condemns me, my Imagination is Mistress of my Heart, and makes it act all it pleases.

What I finde admirable is, said *Therame-nes*, that most people give a handsome Pretext to the Fear they have of dying: For they boldly say, they are not so weak as to fear the pain that is suffered in dying; but are afraid they have not spent their Lives so well as they ought to have done. And this is extraordinary; that without becoming better for the putting a period to the fear they say they have, they onely think of preserving their Healths, and avoiding all Dangers, without any thoughts of reforming their Principles and Manners.

Ha! as for those people, said *Alcibiades*, all the world is full of 'em; and there is nothing else every where to be seen, than those persons who fear the Punishments of the other Life without growing better; and

and who by all their actions bely all their words; and shew they onely fear Death, since they onely precaution 'emselves against it.

For my part, said *Eupolia*, as I am not over-wicked, and that I confide in the goodness of the Gods, I do not so much fear what will happen to me when I am dead, as what will happen to me before I die: For I am very much afraid of grief and pain; and then I have a horreur for that obscurity of the Grave.

But after all, said *Areta*, all your Fears are usefess; you must die as well as those who fear nothing; and the surest way is to live the most virtuously we can; wait for Death without desiring, and without fearing it; and receive it as a thing we had expected all our lives, and which is not to be avoided.

For my share, added the Princess, I think there is more constancy required for the supporting old Age, when it is attended with the inconveniencies wherewith it is usually followed, than for the receiving Death with a good grace.

True it is, said *Hiparetta* agreeably, that when one is accustomed to be young, beautiful, and healthful; it is a cruel thing to be Old, Ugly, and Sick: And I know not

over-well, though I hate Death sufficiently, if I should not rather chuse it than to see my self in that condition.

Ha! as for what concerns me, said *Eupolia*, though I had been as beautiful as *Venus* in my life-time, who should offer to raise me up again to Life if I was dead, and to raise me up ugly, old, diseased, and unhappy, I would take her at her word, and should rather chuse to live horrible ugly, than to be dead; because I reckon Life for a great blessing.

But you do not think of what you say, replied *Hipareta* smiling; and you are less afraid of Death than you imagine: for I fancied you were going to declare you would not for any thing in the world be raised again to Life, for fear of dying once again; and yet you talk after this rate.

My acquaintance are so used to rally me for my weakness, said *Eupolia*, that I am never displeased at the drolling War they make upon me.

But the mischief is, you are not the better by it, replied *Melicrita*, and are incurable: For after all, as a brave man cannot become cowardly and fearful, so a timorous person cannot become valiant.

Since Fear does sometimes make some contemn Dangers, said *Lysander*, I know
not

not why Reason may not do as much.

Those who contemn Danger through the excess of Fear, which renders 'em valiant, replied *Xenophon*, can never give greater Proofs of their timidity, than by doing a thing so contrary to their Temperament. Thus one may say they are brave without ceasing to be Cowards, and without laying by their true Nature. It is not so with those who would employ their Reason for to drive Fear away from their Hearts; since it cannot be done but by engaging them, and making 'em act against their own inclinations.

Xenophon had certainly reason for his assertion, said *Empolia*. But to comfort me for my weakness, added she, I could wish all the Ladies of the Company were obliged to say particularly what they think of Death.

I assure you, said *Hiparetta*, after having once seriously thought of Death for the regulating ones Life, it is pretty convenient to think of it no more, or very seldom. When against my will I hear of the death of any one soever, I suddenly seek for some cause for that persons death which cannot sute with me. For example: If it was a person in years, I plainly say, that he or she had been long in the World; and I think

in secret I am far from that Age. If the person was young, I say that he or she were of an unhealthy Constitution: At another time, they did not take care of themselves: in another Encounter, that he or she had done something that had occasioned their Disease: And whatsoever I say, I flatter my self I shall live as long as one can live. I know the Names of all those who have lived an Age; and diverting my mind from that fatal thought as soon as I can, I abandon my Heart to Joy, and find my self beyond comparison better than *Eupolia* does in abandoning hers to Fear.

For my part, said the Princess, I am not like you; seeing I think of death when occasion is offered for so doing; but I think of it without fear: For as I must infallibly see it one day nearer than I do at present, I take it to be convenient it should not be altogether a Stranger to me.

It is evident, Madam, said *Alcibiades*, you have a Soul much greater than that of *Xerxes*, who nevertheless had a grandeur of Courage, since you think of death without any great disturbance.

Now for *Eupolia's* comfort, continued he, I am willing to put her in mind, that this Prince being desirous to see from a high Hill his Fleet and Land-army, he caused 'em to be
put

put in battle-array for that purpose: and then seeing above Five Millions of men which composed those two formidable Armies, he could not forbear Weeping bitterly, when he thought not one man of 'em would be left alive a hundred years after.

Methinks, said *Thrasylbulus*, who had not yet spoken, and who was then something out of humour, that an instance of so great a weakness is no Consolation to the fair *Eupolia*. But that she may know *Xerxes* Tears were not found to be over-just, I must tell her, that one of his Relations called *Artabanus*, and of a firmer Heart than himself, seeing him weep with that weakness, told him, Death was not so great an Evil, nor Life so great a Blessing; because, though Life is very short, there could not perhaps one man be found in those two great Armies but had found it too long, by the evils wherewith it is attended.

And indeed, pursued *Thrasylbulus*, with a haughty and melancholy Air, if Life was prun'd of all that is vain, frivolous, troublesome, laborious, and bitter, the remainder would be so small a thing, it would not deserve the pains of regretting the loss of it.

I could rather have wished, resum'd *Eupolia* laughing, you had not spoken at all,

than that you should with such injustice fall a decrying the sweetness of Life: For I find nothing in it bitter, but the cruel thoughts of losing it.

How! said *Thrasylbulus*, Do you reckon Childhood for a great happiness, or extream Old Age when it is infirm? And for the Middle Age, it is so mingled with Crosses, whereof the several Passions are the cause, that it may be said, we have but moments of happiness. And the dissolution of humane Minds is such, that what often serves to Pleasures, is what often causes Grief to follow, without excepting Love it self. In-somuch as without deviating from the truth we may assert, that all things trouble the joy of this Life, which the beautiful *Eupolia* is so much in love with; and that Sleep it self does almost bereave her of the half of it.

Ah! as for that Robbery, said *Eupolia* laughing, I could wish with all my heart, that one could be without it: For as I have unhappily heard one say that Sleep is the Image of Death; that fatal Comparison when I remember at my going to bed, it hinders me sometimes from sleeping, for fear I should not wake again.

But pray, said she, let us speak no more of Death, I conjure you, if you have not a mind to make me die. But

But what course do you take, said *Areta*, when any one of your acquaintance dies? For still you do not renounce all manner of Decency and Civility. You must visit your Friends, or at least write to 'em.

I assure you, said *Eupolia*, I never write Letters of Consolation without falling sick, and I carefully avoid that terrible word which frightens me; I onely say that I share in the grief of my Friends, and partake in all that happens to 'em: and never write that harsh word Death, which I can hardly utter.

But, Madam, said *Alcibiades*, how have you been able to suffer so many fine Verses, and so many pretty Songs which your Beauty has given occasion to the making, and wherein the expressions of Death are the principal and most melting terms? For they often say they dye, expire, and a thousand suchlike things.

Ah! as for those Deaths who opely die in Verse, replied *Eupolia* with a smile, I am not at all afraid of 'em: For we see plain enough they are in good health at the same time they are dying. Not but that if my advice was followed, they should content 'emselves with saying that they suffer, languish, grow impatient, and should never say they die.

The

The word *Destiny*, interrupted *Hipareta* laughing, puts you in as much pain as that of *Death*.

No, no, replied *Eupolia* ; but I am not much in love with the signification of it. And in short, whether directly or indirectly, all that gives an Idea of the last moment of Life, does render me uneasy : And *Melicrita* knows very well, I could never pardon one of her Friends, who as we were diverting our selves, changed on a sudden the last Verses of a Song, and ended it by these two Verses, looking upon me after a malicious manner :

*In sight of all Sports, of all Love, and all
Play,
Without thinking of Dying you die every
day.*

True it is, said *Melicrita*, that *Eupolia* has ever had a peck since that time to the person who had play'd her this malicious Frank.

The charming *Eupolia*, said then *Alcibiades*, is not of a Ladies humour whom all the world esteems, who would needs know by heart certain Verses of another Lady a Friend of mine.

Are not they the Verses upon the Leaves
which

which fall, and upon the Leaves which bud?
said *Melicrita*.

The very same, answered *Alcibiades*:
And as they pleased me extreamly, seeing
the Lady would not bestow 'em upon me, I
stole 'em. The Princess and all the Com-
pany who had heard talk of 'em, desired
Alcibiades to recite 'em, except *Eupolia*,
who feared those Verses would be too
sad.

I imagine, said that charming timorous
person, those Leaves which fall have some
very fatal Moral; and that it is a malice of
Alcibiades to joyn with *Hiparetta* in drol-
ling upon my weakness.

Not at all, resumed he, have you but pa-
tience to hear to the last of the Leaves be-
fore you judge thereof. Which *Eupolia* pro-
mised him to do; and the Princess pressing
him to shew 'em, *Alcibiades* began to read
'em: After having said that the first were
made in a little pretty Grove at the Fall of
the Leaf; and that they were but a trifle
in the opinion of her who made 'em as she
was walking; and that she would not have
suffer'd 'em to be read in such good Compa-
ny, and especially before *Euripides*: The Prin-
cess imposed silence on those who would
have made answer, and *Alcibiades* read the
following Verses.

Down

Down, down, you fading Leaves, your duty pays;
 You must your Mother Natures Laws obey;
 A cold, dark, melancholy Winter now draws
 nigh,
 And gloomy Clouds obscure our once-bright
 skie,
 Our Hills and Meadows all with flowers a-
 dorn'd,
 With hoary Frosts and Snow are now deform'd.
 But then a brisk, a gay, and cheerful day
 Will all the glories of the Spring display,
 And the whole frame of Nature smiling lie,
 Its beauties all appear, its horrors die.
 The yearly course does different changes make,
 Unhappy man does of 'em all partake;
 Great Cold or Heat equally him displease,
 And in no Season finds a charming ease.
 If at his choice he Nature could destroy,
 Yet something still his Pleasure would annoy:
 His giddy humour would turn Day to Night,
 And various thoughts would sowre all his de-
 light.
 If he could once be bless'd to his desire,
 Wou'd he, ye Gods! burn with a constant fire?
 His bosom is the onely Stage of War,
 Where divers Passions for the Empire jar.
 But when clear Reason does her right maintain,
 And o're the Passions a due Conquest gain,

She

*She yields to Time, and always lives in peace,
And dares the fury of a Mind's disease.*

*But yet we must our Frailties still bemoan,
Reason can seldom sit upon her Throne.*

*Ambition, fierce desires usurp her seat ;
And foolish Pleasures all her power defeat.*

*Our Rebel-Senses by sly wiles betray
That Sovereign Queen, and place her under
 sway.*

*The wisest then are but half-witted Fools,
To their own ease and others noisom tools.*

*In their own Breasts all bear their greatest foe ;
One cheats himself, and makes a mighty show.*

*Others by flattery their ends design,
And all to excuse themselves do all combine.*

*A private interest does us all abuse,
And we false measures of true Justice chuse.*

*And since our selves we do not understand,
Nor our tumultuous humours can command ;*

*We the whole Universe would mould anew,
Though change our selves is what we never
 do.*

I am pretty cheery, said *Eupolia* smiling ;
for since the falling Leaves, which I was
so much afraid of, do not tend to what
I so much apprehended, I am not at all a-
fraid of the Leaves in the Bud : And I find
those first Verses so well made, that I am
very impatient to see the others.

Yet

Yet it sometimes happens, said *Alcibiades*, that we meet with Serpents hid under Flowers.

Be it as it will, said *Enpolia*, after having passed the Leaves which fall, I cannot fear the budding Leaves.

All the Company, without excepting *Enripides*, after having commended the former Verses, desired *Alcibiades* to read the others: which he did in this manner, after having said these last Verses had been made in the Month which precedes Violets, and in the same little Grove.

*Come budding Leaves, renew our Groves in
hast,*

The Sun the watry Pisces Sign has past.

Come and display the riches of the Spring,

*And shade the Birds that in our Woods do
sing :*

*On your young Greens let the soft West-winds
blow,*

The Spring shall only Joys and Pleasures know,

The while we visit Flora, Flora more fair

By Dew of Heaven, and by Aurora's care.

Youth has resistless Charms, which still in Love

The innocenter does the stronger prove.

How glorious, how lovely is the Rose

*While in the Bud ! which does at once dis-
close,*

And

And lose her Beauty ! in the Morn we see
 Her in her pomp, at Night dropt from the tree.
 She is no more the same, so bright, so gay ;
 You should have gather'd her within the Day :
 Her mighty Charms are past, her Colours fled,
 Her Smell is gone, her Leaves are withered.
 Just such is Youth, which while she does de-
 light,

She cheats her fond Admirers by her flight.
 A fleeting good, whose haste we cannot stay,
 Which ne're returns when once she's fled away.
 How certain is her loss ! and yet what care
 (Heavens) do we take in vain to keep her here ?
 What time, what pains we loose to re-obtain
 What being past, can ne're be had again ?
 Then let us now be wise, and youth enjoy,
 And when Age comes, let's bear it chearfully.
 The mind grows never old, the virtuous Soul
 Can feel no change, but's still entire, and whole:
 She always makes advantages of Time,
 In every Age she's ever in her prime :
 She's still content, and can with patience see
 All her advances to Eternity:
 Eternity, whose very thought still finds
 Such Fears and Terrours in unstable minds.
 Born for to live, as well as die, we are ;
 Why should we kill our selves with fruitless
 care ?

'Tis Innocence alone maintains the Field
 'Gainst Fate, to which all other things must
 yield. He

He laughs at Fate, who when the world is past,
Is sure that Heaven will be his at last.

Ah *Alcibiades*, cried *Eupolia*, you had great reason to say that sometimes a Serpent is found hidden under Flowers. But who would have thought that this first Verse, *Come budding Leaves renew our Groves in haste*, which gives an Idea of the most pleasant and most smiling Season of the year, should end by so sad a Moral, and so little true in my regard? for all the innocence of my life does not spirit me in the least.

Ah! in good earnest, pursued she, *Alcibiades* you are cruel: For in spite of me I have retained in my Memory the most doleful Verses of this Copy: and if *Euripides* has not the goodness to recite some of his own, which may take from me so melancholy an Idea, I shall not sleep these eight days.

Euripides desired to be excused; and all the Company laughed at *Eupolia's* vexation, and failed not to commend the Verses upon the Leaves. They also examined which merited the most Encomiums: and their Sentiments were divided.

As the Sun was going down apace, the Princess got up, and all the Company followed her to go walk for half an hour longer

ger before they went to their several Lodgings.

We were no sooner out of the Bower wherein the Conversation had pass'd, than we perceived *Androcles* and *Cbryfila* holding each a Letter open, and *Polemon* listening to 'em, making actions which shewed astonishment.

Assoon as they saw us they came to us; and the Princefs address'd her speech to *Cbryfila*, who was known to be a lover of prying after, and telling all the News that were stirring; I am perswaded, said she to her, you have received some News from *Sicyon*.

No, Madam, resumed *Cbryfila*, it is from *Athens*, that one of my Relations writes me so surprizing an occurrence, that if *Androcles* had not had the same news I should not have believed it. But as those who write to us are not acquainted, and that they jump in their Story, it must needs be true. All the Company re-assembled, and surrounded *Androcles* and *Cbryfila*.

But pray, said *Theramenes*, what is this so surprizing piece of News?

It is, pursued *Androcles*, looking maliciously upon *Melicrita*, who was come up as well as the rest, that notwithstanding that blessed Law of the first of the Kings of *Athens*,

thens, which requires the *Athenians* to have but one Wife onely ; the People being re-assembled, after having been so long time separated by reason of the Contagion which had deserted and laid waste their City : The People, I say , to repair this Calamity, have made a solemn Decree, by which every *Athenian* is enjoyned to marry, and to marry two Wives ; and those who have already one, to take a second.

Ah ! *Androcles*, cried *Theramenes* , this cannot be true.

It is so true, retorted the other, that *Socrates*, who, as you know, had already married *Xantippa*, whose humour has made him do so much Penance, to obey this new Law as a good Citizen, and to shew the Example to others , has married a second called *Mirton*, Grand-daughter to *Aristides* the just.

How, said *Alcibiades*, *Socrates* the wisest of all men, having already a Wife, and a troublesome, pettish, extravagant Wife, does nevertheless take another that has neither Estate nor Beauty ! For I know her you name.

Ah ! if it be so, pursued he, I believe the new Decree of the People : and I believe at the same time the wisest are dead of the Pestilence.

Do

Do not doubt, said *Chryfila*, but that the News is true : For my Relation writes me word, that he was at the Nuptials of *Socrates* ; and that after his example no body will dare to resist.

For my particular, said *Euripides*, I am forced to believe, that since *Socrates* has taken a second Wife, he must have been constrained to it ; or that the Familiar Spirit which was used to counsel him so well, had abandoned him.

That is very well said , replied *Alcibiades*.

But then, said the Princess, the Pestilence must of necessity have destroyed more Men than Women.

Not at all, said *Androcles*, that is pretty equal. But the reason is, the War has caused as many to perish as the Pestilence ; and thus the people saw there were more Women by much than men.

This news surprized all the Company ; but it did so disturb *Melicrita*, that she pulled down her Vail, pretending to be afraid of the *Serene* , though it was onely to conceal the change of her Countenance , and the grief wherewith she was seized.

As for *Alcibiades* , he made a hundred Ralleries upon this occasion. It must be confessed, said he , that humane Reason is
very

very uncertain. It is not long since the having several Mistresses was imputed as a Crime in me at *Athens*; and at present it is the virtue of a good Citizen to have two Wives.

You will see, said *Lyfander* to him, that your Republick will come to put its Children in common, as well as that of *Sparta*.

If there was nought but *Androcles* Letter, said *Polemon*, I might think those who write to him did it with a design of diverting 'emfelves: But since *Chryfila's* Relation was at the Nuptials of *Socrates* and *Mirton*, it must needs be true that Law is made.

Chryfila offered then to shew her Letter. The Princess read it, and knew the writing of *Chryfila's* Relation to be the hand of a Person of Quality of *Sicyon*. Inſomuch as *Melicrita*, no longer doubting of the truth of this news, was no longer miſtriſs of her Grief; and whiſpered me to get off by little and little, and to mount into my Chariot, which waited for us a hundred Paces from thence.

Theramenes, very much afflicted at this news, would needs follow us; but *Melicrita* deſired me earneſtly to hinder him from ſo doing; and to tell him from her, ſhe would

would in no wise suffer it : So as he was constrained to stay with the rest of the Company, which separated quickly after.

After which *Theramenes* came to visit *Melicrita* ; but she absolutely refused to see any body that Evening, and less *Theramenes* than any other.

I did what I could to make her change this resolution, but all to no purpose. Her trouble was more and more redoubled when we came to our Lodgings ; for I found a Letter from *Athens* from a Widow a Friend of mine , which onely contained these words.

I have but one moment to afford you , my dear Thecolinda ; yet I cannot forbear telling you the most surprizing News imaginable , which you will grant when I shall have made you acquainted ; that I am going to the Nuptials of Socrates, who marries Mirton Granddaughter of Aristides the just, for the doing an action of a good Citizen. Xantippa is in despair at it : And according to all appearances, this Decree of the People will put a disorder into all the Families. But thanks to the Gods, as I am younger, I shall be left to the freedom I enjoy. I must quit you, to go to this singular Feast ; another time you shall know more of the business.

This

This Letter, which *Melicrita* would needs see, confirmed to her the surprizing News we had been told, and afflicted her cruelly.

Was there ever a person more to be pitied than I? said she to me. You know that during a long time, my Reason had in some sort defended my Heart against the Merit and constant Passion of *Theramenes*; but by a Caprice of Fortune, his Perseverance, and his Generosity for my Father, have forced me to cease opposing the Inclination and the Esteem I had for him, and for the utmost misfortune a Father who is indebted to him for his Life, commands me to look upon him as a man who is to be my Husband.

I joyfully compli'd with these Commands, continu'd she, after having surmounted that just fear of being less belov'd, which you have always opposed. And at present it is absolutely necessary that *Theramenes*, whom I onely consented to Marry, in hopes he would love me onely, and that his Heart would never be divided: it is absolutely necessary, I say, for the obeying that fantastical Law, and for the imitating *Socrates*, who is his Model in virtue, that he have, I do not say a Mistress, that would be nothing in comparison; but a second Wife, whom
he

he will be obliged in Honour and Conscience to love as well as me. And indeed, no, pursued she, without permitting me to interrupt her, I can never consent to this; I, I say, who was not willing to Marry, onely out of fear of seeing the Passion of *Theramenes* diminish. But the misfortune which threatens me, is much of another sort. A faithless Husband does at least hide he is so, as much as he can. We may hate and despise a new Mistress when we know it: But if I obeyed that extravagant Law, I must look upon it as Justice he should love my Rival; nay, and I must love her my self too. But if she was lovely, it would augment my Jealousies. And if she was not, I should have but a sad Companion, and *Theramenes* the like. But I know very well, let it be as it would, I shall never expose my self to so great a misfortune.

I know (continu'd she) what I owe to *Theramenes*, and the respect that is to be had for a Father. But I know likewise that I am no longer Mistress of my Sentiments, and that loving *Theramenes* as I do, I will be his only affection, or deprive my self of him for ever.

And did what I could to comfort her, and to insinuate some incertainty into her mind.

And

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But

But it was impossible either to get her to eat, or to appease her. She repassed in her Memory all the Maidens, and all the Widows of Quality in Athens, and considered them already in a fair way to be Wives of *Theramenes*; but with so much trouble and so much grief, that she filled me with pity.

She likewise fancied, that when *Theramenes* first heard this News, he had not been sufficiently afflicted at it.

But, said I to her, you your self did not shew all your grief in the presence of all the world: And it was apparent enough by the manner that *Theramenes* told *Androcles* at first that this news could not be true, that he was both surprized and afflicted. You have your self forgotten, without doubt, that *Theramenes* would have followed us; that I absolutely forbid his so doing in your name; and that he has been just now refused entrance into our House.

I know all you say, resumed she; but I know likewise better, that I am the most unfortunate person in the world.

After this she went to Bed; and caused her Chamber to be shut, as if she would have endeavoured to have slept.

Theramenes wrote me a Letter, to desire me to procure him an opportunity of speaking

king to *Melicrita*; but she would not make any answer: And I was constrained to send *Theramenes* word I would see him on the morrow; and then I went to bed.

As for *Melicrita*, she did not sleep a moment; and her Mind was so cruelly agitated, that as soon as it was day she got up, dressed her self very negligently without making any noise, and stole out with one of her Women to find out *Theano*, who lodged a hundred Paces from us. *Theano* was much surprized to see her so early, and to see her with so sad a countenance. *Melicrita* desired her to enter into a Closet that was next her Chamber.

How come you so early a riser, said *Theano* to her? we have not a Virgin of *Minerva* up so betimes as you.

At least, I know very well, replied *Melicrita*, you have not one so unfortunate as I; and truly I come to you as to an asyle.

You know, added she, how often the delicacy of my Heart and of my Sentiments has given me a distaste to the world, and moved me to make it my request you would receive me among the veil'd Virgins; but now it is absolutely necessary for me to conjure you to promise me, that as soon as we are returned to *Athens* you will cause me to be received accordingly among 'em: for I

in the most deplorable condition imaginable.

But pray, said *Theano* to her, what has happened to you?

Melicrita thereupon acquainted her with what she had heard: And as *Theano* knew all her former Sentiments, she easily comprehended the last; principally seeing how much *Melicrita* was grieved.

I know very well, said that fair afflicted one to her, as *Theano* told me since, I have very strict engagements which tie me to the world. I love my Parents as much as I am obliged to love 'em. I love *Theolinda* as well as my self; and *Theramenes* more than I can express. I know by quitting 'em I shall cause in 'em a mortal Grief; and shall cause in my self a very sensible one too. But after all, it is impossible for me to suffer *Theramenes*'s Heart should be divided; nor can I see a Rival without hating her: So that, my dear *Theolinda*, I will break off all that weds me to the World, and renounce it for ever.

As *Theano* is a very prudent person, she pitied her, flattered her, and in some sort espousing her Sentiments. After which, looking upon her with an air of Compassion, You raise my pity so much the more, said she to her, as that the Remedy you seek

seek is not proper for you. For, my dear *Melicrita*, when we leave the World to serve the Gods, we must not be so irritated against it; we must have calm sedate minds, and our Reason altogether free.

You must not come, pursu'd she, among the veil'd Virgins with a heart fill'd with different Passions. You must quit the World when it smiles upon you, and not when it frowns. You must not be wanting to all your duties, for the figuring to your self one according to your own fancy. The Victims that are offered to the Gods ought to be pure; by much stronger reason the Heart that is offered 'em, which is the most noble Offering that can be made 'em.

Believe me, *Melicrita*, continu'd she, if you should rashly come amongst us, you would not be happy. People do not change their Habits by changing their Clothes: And if it should happen when you are engaged, that the Law should be revoked which troubles you so much, which may easily happen, since they have abolished one more holy, it might likewise happen that you would repent your engagement, and regret all you shall have quitted.

When we give our selves to the Gods, pursued she, it must be out of purer motives than those of yours. Humane Passi-

ons must not have any share therein.

In a word, my dear *Melicrita*, I will see you without grief, and your mind in tranquillity, before I listen to your Proposition.

As they were at this pass, I interrupted 'em: For waking, and *Theramenes* being come to desire me he might speak with *Melicrita*; I was much surprized to hear she was gone out, and to know by one of my Servants they had seen her enter the Lodgings of *Minerva's* Virgins.

Theramenes seemed transported with grief, rightly judging that *Melicrita* was under a very violent affliction. He desired me so earnestly to go find her out, and bring her back, that he might discourse her, that I did so that very instant. For *Theano* received no man at her House, unless they were her very near Relations.

Assoon as *Melicrita* saw me, she suspected I would propose her seeing *Theramenes*: No, no, *Theolinda*, said she to me; Do not come to augment my trouble by perswading me to see *Theramenes*; for I do not doubt but that he sends you hither. If he is as much afflicted as I am, I shall find a redoubling of the tribulation I am under: If he is not grieved as much as he ought to be, especially knowing what my humour is, Choler will put me into a Fury.

But

But pray, said I to her, have you not Reason? do not you love Glory? Will you make such a hurry as to become the divertisement of the Bath?

Alas! said she, I know not what I would have: But as I believe grief will make me sick, we must give out beforehand that I am so; that the Waters do me hurt, and so return to *Athens* without taking leave of any body, under pretence of my indisposition. And when we are there, *Theano* will change her opinion.

That I do not believe, replied she; but when we are there we will talk further of this business.

In the mean while, added that wise person, *Theramenes* did not make this capricious Law: He did not declare to you that he will obey it. You are indebted to him for *Aristocrates's* Life, who has promised you to him. You ought to see and hear him; and I promise to come and see you by and by, to calm again the agitation of your mind.

After this, *Melicerta* was constrained to return, upon condition that when *Theramenes* should have discours'd her, we should give out she was sick, and no body should see us.

As soon as we were in her Chamber, I

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sent

sent for *Theramenes* whom I had left in mine, with orders not to shew himself until I had given him a summons; not knowing whether I could obtain of *Melicrita*, that he should speak to her. As soon as he saw her, he knew by her looks with how much grief she was possessed; and was so concerned, he could hardly express his thoughts.

Permit me, Madam, said he to her with the most passionate Air imaginable, to complain of the excess of your grief: For it persuades me you know me not, if you believe I can obey the Decree of a people whose false Reason abolishes the most holy of our Laws, for the introducing of one which authorizes Libertynisme. No, no, Madam, do not do me that injury as to suspect I can take a second Wife: For if you were capable of consenting to such a thing, I should complain of you, and think I had just reason for so doing.

What you tell me, returned *Melicrita*, is very noble and generous. But after all; added she, it is a Decree of a furious people, who will be obeyed. And since *Socrates* has shewn the Example to others, what reasons can you make use of to justify your disobedience? All the Estate you have is at *Athens*: What my Father can give me, is there likewise; and I see nothing but mis-

misfortunes both for you and me. Wherefore, *Theramenès*, added she, it would be much better I put my self among *Minerva's* Virgins.

But, Madam, said he to her after a mournful manner, though I could consent to it, which I will never do, I am perswaded that the same people who will have all men to have two Wives, would not consent you should be without a Husband.

But, Madam, added *Theramenès*, this is not the thing in question. You belong to *Aristocrates* and *Stenobia*: They have done me the honour to promise me your fate and mine should be inseparable. You have blessed me with a confirmation of their Promise: and your grief tells me, methinks, I am not indifferent to you.

Alas! resumed she sighing, I confirm it to you again. But at the same time I cannot forbear declaring to you, that I cannot be yours unless your Heart be onely mine. Nor can I resolve to expose you to the fury of a people without reason: Neither can I oblige you to wander through the world without Estate and without Fortune; nor wander my self with you without the consent of those to whom I owe my Life: So that I see nothing but death can put me in repose.

I attest the Gods, Madam, cried out *Theramen* in a doleful transport, you are to me instead of Country, Parents, and Fortune: And if you could surmount the trouble of renouncing 'em for my sake, as I am ready to renounce 'em all for the love of you, chuse in what part of the Earth you will seek an asyle. When one has some name in the world, it is easie to be found. And I am moreover perswaded, that while this whimsical Law shall be rigorously put in execution, and that I can find out a place for a settlement worthy of you, the Princess of *Sicyon* will joyfully receive you into her Court, and will allow me a retreat there likewise.

As I had prepared my self for a long Voyage, added he, I had disposed two of my Friends whom the Pestilence has spared, to send me, whithersoever I went, wherewith to subsist on: So that, Madam, provided you will take no rash Resolutions, I hope we shall be less unhappy than you expect.

I approved very much of what *Theramen* said: But *Melicrita*'s mind was so penetrated with grief, that she found nothing which gave her any assurance, and cou'd not resolve what course to take.

But as we were at this pass, comes in
Theano

Theano with joy in her looks, and embracing *Melicrita*. Thanks be to Heaven, said she to her, you will not give your self to the Gods out of motives unworthy of 'em, and full of imperfection.

No, no, interrupted *Melicrita*, generous *Theano*, do not come to abuse me by treacherous hopes: For though I have spoken against Fear, I will not hope without a reason.

See, said *Theano* to her, turning toward the Chamber-door, see the man who will put you in repose. At that very moment in came *Iphicrates* *Theano's* Cousin, *Stenobia's* Brother, and by consequence *Melicrita's* Uncle. He is a man of known probity; has passed through all the honours of the Republick; having made enquiry at his arrival at the Bath where the Virgins of *Minerva* lodged, he had been to see *Theano* before he came to see us. For though she did not receive men at her house, as he was her Relation, she admitted of his visit, and spoke to him of that Law which so much afflicted *Melicrita*, and had brought him to us. *Iphicrates* delivered *Melicrita* a Letter from *Aristocrates*: But as it was onely a command to hear *Iphicrates*, and to do what he should say to her; she looked upon him, and listned to him with an Air
of

of uncertainty, as going to hear a thing on which depended her Life or her death.

Theramenes, after having embraced him as well as I, hearkned to him with great attention, caused by a great impatience : but as *Iphicrates* was thinking for a moment of what he was going to say, *Melicrita*, egg'd on by her uneasiness, For Heavens sake, *Iphicrates*, said she to him, do not keep me in suspense ; tell me what's my Father's will and pleasure ; and especially if the Decree of the people of *Athens* is the same with what *Androcles* has proclaimed it here ?

Not at all, replied *Iphicrates* ; for meeting him at my arrival at the Bath, he did all he could to perswade me he knew better what passed at *Athens* than I who came from thence ; and we had like to have quarrell'd upon the business.

How ! resumed *Theramenes* ; can it be possible the Decree of the people touching marriages is different from what *Androcles* has affirmed it ; and that the news of *Socrates's* second Nuptials, which has been sent to a Lady of *Sicyon*, and to *Theolinda*, is not true ?

The second Nuptials of *Socrates*, resumed *Iphicrates*, are true ; but the Decree of the People is only a permission to have two
Wives,

Wives, and not an absolute command; as *Androcles* will have it, and has buzzed it about; and there is no punishment ordained against those who shall adhere to the first Law, and shall not submit to the second.

Melicrita was under, without doubt, a very sensible Joy at this distinction, yet she was ashamed of having shewed her self so much concerned.

But as for *Theramenes*, his Joy was all pure, as appeared in his Eyes and by his Words.

But, said *Theano*, I beseech you let us to know after what manner all this passed, and what could move *Socrates*, so wise a man, to make such haste to take a second Wife.

I'll satisfy you as to that, said *Ipbicrates*; and tell you in few words all that has been done, before I acquaint *Melicrita* with her Fathers Command. All the Company being very willing to know so extraordinary an occurrence, *Ipbicrates* satisfied their curiosity in these terms.

As you have not been at *Athen*s since the desolation of the Pestilence, for that you came from the Country to the Bath, said he to *Melicrita*, and to me; and that *Theramenes* at his delivery out of Prison came directly hither, after having seen *Aristocrates* at his Country-house, you cannot comprehend

prehend to what a degree is the solitude of that City : So as that at the first Assembly which was held for the renewing the Senate of Five hundred, they were terrified to see the diminution of the people. For, as you know, being divided into ten Tribes, it is the more easily remarkable : And as you are not ignorant that no Proposition is made to the People but what has been examined by the Senate : after that, by the Lot of White Beans and Black the Senators were elected ; and that they had regulated the *Prytanes*, who, as you know, have all the authority during five Weeks : There was one of 'em who had six Daughters to marry, and another three or four Sisters. Those two *Prytanes* caused notice to be taken that the War having swept away great numbers of Men as well as the Pestilence, there was a great number of Maidens who could not be married ; and that it was nevertheless necessary for the repeopling their City to to marry 'em all.

This Proposition was contested by some : but he who had six Daughters to marry, and the other who had three or four Sisters, urged and maintained this point so strongly, that it was concluded by those ten *Prytanes*, that the matter should be proposed to the people in a general Assembly : And this
having

having been performed accordingly, the people, with an unparallel'd precipitation, would needs make a Law, which should absolutely constrain all the Men to take two Wives.

But a man of good sence having made a vigorous and eloquent Remonstrance, it was agreed this Decree should merely bear a permission of having two: adding great praises for those who out of zeal to their Country should take two accordingly. So that *Socrates*, who makes the Publick good his darling Passion, though cruelly tormented by *Xantippa* his first Wife, has wedded *Mirton* Grand-Daughter of *Aristides* the just, for the shewing an Example to others. And it is evident this action of his was neither out of Voluptuousness nor Interest; since he chose a Woman who had nothing of Beauty, and was in such a condition, as not to know what would become of her if *Socrates* had not married her as he did.

And indeed this Example of *Socrates* has been so powerful, that there has been made several double Marriages in imitation of him.

I have certainly for *Socrates*, resumed *Theramenes*, all the respect his Virtue merits; but I boldly declare I will never imitate him in this business.

Aristo-

Aristocrates does expect you will not, reassumed *Iphicrates*; and it is for that reason he has given me in charge to order *Melicrita*, whom he tenderly loves, to engage you to promise her not to make use of the permission of the Decree; for having adopted you for his Son, and being desirous to live and die with you, he is willing to be assured you would not bring any Stranger into his Family.

I promise it solemnly, said *Theramenes*; and I am ready to swear it at the Feet of the Image of *Minerva*, Protectrice of *Athens*; and in the mean while I swear it before *Theano*, who serves that great Goddess.

This being so, added *Iphicrates*, *Theolinda*, when the Baths are ended, must bring *Melicrita* to *Aristocrates* his Country-house, where you are to marry her before you return to *Athens*; to let pass, during some time, the fancy which the people have for these double Marriages.

Iphicrates had hardly done speaking, but *Theramenes* gave him a thousand thanks: And *Melicrita*, though so reserved, made appear in her Eyes a modest Joy, which rendred 'em their Brightness and their Charms; and re-established her so well, she was in a condition to receive Company: So as that in the Afternoon all the Illustrious

ous persons at the Bath, having known by those to whom *Androcles* had with regret told that this pretended Law was onely a permission to have two Wives, and not a Command, came to see us, without excepting the Princess of *Sicyon*. *Theano* returned with her Companions; and *Alcibiades*, *Eu-ripides*, *Lyfander*, *Xenophon*, *Philocles*, and *Polemon*, spent the rest of the day at our Lodgings.

You must at least confess, said *Enpolia* agreeably, speaking to *Melicrita*, that this Fantastical Law put you into a terrible fright.

Truly *Enpolia*, replied she blushing, you are very cruel in reproaching me with so just a Fear. You, I say, who have daily such as are so ill-grounded.

I do not blame you for it, resumed *Enpolia*; I onely put you in mind of it.

Alcibiades interposed after a pleasant manner in this Conversation; not being able to forbear admiring the resolution of *Socrates*.

For in short, said he, if he was in love I should not wonder at it at all: But that the Publick good should so influence a man as to make him take a second Wife both ugly and poor, when he has a very sad, peevish, and troublesom one already, I must confess

confess I do not conceive it. *Euripides* spoke in much sharper terms against Marriage, for a private reason he had for so doing.

And yet, said *Alcibiades*, *Euripides* is no Enemy to love, as appears by the Verses he made yesterday.

That is true, said he; but the reason is, Love and Marriage do seldom jump; and it is this rarity which is going to make the happiness of *Theramenes* and *Mellicri-
ta*.

As I knew this Discourse did but make 'em uneasie, I asked *Alcibiades* what the Verses were they talked of; and he told us, that having discoursed together the day before of *Xenophon's* Knowledge and Politeness joyned to the tenderness of his Heart: He had made a Copy upon that Subject, which he had still in his Memory.

The Princess of *Sicyon* desired him to rehearse 'em; and *Euripides* without further pressing told us 'em himself. They are as follows:

These

These Verses are out of *Euripides*,

*The School of Love that's all beset with charms,
Quickens Old Age, and yet fierce Youth dis-
arms.*

*Love too does render Learning more polite,
Loves Divine Flame makes Vertue dazzling
bright.*

*Love fills all humane breasts with hopes & joy, }
Love grief does banish which would us annoy, }
Yet not the least of innocence destroy.*

*Though all Mankind should fall to censure me,
I'll have no Friend who can't a Lover be.*

*He must be Salvage who lives without Love ;
Love does the Beauties of the world improve.*

*Love the whole Universe does new adorn ;
Without Love's aid, all things would droop and
mourn.*

*The God of Love does nought but mirth in-
spire,*

*The God of Love does what we all admire :
Right reason then your priviledge maintain ;
But do not Loves Prerogative disclaim.*

It must be confessed, said the Princess,
that these Verses are worthy of *Euripides*,
and of their Subject.

Xenophon made a very modest defence,
and

sence, and the Conversation was very pleasant all the rest of the day. On the morrow in the Evening *Theramenēs* made a very agreeable Feast: during which, all the Tents at the Bath were lighted by marvellous Illuminations which *Theramenēs* had caused to be prepared before the bad news: This shew'd the finest object imaginable. These Illuminations were accompanied with several Consorts of Instruments. There was a Ball at the Princess's house, where *Androcles* durst not appear; and all the Company at the Bath did partake in *Theramenēs* and *Melicrita's* joy.

Iphicrates went to *Corinth* upon some business he had there, but obliged us to depart two days after.

Theano and her Companions went away on the morrow. *Melicrita* out of modesty would not suffer *Theramenēs* to come along with us: but he departed the same day, and made haste before, to thank *Aristocrates* for the care he had taken of his happiness.

I dare say, all the illustrious persons at the Bath regretted the loss of our Company. *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon*, and *Euripides* conducted us half a days Journey, and would have came further if we would have suffered 'em. But in short, we arrived safely at

at *Aristocrates* his House. And as *Therapies* was got thither with extraordinary expedition, we found all things ready for the Wedding; so as that he married *Melicrita* three days after with an inconceivable Joy, which I am perswaded will last all their lives.

This is, Madam, what you ordered me to acquaint you with: if I had had more Wit and more Art, you would have found this Relation more agreeable and entertaining.

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